FINAL STATEMENT OF FAITH by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW ON HIS EIGHTIET BIRTHDAY

AUG. 1,
1936

Liberty

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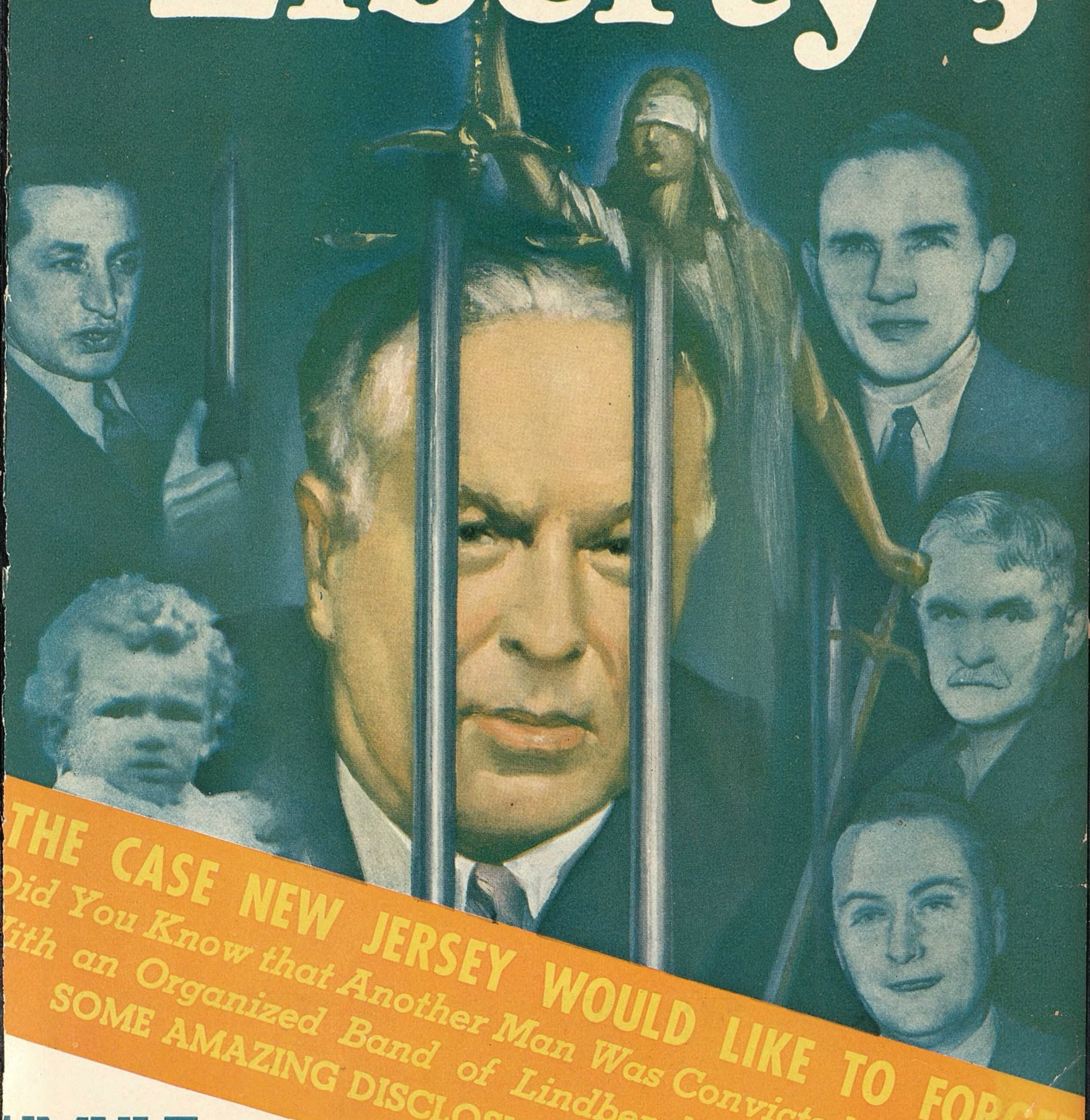


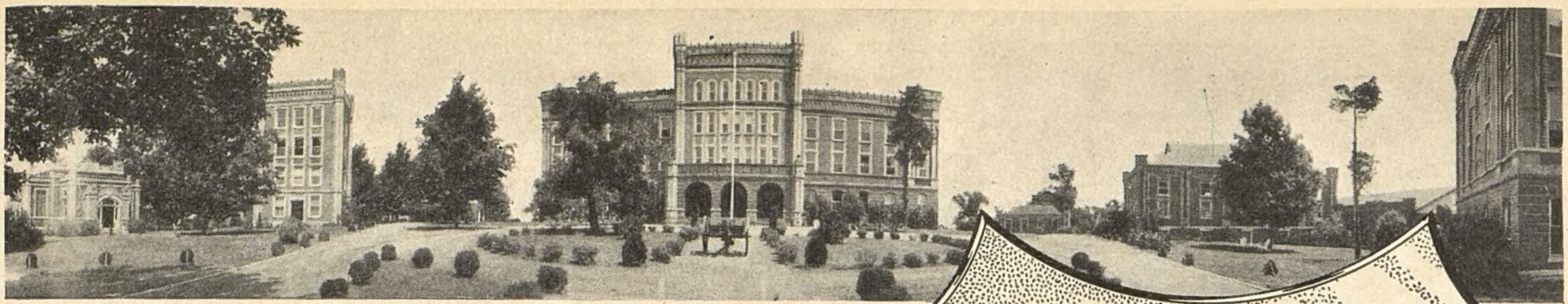
THE CASE NEW JERSEY WOULD LIKE TO FORGET

Did You Know that Another Man Was Convicted for Dealing With an Organized Band of Lindbergh Baby Kidnapers?

SOME AMAZING DISCLOSURES BY C. LLOYD FISHER

UMULT
N THE DIAMOND

by JOHNNY EVERS



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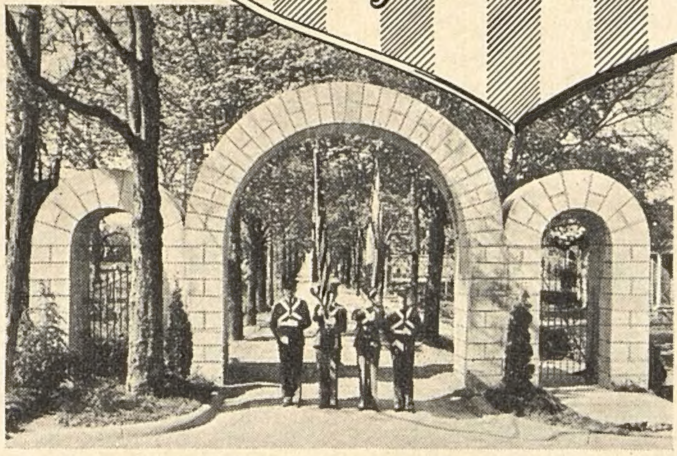

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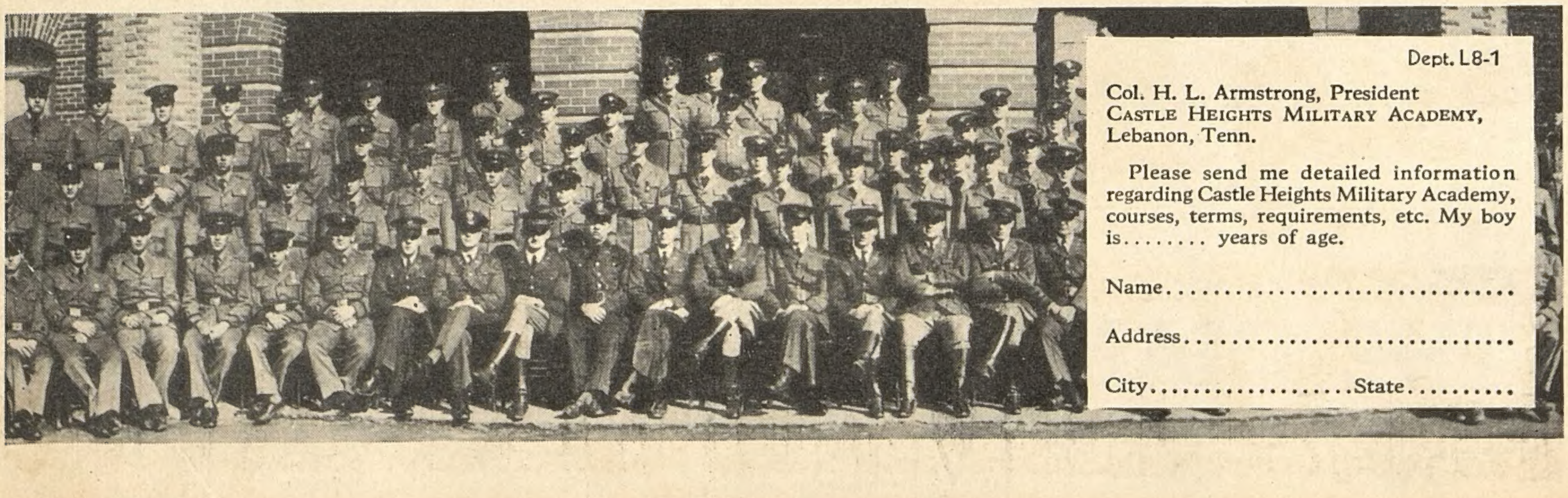

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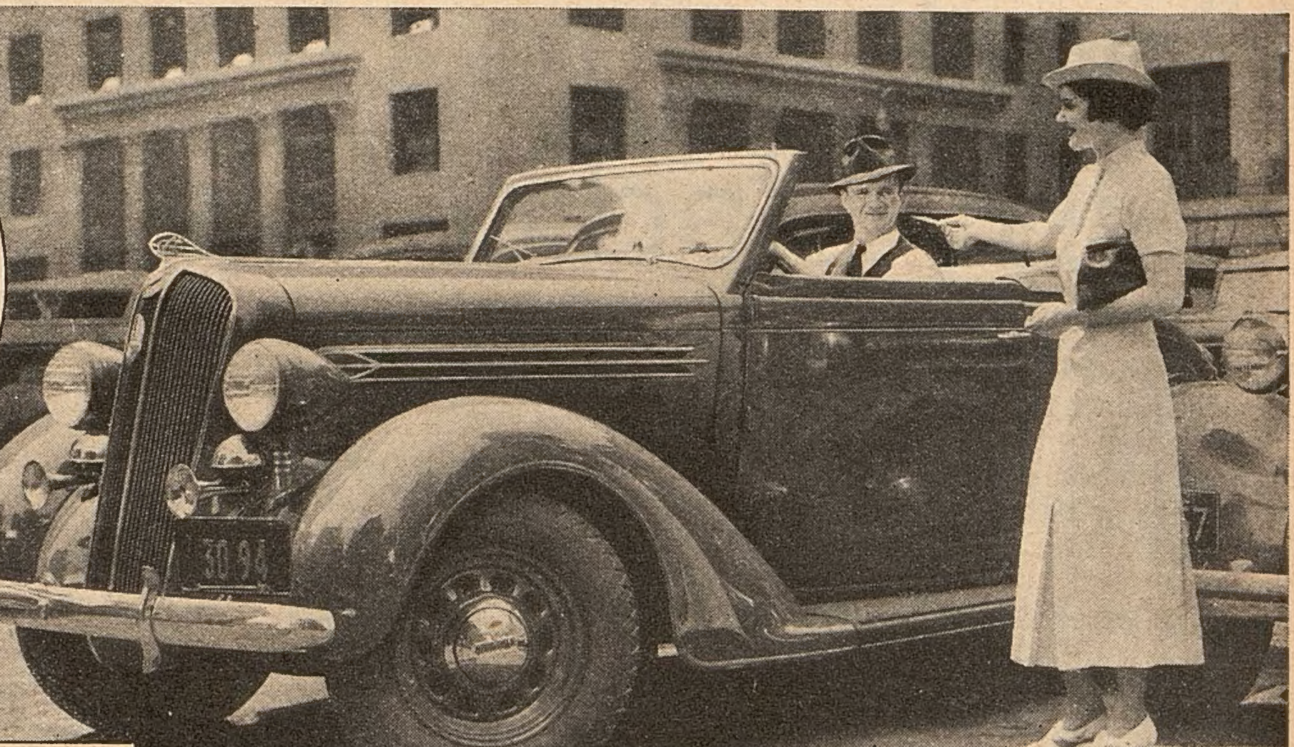

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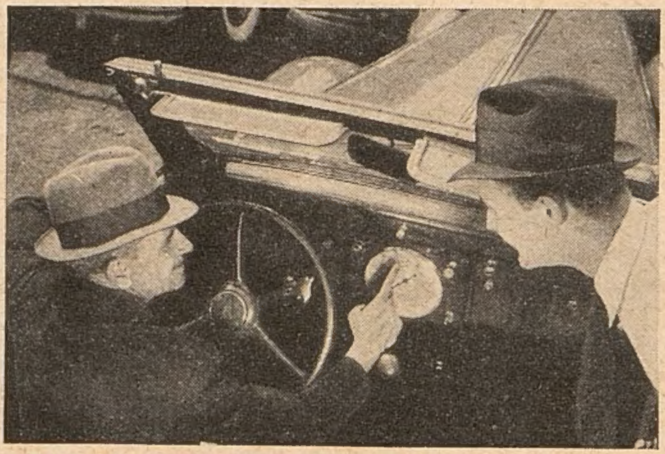

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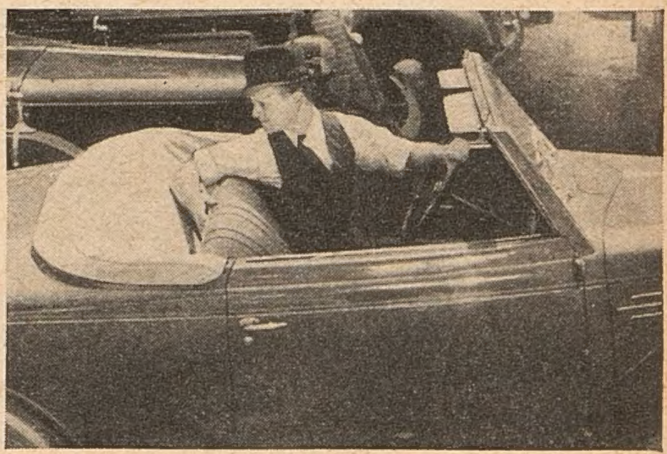

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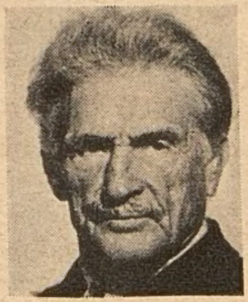
AUGUST 1, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 31

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

Freak Storms, Drought, Floods—Are They Caused by Radio Currents?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THROUGHOUT the world, wherever we have a manifestation of life, there is what might be called an electric balance. This is the controlling force that maintains a balance not unlike the governor on a steam engine. Every worm that crawls on the ground, every animal from the lowest to the highest, is similarly controlled. And but few question the accuracy of the conclusion that this guiding force that brings us air currents, storms, and other manifestations over the surface of the earth is similarly controlled by what, for want of a better name, we may call electric balance.

Throughout the history of our national life there has never been such a succession of floods, droughts, and freak storms as those which have occurred in the last two or three years following the extraordinary development of radio broadcasting and the use of radio beams. These strong electric currents forced through the air with a horse power aggregating thousands might easily divert or change the electric balance which controls the rain that is so necessary to insure the moisture needed for the growth of agricultural products.

Losses totaling perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars have been caused in the last two or three years by what we can properly designate as weather calamities. The dust storms in the Central West the year before last brought suffering and ruin to thousands upon thousands of farmers.

Now, with all our knowledge of the myriad uses of electricity the character of its power is still beyond analysis. We know little or nothing about it. An unseen titanic force, it appears to be the directing influence behind all manifestations of life.

Eminent scientists admit they can only partially explain the aurora borealis, which we watch flashing across the northern sky. All over the world physicists are studying the mysteries of the cosmic ray, the forces of which we can detect but about which little is known.

Steinmetz, the world's greatest authority on electricity, was studying lightning in his last years.

When Watt invented the steam engine an invaluable source of power was brought into being. When Benjamin Franklin discovered the various possible uses of electricity we harnessed a force that revolutionized the civilized world.

To acquire a very clear idea of stored power, take the working domestic animals. The horse or oxen used by farmers in bygone years required but three or four quarts of oats, or a similar quantity of corn with hay or grass, to feed them for a day and generate the power necessary to sustain them in the hard farm work.

If such a rigid regime was made necessary by a calamitous emergency, a man could live on a half pound of wheat a day and do the hardest kind of work for almost an unlimited period.

We have yet to discover the source of power which we will probably be able to draw from the air in the form of electricity in sufficient quantities to drive huge machines. Radio and radio currents, broadcasting beams, etc., are entirely new. We have little or no knowledge as to what effect these powerful currents have upon the atmosphere.

The possibility referred to as a cause for freakish weather may be considered a wild fancy, but there must be some extraordinary cause for the unstable weather which we have had to endure in recent years.

Last winter, for example, we suffered from unprecedented cold weather. Florida has never had such an unusual winter.

Whether there is any basis for the idea given above or not, it is certainly worth careful investigation. And if electric currents can be used to change the weather to any extent, perhaps a certain amount of investigation in this field might solve all our weather problems. We might be able ultimately to bring rain or sunshine as needed.

Bernarr Macfadden

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The CASE NEW JERSEY Would Like To FORGET

BEGINNING A SERIES OF AMAZING DISCLOSURES: STRANGE NEW LIGHT ON THE REOPENED LINDBERGH MYSTERY

by C. LLOYD FISHER

READING TIME 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN AND AN ENIGMA NAMED SAM

FROM where I sit as I write these words—at my desk in a law office in Flemington, New Jersey—I look out on what is now the most famous courthouse in the world.

I was sitting thus on the morning of May 27, 1932, when a courtly Southern gentleman opened my door and introduced himself as W. L. Pender, an attorney from Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. Pender came right to the point. "Mr. Fisher," he said, "I am here to retain you to defend my fellow townsman, John Hughes Curtis."

"The hoaxer?" I replied.

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Fisher."

I accepted the gentle rebuke. As a lawyer I knew well that the first principle of the law under which we live is that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty.

Still, in this case, which had received such wide and uniformly unfavorable publicity, there seemed no real room for doubt. For days the newspapers had contained statements which left the inescapable impression on my mind that Curtis had put up a despicable job on our friend and neighbor, Colonel Lindbergh. They had even given wide publicity to an alleged voluntary confession to that effect.

"Yes," said my soft-spoken visitor, "they have quoted me in so many words as agreeing with that view."

WHY WE PUBLISH THIS STORY

DID you know that the State of New Jersey has convicted not one man but two men in connection with the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby? One died in the chair. The other— Well, if you asked him, he would probably quote Kipling to you and say: "Some of him lived, but the most of him died."

He was John Hughes Curtis!

That faker? That hoaxer that tricked Lindbergh? "Faker," "hoaxer" are the names that come naturally to mind when most Americans think of John Hughes Curtis. Probably ninety per cent of the reading public believe that Curtis was convicted on the charge of hoaxing Colonel Lindbergh and thereby obstructing justice.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Curtis was not convicted of hoaxing. He was, instead, convicted because he was in contact with a gang of "actual kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby." These are the words not of his lawyer, not of Liberty, but of the court of New Jersey which tried him, convicted him, and sentenced him.

If he was justly convicted, how then could the State of New Jersey condemn another man to death on the theory that the crime was a one-man job?

Here is an incredible chapter not only of the Lindbergh case but of justice in the United States.

Now, we realize that the American public is divided sharply. There is a large camp that hopes it will never hear of the Lindbergh case again. There is also a part of the public that feels that the real story of that case has not yet been told.

Liberty is acutely aware of both of these conflicting sentiments. It may even be said to sympathize with both. But there is such a thing as putting the hand to the plow. Justice, after all, must be served. And injustice must be exposed, no matter whom it may affect.

There is one man, C. Lloyd Fisher, who probably knows more about the inside of the Lindbergh case than any other living person. He ought to. He has been called upon to defend five persons accused of crimes and misdemeanors connected with or growing out of this baffling mystery.

One of the five was that riddle in human affairs, John Hughes Curtis.

Mr. Fisher does not accuse his opponents. He is content to tell what he knows.

And what Lloyd Fisher knows is plenty!

Left: John Hughes Curtis in the Hunterdon county jail at Flemington. Above: Dean H. Dobson Peacock and (at the top) Rear Admiral G. H. Burrage.

He produced from an inside pocket a newspaper clipping in which he, Pender, was made to say that "Mr. Curtis knows nothing about the actual kidnapers, and has no contact with them, and cannot find them."

"That," said Pender, "is a point-blank falsehood."

Up to now I had taken very little interest in my caller's errand—and for good reason.

On March 1, 1932, Charles Lindbergh, Jr., disappeared from the nursery of his parents' new home in the Sourland hills just a few miles from Flemington.

The whole world was shocked, but no part of it

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more than our little county which Colonel Lindbergh had honored by making it his home.

In Flemington especially, the county seat, the Lindbergh kidnaping was the one topic of conversation. Little groups of anxious neighbors gathered daily on the steps of the stately old courthouse, on the veranda of the Union Hotel, in the stores and barbershops, and on the platform of the railroad station, to speculate on the day's developments.

There wasn't a man or woman in the town whose sympathies were not one hundred per cent with Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh.

For a number of reasons, moreover, the child's disappearance was a keen sorrow to me personally. I was a great admirer of Colonel Lindbergh and, in a very minor way, an aviation enthusiast—having had my initiation in an old army Jenny in France. And, finally, I felt a personal interest in the Lindbergh property because my law firm had been employed in abstracting the title when the real-estate people were assembling the acreage upon which Colonel Lindbergh later built his mansion.

And so, with the rest of the world, I eagerly awaited the capture of the criminals.

Seventy-two anxious days passed without result. Then, on May 12, a body said to be that of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., was found on a hillside near Hopewell.

Shortly thereafter this man John Hughes Curtis of Norfolk, Virginia, a trusted confidant of Colonel Lindbergh in the investigation of the kidnaping, was taken into custody.

Now, nine days later, my firm was being retained to defend him—and, as I say, I was not especially interested.

But there was a challenge in that last declaration of this apparently mild-mannered Southern attorney which I, as one whose duty it has been always to be on the side of the accused, could not leave untaken. If John Hughes Curtis was not the hoaxer which everybody in Hunterdon County had been led to believe—well, there was a situation which made the old war horse in me stamp his feet and get ready to go.

What Pender then told me of Curtis's standing in that conservative Southern city where he made his home greatly increased my desire to be of service to him. It was inconceivable that a man who was at the head of Norfolk's most exclusive social organization, who was commodore of the Norfolk Yacht Club, who was a former president of the Norfolk Country Club, who was at the head of a company which owned one of the largest shipyards in the South—it was inconceivable, I thought, that such a man could have given a month of his time, and nobody knows how many hundreds of dollars of his own money—he never received a cent for his expenses, so Pender told me, from Colonel Lindbergh or any one else—to put over a cruel hoax on the man with whom the whole world was actively sympathizing.

THERE was, however, one factor in the situation which still bothered me. Flemington is a small town. Everybody knows everybody's business—and I couldn't help knowing that soon after John Hughes Curtis landed in Flemington jail, Harry L. Stout—now dead, but then a prominent Hunterdon County attorney—called at the prisoner's cell and offered his services. I knew, too, that when Mr. Pender had first come to Flemington, he too had consulted with Stout and gone at length into plans for Curtis's defense.

My visitor must have read my mind, for he immediately told me that he had come to the conclusion that Mr. Stout was on too close terms with the authorities—he had recently defended two members of the New Jersey State Police—and was, for this and other reasons, not the man to handle his client's case.

" All right," I said. " I'm ready to hear Curtis's story."

We went immediately across the street to the Flemington jail, where Curtis was being held in bail of $10,000—the largest sum, so far as I know, ever named in a misdemeanor case.

Mr. Curtis, who was confined in a cell on the second tier of the jail, I found to be everything that Mr. Pender said he was—a fine upstanding man of forty-two or forty-three, ruddy complexion, quick smile, regular features, six feet two and weighing, I should say, a good two hundred pounds. His iron-gray hair added the last touch of distinction to a picture which was that of the highest type of Southern gentleman.

I liked him and believed in him from the first. He never, I felt sure, would willfully harm or deceive any human being.

Introductions over, Curtis plunged into his story.

He was leaving the Norfolk Country Club about ten thirty on March 9 after attending a board meeting when out of the darkness a big lumbering individual approached his automobile. He had not seen this person for several years, but recognized him as a man called " Sam," who at one time worked on a fishing smack which had come alongside his dock for repairs. He was decidedly Jewish in appearance and spoke broken English.

This man pledged Curtis to secrecy, and then told him he had come to Norfolk to seek his aid in getting in touch with Colonel Lindbergh. He said he was acting as go-between for the gang who had the stolen baby in their possession, and that they needed a man to place their demands before the Colonel.

CURTIS promptly said that under no conditions would he ask or receive money from Lindbergh. Sam said they realized that he would not agree to that, and so were willing to return the child if he would assure them that the money would be deposited in a Norfolk bank and paid to them *after* the baby was delivered.

At this point Curtis quoted Sam as saying something much more significant than he, Curtis, knew:

" Don't you get surprised, Captain John, if you hear of some negotiations in the North. We got one feller in our gang, he says we are too slow. He's trying to get in touch with Colonel Lindbergh through some other guy. But it don't mean nothin'. We got the baby! "

As a matter of fact, Jafsie Condon's negotiations with " John " were even then proceeding, quite unknown to Curtis, to their dramatic and futile conclusion!

Curtis told Sam he could not give him an answer at once, but would think it over, and would consider doing what Sam asked only if some reliable citizen would join him. Sam agreed to this, and left the country club grounds about eleven o'clock in a 1930 Buick five-passenger closed model carrying a New Jersey license. Curtis made a memorandum of the number at the time.

Next morning he talked with Dean Peacock, the rector of Norfolk's largest church—who had known the Morrow family in Mexico City when he was dean of the cathedral there—and explained that he had neither the time nor the desire to be involved in the Lindbergh matter, but that he was torn between his personal wishes and his sense of duty.

" You have no choice," was the dean's reply. " To refuse would be inhuman. It would cause you regret the rest of your life."

Convinced, Curtis then discussed the situation with Admiral Burrage, the distinguished officer who had brought Lindbergh and his plane back from Europe after the flight from New York to Paris. The admiral agreed with the dean as to Curtis's duty in the matter.

So it came about that on a rainy day in March, 1932—the 22d, to be exact—he set out from Norfolk, Virginia, with these two other distinguished citizens of his home city, to drive to Hopewell, New Jersey, for his first meeting with Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

Mud-splashed and very tired, he drove his car up the last boggy Hopewell lane, where he was halted by two uniformed guards of the New Jersey State Police, who told him to park his car outside the gate.

As the three good Samaritans stood waiting, hat in hand, in the entrance hall, an elderly woman came forward through a rear door and ascended the stairway. It was Mrs. Morrow, Anne Lindbergh's mother. She was soon followed by a comely young woman in a white uniform partly covered by a tan sweater. From her newspaper pictures they recognized Betty Gow, the baby's nurse. She too went upstairs.

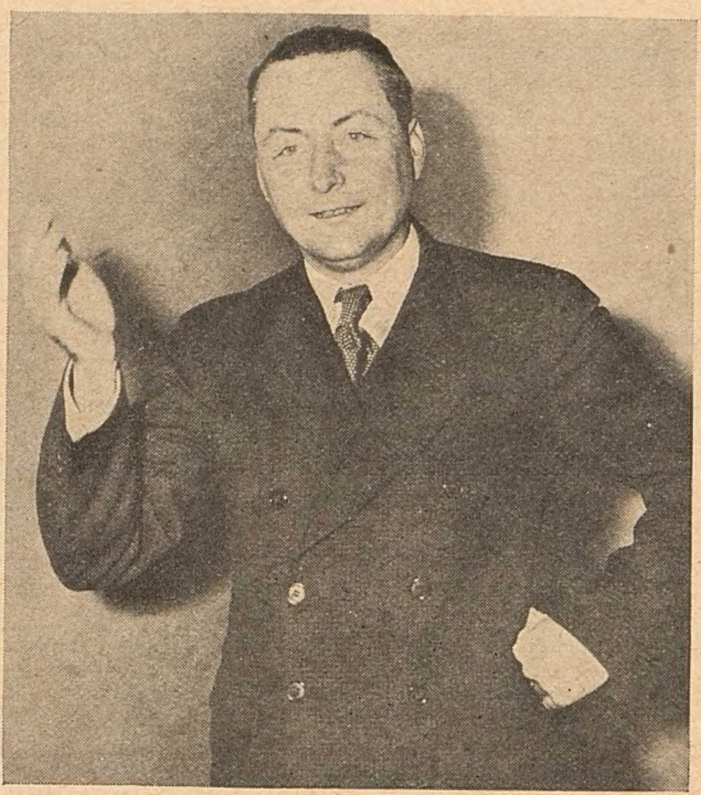
The place was overrun with policemen of all ranks. John Hughes Curtis could not help thinking of that young expectant mother, Anne Lindbergh, forced to live out her long ordeal in this welter of police activity.

The three visitors were now shown into the library. The dean and Admiral Burrage sank wearily into the nearest chairs; but Curtis, although he had driven the entire day, was still standing when Colonel Lindbergh entered.

As he smilingly greeted the admiral, he gave no outward sign by word or manner of the tension he was under. Admiral Burrage introduced Dean Peacock, then Curtis.

"His father was chief clerk of the Norfolk Navy Yard when I was stationed there as commandant," said the admiral. "In fact, Mr. Curtis, Sr., served in that capacity for over forty years, having come to Norfolk with his uncle, Admiral Aaron Hughes. I have known John Hughes Curtis for about fourteen years, and he has been president of the Norfolk German for the last five years. This is considered quite a social distinction in the South. My two elder daughters were presented to society at one of the German's dances a few years ago. During John Hughes Curtis's presidency Miss Peacock and my youngest daughter made their debuts.

"We have come, Colonel," Admiral Burrage continued, "because we have been unsuccessful in our many attempts to communicate with you."



C. Lloyd Fisher, famous in connection with the Lindbergh case, author of this series.

There had apparently been much confusion in the handling of the Lindbergh mail. The Colonel himself said that a letter from the White House was misplaced and went unanswered for ten days.

The admiral then suggested that John Hughes Curtis act as spokesman, since he was most familiar with the subject.

"Mr. Curtis is in the boat-building and -repairing business, Colonel Lindbergh," he added, "and of necessity meets all kinds and classes of men. I say this so that you will not think his acquaintance with the man that we are about to discuss unusual in any way."

Curtis then told his story—concluding with:

"Our first move, Colonel, was to secure the aid of the local telephone manager. He arranged for us to be connected with your private wire. We talked with a Mr. Rosner, who informed us that he was your private secretary. The dean told him who he was, and requested authority to act as intermediary, with permission to place in a New York paper a simple statement that a Norfolk business man and a clergyman would act.

"This Rosner would not permit, but stated we should secure pictures of the child, showing different views, and forward the undeveloped film to him. We were very much discouraged by our conversation and our inability to reach you personally—so, after another unsuccessful telephone call, we decided to pay you this visit."

Lindbergh listened with keen attention, although interrupted by phone calls.

The admiral then asked: "Colonel, how much are you willing to pay for the return of your child?"

"I have been advised," replied Colonel Lindbergh, "that the amount should be named by the kidnapers."

"The sum I presume they have in mind is the amount mentioned in the newspapers, namely, $50,000," answered Admiral Burrage.

"I cannot agree upon any sum," continued Lindbergh, "until I have positive proof that I am dealing with the right people. They must show me clearly that they are not impostors. If they really have my child, they can easily prove it by describing certain characteristics which have not been made public. This identification I insist upon before I am willing to negotiate further."

THE three good citizens of Norfolk looked at each other. It was quite understandable that their host should not wish to be imposed upon or subjected to the unnecessary annoyance of viewing babies who were not his own—but this calm young man was so different from the frantic father they had pictured that they felt they could not have heard aright.

"Apparently," said the dean, "we have not made ourselves clear. We are not asking that you pay over any money until after you say, 'This is my child.' Even then, the money is not to be paid to the kidnapers, but is to be deposited in a Norfolk bank, with the understanding that it is not to be released until the admiral and Mr. Curtis and I give our consent."

"I understand," replied Colonel Lindbergh. "But, gentlemen, you must let me handle this in my own way."

Disappointed Curtis undoubtedly was—almost disillusioned. He had come this long way, as any patriotic American might have done, to do his small bit in the service of America's idol. It is difficult for us now, satiated as we are with the sad story of Colonel Lindbergh's human fallibility in dealing with the eccentric Jafsie and his hurried flight to a foreign land from the inevitable consequences of American death-chamber emotionalism, to realize the pedestal on which this young man stood in the eyes of the American citizenry of 1932.

Later, when John Curtis had come to know Lindbergh intimately, and found that he could laugh and joke and tell stories just like any other regular fellow, he learned to accept his

Anne Lindbergh, whose distress appealed to Curtis's chivalry.

Ollie Whateley, the Lindberghs' butler at their Hopewell home.

stiffness and coldness in the presence of strangers for what it probably was—a mask to hide a genuine bashfulness. But for a brief moment, that afternoon, he felt crushed.

What should he do?

Should he involve himself further? Or should he tell Sam at their next meeting that, so far as he was concerned, the matter was closed?

He honestly didn't know.

Colonel Lindbergh may have realized what was going through John Curtis's mind, for he immediately changed his manner and urged Curtis and his two friends to stay to dinner. "The meal will be a very simple one," the Colonel explained, "for my household is only equipped to cater to a small family, and overnight the family has grown to about fifty persons."

The confusion of the Lindbergh ménage was apparent. Lindbergh was continually being called from the room. Once a man entered, but quickly withdrew. They recognized him immediately from his newspaper pictures as Colonel Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police.

Dinner appeared directly on a tray carried by the mysterious butler, Ollie Whateley.

"His manner was a distinct surprise," Curtis told me, "for it could in no way be described as that of a servant. He carefully avoided my gaze as he set before us the Brunswick stew, bread, coffee, and pie."

Colonel Lindbergh left the room, but promptly returned, preceded by Mrs. Lindbergh, who graciously welcomed her three guests.

I could imagine the scene as John Curtis bowed over his small hostess's extended hand. He was the type of Southern gentleman who bows almost to the floor when presented to a lady. I am convinced that few men or women could resist the charm of his commanding personality. "Although not conventionally beautiful," he told me, "Mrs. Lindbergh had a charm of manner and beauty of voice that are often more appealing than any mere beauty of features."

Mrs. John Hughes Curtis, wife of the shipbuilder of Norfolk, Va.

With the trained eye of a hostess she saw at once that the table service was incomplete. The supposedly trained English butler had forgotten the knives.

"I asked myself then, as I have done many times since," Curtis confided to me, "why did our presence so upset this servant, presumably trained in household duties since childhood, that he forgot so ordinary a piece of table service as a knife?"

It was, I was forced to admit, a most unusual blunder for an English butler!

Mrs. Lindbergh hastened to bring them knives, while Colonel Lindbergh ate a small piece of pie which he brought in for himself.

MRS. LINDBERGH sat down on the sofa by Dean Peacock and quickly led the conversation into agreeable channels. "Admiral Burrage," she asked, smiling, "do you think my husband has changed any since you brought him back from Paris?"

"No, I do not think so," he laughed, "unless he has gained a little weight. That, I am sure, is due to your solicitous care."

Mrs. Lindbergh was as pleased as a girl at this tribute, and even Lindbergh smiled.

"Admiral," he said, "do you recall how annoyed Captain Lackey was when I referred to the Spirit of St. Louis as my 'ship' and to the Memphis as a 'boat'?"

Mrs. Lindbergh seemed much interested in talking to Dean Peacock about their former homes in Mexico. Finally she bade her guests good night, and thanked them cordially for coming. Only then did they realize that she understood the real purpose of their visit. Throughout the evening she had not by word or glance betrayed the anxiety which her mother's heart must have felt.

A great lump rises in John Curtis's throat today at the mention of Anne Lindbergh. His fine aristocratic features grow hard and stern, his great six-foot body trembles in righteous rage as he thinks of the suffering she has endured, not alone from the cruel hands of the dastardly criminals who stole her first-born but from the harsh circumstances which suddenly converted her peaceful home into an armed camp.

Yes, John Hughes Curtis was disappointed, even discouraged. For the life of him, he could not make out whether Colonel Lindbergh really wished him to continue his efforts or was just showing a polite interest in what he had to say. But about Anne Lindbergh he had no doubts or questionings. She was a lady in distress. And so this gentle Norfolk knight let his Southern heart go out to her.

He could hardly wait for his next meeting with the kidnaper, Sam.

"I will see this thing through to the bitter end," he said to himself.

And, as nobody knows better than John Hughes Curtis, it *was* bitter.

John Curtis's critics have assailed him as a publicity seeker. He wasn't. He was a publicity victim.

WHEN he returned travel-worn from his visit to Lindbergh, over forty ladies and gentlemen of the press rushed into his modest living room. There was simply no escape. The blazing flashlights attracted the passers-by in the street, and soon the building was surrounded by a curious crowd.

Wild rumors had spread quickly through the city. Some said he was bringing the Lindbergh baby with him. Others declared he was bringing $50,000 as ransom money which he intended turning over to the kidnapers.

He discovered later that the leak responsible for all this turmoil had come through a curious telephone operator in Norfolk and an alert reporter in New Jersey who had had his auto license investigated.

Anyhow, the peace and privacy of his home had gone. Late into the night, New York newspapers called on the telephone. Reporters came pouring into Norfolk from all of the great metropolitan centers. The world must have news, regardless of how disturbing all this might be to John Curtis's wife and children.

He was greatly relieved when Sam, on Friday, March 25, phoned and asked, with an air of great urgency and mystery, if "Captain John" could be in New York the next day.

"Yes, I will be there," Curtis answered.

"Then meet me at the Manhattan Cafeteria on Seventh Avenue near Forty-first Street at 1 A. M. Sunday morning."

Curtis agreed to this, and immediately set about planning how he could leave Norfolk unnoticed. Only by plane, he felt sure. So Dean Peacock and he sought the aid of Captain Kenneth Whiting at the naval air station. The captain was deeply interested and agreed to place a plane at their disposal.

Curtis's wife drove him at seven thirty the following morning to the naval base, where there were several aviators already on duty. When he recognized and spoke to a Lieutenant Richard, Captain Whiting immediately said:

"Dick, you are elected."

Curtis and the lieutenant took off about eight o'clock. Curtis was much relieved when they arrived at the naval flying field at Philadelphia, for he had been airsick. From Philadelphia they then took a train to New York, and registered upon their arrival at the Governor Clinton Hotel—in order to avoid the publicity which Curtis's critics later said he was seeking—as J. H. Richardson and G. L. Abbott of Philadelphia.

As the hour approached when he was to meet his man, Curtis walked uptown to Forty-first Street and entered the Manhattan Cafeteria.

There were few patrons in the place when John Curtis arrived. Only one side of the room was in use, as the porters were already at work cleaning the other side for the early-morning trade. Chairs were piled high on the tables and the floor was being swabbed.

Curtis glanced quickly about the room, and saw the powerful figure of his dubious acquaintance, Sam, seated at the very last table. He was eating with great relish a plate of wheat cakes. Curtis stepped to the counter and ordered some for himself. Then he walked to the back of the room and sat down beside the mysterious person he had come to see.

He loathed the man. You can understand that. Socially and sociologically, Sam was as far removed from the president of the Norfolk German as could possibly be imagined. Spiritually, as John Curtis well knew from his previous meeting in the shadow of the Norfolk Country Club, Sam was a louse.

It was the memory of Anne Lindbergh, imprisoned by a cruel fate in that Hopewell madhouse, that sustained him in this epochal moment which he devoutly hoped might be the final turning in the tortuous trail of the mysterious Lindbergh crime!

Sam led John Hughes Curtis to Newark, where the rest of the gang were waiting—but first informed him that $25,000 would now suffice to ransom the Lindbergh baby. Dean Peacock flew to Hopewell with that startling piece of news, and was taken aback by Colonel Lindbergh's reception of it. Eventually Curtis himself took the boss gangster to meet the colonel and satisfy his demands, only to learn that the colonel was away from home and was delayed. What caused this delay? Read Curtis's amazing story as continued by Mr. Fisher next week!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Who (shown in the early photo at the reader's left) was born in the United States in 1879, has borne the names of Langhorne and Shaw, and was the first woman M. P. to take her seat in the House of Commons?

2—How is Mexico pronounced in Mexico?

3—Can a duet be played upon a single instrument?

4—How old are John Barrymore, Jack Holt, Tom Mix, H. B. Warner, George Arliss?

5—Do bachelors live longer than husbands?

6—*Brûler la chandelle par les deux bouts* means what that we should not attempt?

7—At what speed does a hiker normally progress?

8—How many daughters had Mama and Papa Dionne on the night of June 15, 1936?

9—Where in the Bible is it said that "a living dog is better than a dead lion"?

10—What was the custom of handfasting, once prevalent in Scotland?

11—Which word is spelled correctly: venoeus, viniagrette, apparel?

12—What beetle is cotton's enemy?

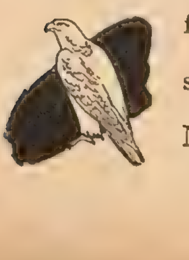
13—Who is Femco Johanna Bess Fayne?

14—Why (according to mythology) was Alectryon changed into a cock?

15—Who, that lived from 1725 to 1798, was "the world's greatest lover"?

16—For ten years before 1917 the average federal government expenditure was how much?

17—What Italian soldier and poet sleeps nightly in a coffin?



18—Who (born 1858) commanded the American fleet in British waters during the Great War?

19—What large bird of the arctic regions is sketched at the reader's left?

20—Who was the agnostic that published Some Mistakes of Moses?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

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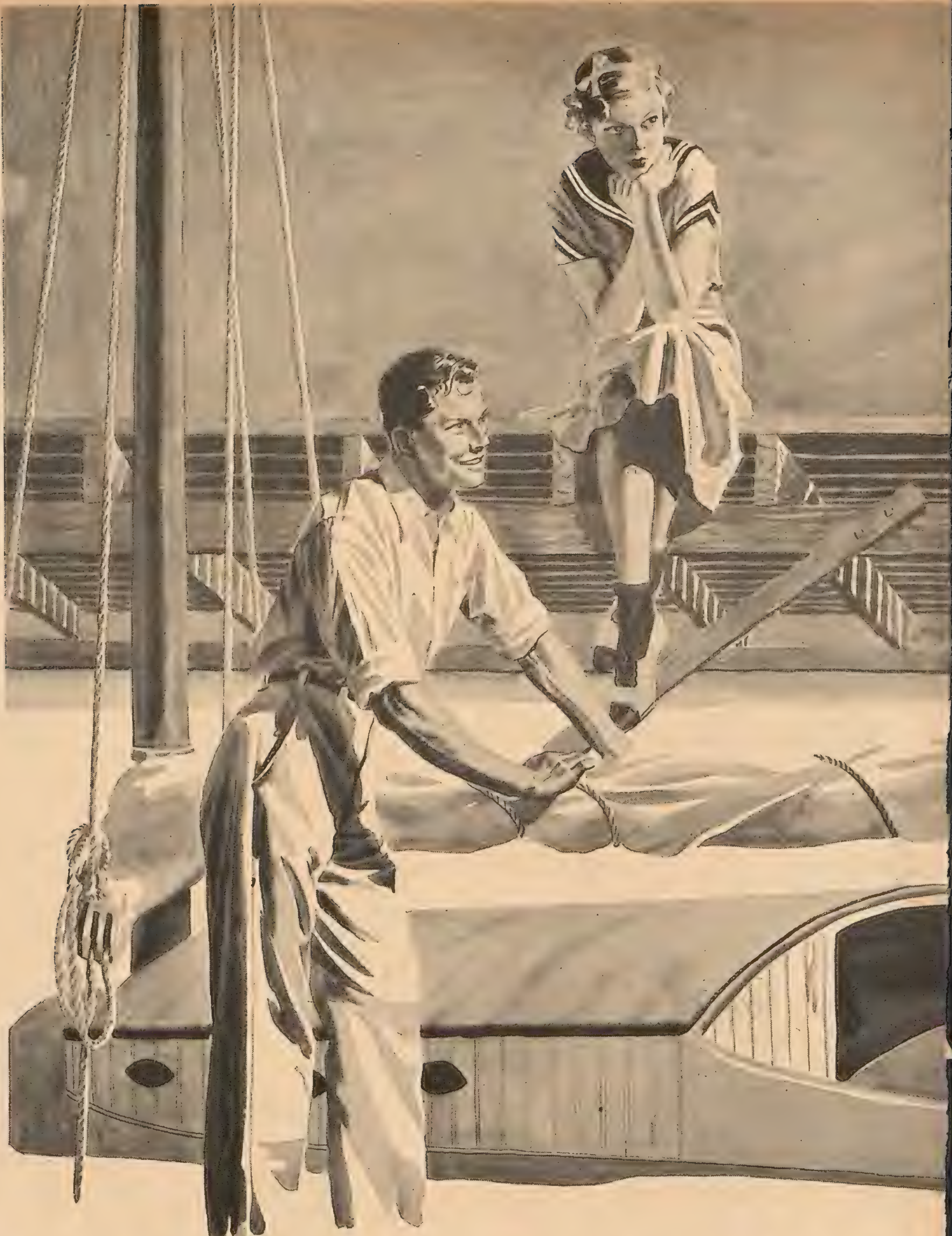


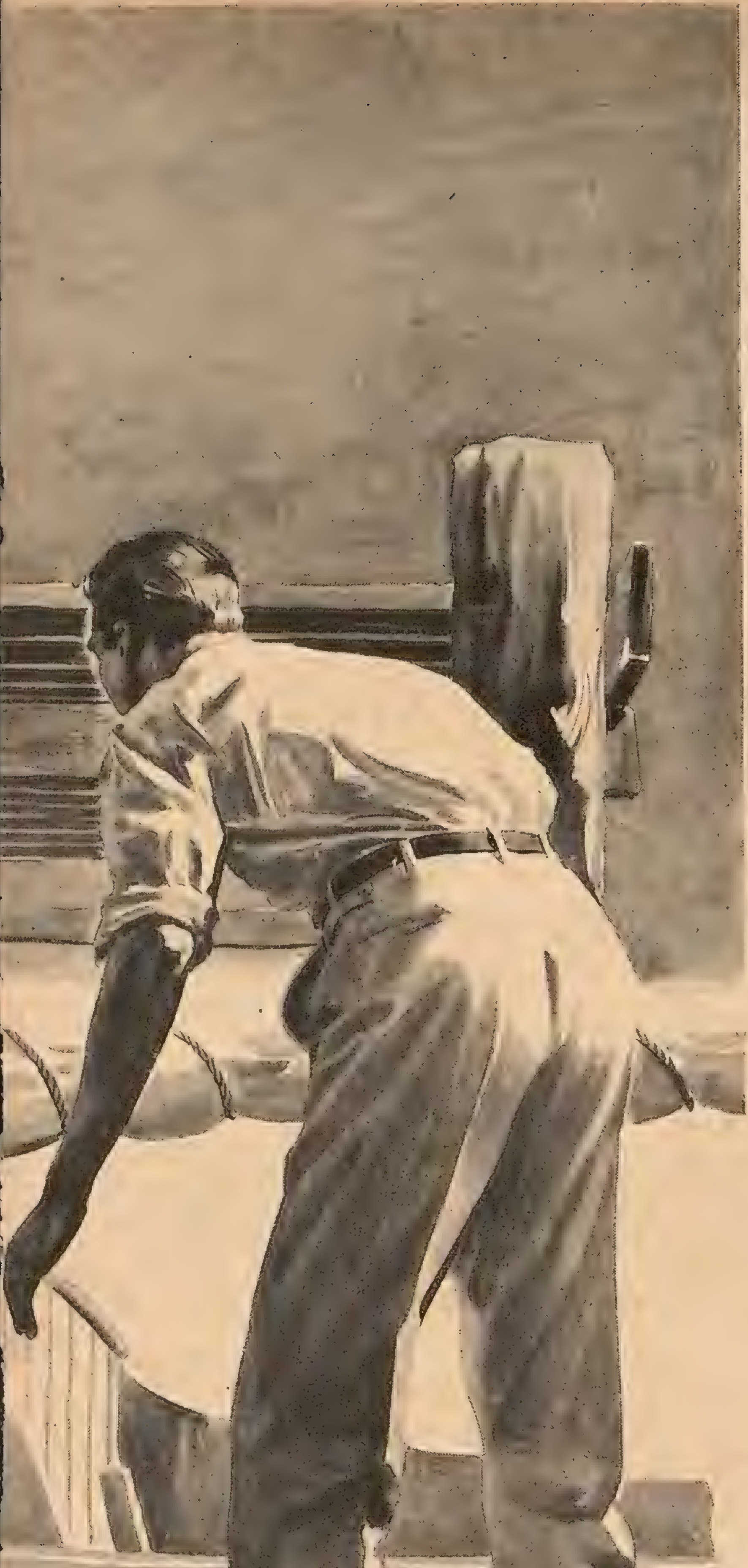
READING TIME
27 MINUTES
3 SECONDS

NAVY WOMEN MUST

IN the warm June dusk, fragrant with the spicy scent of the great white magnolia blooms outside the windows, Dale tiptoed round the big square drawing room.

She touched with eager loving hands the carved mahogany back of an eighteenth-century chair. She laid gentle fingers on the dull gold of the Chippendale mirror, glass dim with the passing of a hundred and fifty years, that hung on the pale-gray wall above it.

Happiness swelled in her to bursting—joy—to be back here again! Back to this tall-chimneyed brick house that had stood on the Eastern Shore of Maryland ever since a century before the Revolution; this " His Lordship's Gift," where, scattered throughout her seventeen



A STIRRING STORY OF STORM IN THE HEART OF A GIRL AND THE AGE-OLD LURE OF SEA AND SKY

by DORIS REND

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

WAIT

Dale said suddenly to Decatur, "Do you suppose that I could go, too?"

years, there'd been a few weeks, sometimes a month, and once a whole summer, for her to live in its vast high-boxwood gardens, in its thousand-acre woods, on its sandy blue tidewater river shore.

Never, never—if she had her way—would she leave this ancient house that was kept forever open and waiting for some Blaiden, passing by in the line of duty, to stop for a day or an hour, as they'd been doing ever since the British frigate Serapis hailed John Paul Jones on the deck of his sinking Bonhomme Richard, "Have you struck?" and John Paul Jones had answered, "Struck! I haven't begun to fight yet!"—and beat the stuffings out of the British. She wanted never to have to go away again.

But when you're born in the family of United States Navy Blaidens you keep such thoughts to yourself. You swallow your homesickness and keep your head up.

Old black Unity padded down the broad center hall to touch a tall taper to the crystal drawing-room chandelier. And, as the wicks caught and the great high-ceilinged room came out of the dusk, the faded plum and green, the dull rose and buff of the Aubusson carpet laid a pattern of flowers under Dale's small silk-slippered feet. The candlelight capped the crown of her dainty head in pale sheen and touched her light-brown hair with gold where it clustered thick and soft at base of childlike neck, against delicate cheek and clear young brow. Dale's dark-blue eyes were the thoughtful eyes of those whose childhood has been spent much alone, and her soft pink mouth had the sensitiveness of youth at the crossroads of seventeen.

"Ain't gonna be long now 'fo' yo' mama got a belle on her han's." Black Unity's sharp old eyes peered close. "But yo' mama don' know she got nothin' but sons—"

And when Unity'd gone out, talking to herself, Dale ran to the secretary. In a secret drawer just remembered she used to cache a horde of childhood treasure. She pulled back the sliding panel, felt inside the narrow opening. What was that? A peppermint stick fuzzy with the dust of years. She regarded it with delight, then touched it to tentative tongue—

"Good heavens, Dale, eating! And just before dinner!" Mother!

Dale thrust the peppermint stick behind her in the folds of her white-net dress that fell full and long from under ivory-satin sash and short-sleeved tight little bodice.

Mother, half turned toward the tall man in the deep jambed doorway behind her, gestured. "This is my little girl, Mr. Hay. Sorry there's nobody to entertain you until Decatur comes down. And now, if you'll excuse me—" and mother hurried off to do the thousand things there always seemed to be for mother to do.

Mathew Hay came into the room. He carried his big shoulders and straight back with a grace easier than the Blaidens. "Hello," he said. He was smiling down at her.

Lieutenant Hay was, she knew, her brother Decatur's week-end guest—they'd been roommates at Annapolis eight years ago.

“Was it black magic?” he wanted to know, “or a divining rod for finding pirate gold—” And somehow his low unhurried voice took the sting out of her confusion.

Suddenly she was no longer ashamed of the peppermint stick. She brought it out from behind her and laid it on a table. “I found it,” she said, “where I'd left it years ago when I was a child—”

She looked up at his gray eyes.

“You and your three brothers,” he was saying, “Dale, Decatur, Bainbridge, and Hull, sound like the roll call of the Tripolitan War—”

“We name our sons after navy men of note,” she said.

“And the girl children too, evidently.”

“Oh, no,” she hurried to explain. “We don't often have girls in our family—I'm the first in three generations, but they gave me the name they'd picked out anyway. You can't, you know,” she added, “do anything with girls in the navy.”

He regarded her with thoughtful eye. “They can marry in the navy,” he said.

And suddenly, through today's bliss, the years behind welled up and filled her with dread—years of loneliness; of trying to make friends before you were taken off to another new station; of trying until at last you didn't try any more, but instead you made a world of your own peopled by yourself, your governess, companions of your fancy. Years of endless furnished houses, of high bleak navy-yard walls, of having nothing whatever to anchor to except an occasional visit here to His Lordship's Gift—

“No,” Dale said, and there was a determination in her voice far beyond her seventeen years. “I will marry a man down here on the Eastern Shore, where people live for generation after generation in the same house, and the furniture is always the same furniture, and the people are people you live with until you die.” She looked up at him standing there beside the fireplace, quiet eyes intent on her. “I want a home—” She stopped short. You do not say such things out loud—and especially to a stranger!

“A home,” Mathew Hay was saying, “is not only a question of four walls.” He regarded the black wire fireguard at his feet. And when he raised his head and looked at her, there was a gravity about his gray eyes that startled her.

“And have you picked out the man?” he said.

She was astonished. “Ladies don't pick out men,” she said. “Ladies wait until they're asked.”

AT dinner, through the tall silver candelabra, she watched the play of candlelight and shadow across his lean face, watched the quick smile of his firm mouth, the straightforward glance of his keen dark-centered eyes. He was, it seemed, commander of the squadron of five fighters, tiny planes that the navy's new dirigible, Allegheny, carried within her for scout duty and defense.

Already the Allegheny had finished her shakedown cruise. In three weeks the Allegheny would start on her cross-country flight to base at Sunnyvale on the West Coast. And Dale thought of the Monongahela, sister ship of the Allegheny, sunk in the Pacific last year.

She leaned forward to get Mathew's attention. “Aren't you afraid,” she said, “that the Allegheny'll go down the way the Monongahela did?”

“Oh, Lord!” he grinned. “A conservative!” And then, even-voiced, “No,” he said; “I'm not afraid of that. She's a good ship, and I believe in lighter-than-air.”

There was after that a hard silence. The Blaidens, Dale knew, considered lighter-than-air a newfangled branch of the service that would never amount to anything. A navy man belonged on water, with a deck under his feet.

“Your father the senator”—mother addressed Mathew—“did a *great* deal for the navy while he was alive.” He must have done a great deal indeed to get from mother so reverent a tone. “So stupid of me! I've forgotten the extraordinary romance of your father's amassing so tremendous a fortune—” Mother waited. Mother was cataloguing again. Oh, dear! Dale wished she wouldn't!

Mathew picked up a pepper shaker. “Gold mines,” he said. He deliberately peppered the creamed spinach, and then he added, “But it must be my grandfather you're thinking of—he was a faro dealer in the rush of 'forty-nine—” And he looked up and smiled at mother.

As they left the table, Decatur, tall and blond like all the Blaiden men of this generation, offered mother his arm. Father, her brothers, Dale thought suddenly, were like the battle wagons, and mother the busy little navy tender that keeps constant contact between ship and shore.

Mother poured coffee in the library. And when the grandfather's clock on the landing struck nine, mother said, “Say good night, Dale.”

Dale looked at mother, entreating. She wanted to stay and listen. Tonight there had been navy talk, as there always was at the Blaidens'; but tonight it hadn't been who's coming up for selection, or why the Blue Fleet did this instead of that during the last Pacific fleet maneuvers. Tonight there'd been tales of people—of the enlisted man who, struggling to keep afloat after the Monongahela had sunk, accidentally struck an officer swimming behind him, and his quick distressed “Beg pardon, sir!”

“DISCIPLINE!” Mathew Hay had said. “Discipline—” and laughed. But there was a grimness about the set of his mouth, a flash of pride in his eye, that didn't quite go with that laugh. Mathew Hay had been on the Monongahela that night. And there was not one, he said, among the surviving officers and men who had not volunteered for lighter-than-air duty again.

He told the tale of Bunny Arton's first free balloon flight alone and how he fell out—

“Dale,” mother said—exceptions were never made.

Dale got up. Across the room Mathew Hay was watching. “Good night,” she said, eyes still shining with excited interest.

Mathew Hay rose as she passed him. And as she went up the stair she heard him say to her mother, “Mrs. Blaiden, I'd like to try to get that week's leave, if your kind invitation still stands. It may be a year before I can get back from Sunnyvale—”

The sun rose early these June days, and Dale rose with it. The balmy air, alive with bird song and squabble, sailed in through the windows. Only the kitchen was awake as she hurried on quiet feet through the wide fan-lighted hall.

Down the garden center walk, the evergreen of pungent dew-wet box high on each side above her head; through an archway cut in a box wall into a garden square. And there Mathew Hay stood contemplating the spread of a giant mulberry that some long-ago Blaiden had hoped to raise his silkworms on.

She hurried to him. “Could you get leave?” she said. “Are you going to stay?”

He nodded, smiling down at her upturned face. “Why?” he said. “Does it make any difference to you?”

“Oh, yes,” she said in shy politeness. “We're always glad to have company.”

They walked through the vast garden, through the orangery, where, behind a glass-paned front, Blaidens had raised their orange and lemon trees in tubs when, long ago, such fruit was priceless.

Beyond the wide bowling green, level as ten generations of rolling can make it, the family burying ground, enclosed in a low ivy-hung brick wall, reposed in the sunlight and shade of great trees.

“Here”—Dale touched a pinnacle of gray stone—“is my Great-grandaunt Alicia. She eloped on horseback and was killed taking a fence. On some nights, they say, you can still see her running through the garden. She was beautiful. And here”—Dale moved along a little farther over the short fine-cut grass—“is my

Granduncle Biddle, who fought in the Battle of Mobile Bay against his brother"—she touched the low vault beside it—"who was on Admiral Buchanan's Tennessee. It's nice in here," she said, "and if you climb up on the wall you can see way down the river—"

Back at the house at breakfast, mother said, "Tomorrow night we'll have a few friends in to meet Mr. Hay—" Mother's "few friends," Dale knew, would take in all the first families of the Eastern Shore.

After breakfast, down on the boathouse dock, Mathew and Decatur rigged the small Wasp to sail. Dale sat, legs adangle, on the dock's edge, and when the jib was ready to be hoisted, she said suddenly to Decatur, "Do you suppose that I could go too?"

Decatur looked up at her, astonished. "Nothing doing! You'll get out there, the way you always do, and we'll have to bring you back. She's afraid of the water," he said to Mathew. "That's a fine trait for a Blaiden!"

But Mathew won for her. He lifted her down into the stern of the little boat. And when they began to move out of the lee of the shore and the broad Wye River met the broader Miles to curve blue and salty through Great Eastern Bay to the Chesapeake, the old familiar panic seized her. She shifted suddenly in her seat and squeezed her hands tight together.

Mathew at the tiller made room for her beside him. His gray eyes searched hers. "Sit up here," he said, "beside me." And after a while he got her to take the jib sheet, and still later the tiller.

Back at the house at noon, Decatur said to mother, "Lord knows, I've never been able to teach her to sail, but Mathew seems to know how to do it."

But mother was too busy to hear. Preparations for the party had been going on all day. In the dimness of the Venetian-blinded dining room, Dale moved on hopeful feet round the long whited-masked table spread with fine bone china and old silver. She looked at the place cards, one by one. There was no card for her. No place at that long lovely table. She would, then, have to eat her dinner on a tray upstairs, as she'd done ever since she could remember when mother gave a party.

Before, it had never mattered. But tonight she wanted to go. Tonight, more than anything in the world, she wanted to go! Anxiety swept her.

"Mother!" She tapped at mother's door. Mother was resting under a thin lace throw. "Mother, may I go to the party tonight?" And at the expression on mother's face she hurried on: "I'll go to bed early—I promise I will. Please, mother dear—*please*—just tonight!"

"But, my dear child, you're not old enough for grown-up parties!"

"I'm seventeen," Dale said. "You were married when you were seventeen."

But times then, it appeared, were different.

DALE could not see the cars arriving at the other face of the house in the June dusk, but she could hear the guests spread through the first floor and up the stairs like a slow murmurous tide.

She hardly touched the breast of guinea hen, the tiny Lima beans, the strawberries frozen in rich Guernsey cream that Samuel brought up on a tray and set on a table in her window.

Then dinner downstairs was over, and night had set in. Japanese lanterns glowed, soft ovals of pale light, here and there on the trees throughout the distance of the vast garden. Somewhere near by, fiddle and guitar played.

Dale watched the light summer gowns of the ladies on the dark arms of the men appear and vanish down the long boxwood-bordered paths—watched until at last tears blurred out the sight and her head went down on the broad window sill in soundless weeping.

A tap at her door. Samuel, no doubt, come for the tray. But when she opened the door, Mathew Hay was there.

"Why weren't you at dinner?" he said. He bent closer. "And you've been crying, too." He put a gentle hand under her chin and tilted it. "Come," he said; "let me see."

Lashes down on hot cheeks, "Mother thinks I'm too young," she said so low he had to bend to hear; and when she raised her eyes to him, his were grave.

"Well," he said, "perhaps so—but if I'd known, I'd have asked to have mine up here, too." And he drew her out to a chair at the end of the broad hall.

The music moved into the house, and there was the sound of dancing downstairs.

Black-haired, black-eyed, lovely Maria Louise Gallatin of Gallatin's Hall, on her way to powder, stopped beside them.

"And have the ladies of the Eastern Shore," she said to Mathew, "so lost their charm that you desert us to stay up here?"

Mathew rose from the window sill. "On the contrary," he said, smiling, "they charm beyond all possibility of escape."

Dale marveled at Maria Louise's high-flung head and flaming cheeks. Then, "I've been thoughtless indeed!" Conscience-stricken, Dale stood up to go. "This party is for you—you're the guest of honor—"

HE tried his best to dissuade her. And when he saw that she would not stay, "If you're really determined to leave me, then dance this one dance with me."

So, on the waxed floor of the wide upper hall, they danced until, when the music stopped, breathless, heart pounding, "That was nice," she said in shy delight; "I enjoyed it." And she swept him a low curtsy. He touched his lips to her fingertips, for all the world as though she were a lady. And she picked up her skirts and ran into her room.

Somehow, now the party no longer mattered. In the darkness, on her canopied bed, she lay, bare young arms flung back above light-brown head, filled with a warm content. And long before the music stopped she slept.

Then, one morning, she took him to see the thrushes' nest with the four eggs in it.

Every day, when there was wind, they sailed, and Mathew taught her a little more. When Mathew and Decatur rode, they always took her with them. And if there was a fence too high for her to take, they all rode round it.

It was Thursday that mother said to Dale, "This afternoon I want you to call at Dinsmore Heath to renew acquaintance with the Dinsmore daughters."

But this afternoon, Dale pleaded, they were going minnow digging! But mother had, in a world grown suddenly dark, already turned away.

"I'll drive you there," Mathew said. And to her unhappy "There's no use spoiling your afternoon, too—thank you just the same," he said briefly, "It would be a pleasure."

Three miles beyond the entrance gate on the woods road that nobody traveled except to and from the Blaidens', they ran out of gas. "Samuel's supposed to keep the tanks full," Dale said, distressed. "But if we go through the woods it's not so far to walk back."

The warm June air lay like the still waters of a deep pond through the high trees. The rap of a woodpecker echoed far off. Under their feet the rich fragrance of moist woods earth and pine needles rose.

Mathew stooped to uncatch Dale's thin dress from a twig. She looked up through the fretwork of branches. Above, a buzzard sailed on spread wings. And beyond the buzzard, in the high blue, small white clouds stretched a path across the sky.

"It must be beautiful up there," Dale said. "What does the world look like from the sky?"

"The fields are all neat," Mathew said, "and roads are all smooth and level. You get the illusion of perfection until you get down close enough to see—" Her dress was free from the twig and he straightened. He looked at her for a moment and then he said: "It's like people. Once perhaps in a lifetime, if the gods are with you, you find a person who gains in beauty as you get closer, a person exquisite and unspoiled, beyond all dreams, by life's passing by—" And there was something in his gray eyes, as he stood there beside her, that made her heart beat faster, and she turned hurriedly away.

Back at the house, Decatur met them in the hall. "Just took a wire for you over the phone." He handed a sheet of paper to Mathew. "You've got to report back to Lakehurst for duty Saturday noon. Lord, I'm sorry!" he said. "What the hell do you suppose happened?"

Dale stood stock-still, as though somebody had jerked her up by a tether. Tomorrow, then, would be their last day. And after tomorrow— Dale realized suddenly that she couldn't see the days after tomorrow that would have no Mathew in them. It was as though he'd always been here, as though he were a part of this house and all the things that went with it.

She turned and went up the stairs, and so she did not see the look in Mathew's eyes that went with her.

Next morning the breeze was fresh. And because she begged so hard, against their better judgment Decatur and Mathew sailed down to St. Michaels. Opposite the entrance to the narrow river harbor the breeze died, and there they lay for three hours.

"I told you this'd happen!" Decatur on the tiny forward deck said to Dale in the stern. "You can't sail downwind and expect to get home for lunch." He tore crab grass off the anchor line and flung it in the water. "Anyhow, what's the matter with you all of a sudden, that you like to sail so much? Only love," he said, disgusted, "could make such a change!"

Love! Dale sat mute, stricken, with the shock of that unconscious thrust. And she knew, with the despair of a person who hears himself condemned, that it was true.

In that hot sun Dale was cold with the chill of the lifeless.

She felt Mathew, on the stern behind her, lean forward. Heard his low distressed "Dale—Dale, my darling—look at me!"

But she only shook her head and kept her face so he could not see it. When the breeze came up at last and the boat reached their dock, she jumped out and ran to the house.

In the safety of her room the terror in her burst and filled her.

So that was it! That was why, from the very beginning, she hadn't been ashamed of the peppermint stick. That was why the night of the party, after he'd come up to her, the party'd lost its charm. That was why she'd gone sailing. And that was why now she could not see the days ahead that had no Mathew in them.

She'd fallen in love—and with a man in the navy!

Dale stirred, desperate, as one stirs who lies bound, helpless, imprisoned by the chains of living.

AS she dressed for dinner, stiff white taffeta petticoat under soft white ruffled dress, she was numb with misery. She knew better than not to go down to dinner—he'd come up to fetch her if she didn't. She tied on each small pale-blue shoe with its ribbon bow, and went down only in time to take her seat at the table.

All through dinner she sat, eyes on her plate. Nobody noticed. Nobody except Mathew, and she could feel his troubled eyes on her, and they made her heart beat fast.

When mother rose to pour the coffee in the library, Dale slipped back through the kitchen.

The night was quiet in the garden. She sped on light feet between the high boxwood walls, across the broad bowling green. She was going where she knew she'd be safe—where nobody'd think to look for her—where she'd hidden countless times long ago when she'd been a child. She unlatched the iron gate of the Blaiden graveyard and went in.

DORIS REND

inherits her writing ability by having been born into a newspaper family and through being brought up in the atmosphere of a busy newspaperman's home. She says that she was educated "on the wing," spending most of her time at the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn. She married a newsreel man, and working in the boxwood gardens of her parents' eighteenth-century home in Maryland is her pet hobby.

She sat down, back against a low stone, knees hunched up within her arms. Fireflies beyond the brick wall rose through the trees like curtains of living sparks so high you could not tell which were stars and which were not. The fragrance of magnolias lay heavy on the still air. Off to the east, forked lightning flashed so distant that no thunder followed. A cricket chirped loud some place in the ivy.

Here was peace. Here was no longer the strife of life. All these people of the generations that had passed, all these people who had lived their lives—

"Dale—" Mathew was standing beside her.

She scrambled to her feet, heart athump with the panic of the overtaken, and backed against the wall.

"Dale," he said, "when Decatur spoke in the boat today— Dale," he said again, "I love you, my darling. Six days are so short—I've had so little time—"

Bursting out of the misery in her, out of the agonized dread of what navy life held for her—"I couldn't!" Dale wailed. "Oh, I *couldn't!*" Tears burned her eyes, ran down her face, shook her. Then all at once she was against him and his heart's pound was under her ear.

He held her hard, mouth down on her hair. "Is it so hard?" she heard him say.

IN that instant his arms stiffened, his body froze. Over the thump of Mathew's heart Dale heard Decatur shouting, racing through the garden.

"Mathew! Mathew! For God's sake, where are you? The Allegheny's down at sea!"

Mathew whirled and tore for the gate, shouting to Decatur. Dale ran after him. She followed the sound of their voices on flying feet. She heard Decatur's "Twenty miles off Asbury Park, at sea! Electrical storm! Report just came over the radio!"

Up through the center walk—Mathew and Decatur were just ahead. Past mother at the house door.

"Dale! Dale!" mother commanded. "Come back here!"

For the first time in Dale's life she didn't heed her. Round to the old slave quarters, now the garage. Already Mathew was backing out his car. She tugged the door handle open, jumped in, slammed the door shut. Mathew jammed on the brake. "Dale—get out!"

Dale turned on him. "No!" she said—"no!" so fiercely that without another word he swung the car into the drive and made for the entrance gate.

Over the dirt road through the woods the headlights picked out the ruts. Dale hung on with both hands. Out on the paved Claiborne road. Through Easton. And north.

At Goldsboro they plunged into thick slanting rain. Mathew stopped, got a coat out of the locker, wrapped her in it, and they tore on again.

Two hundred miles between them and Lakehurst—two hundred dreadful miles! Dale propped herself on hands lost in the sleeves of the big coat. Mathew's face in the darkness was still, expressionless, except for the deep lines at his grim mouth. He was seeing his ship, she knew. If she could only get him to talk—maybe that would help him.

"Mathew," she said, "tell me about the Allegheny—"

And as she watched his white face there beside her, listened to his voice, sure and unshaken in its faith by tonight's disaster, she began to doubt the wisdom of her father and three brothers.

"Dirigibles," Mathew said, "will be the eyes of the navy in the next war. The nation that's got them will have a terrible advantage. There's no other craft that can cruise at a hundred miles an hour and report on an area of ten thousand miles a day concerning fleet maneuvers day after day without refueling—"

A light came into that dim lean face—the light that comes into the face of a man who knows that his work has a place in the world.

"But," Dale questioned, "people say we don't know how to build them. Only the Germans. Look at tonight—"

"The Germans," Mathew said, "lost four ships the first two years they were building. If we'd built a hundred and thirty-seven, as they have over twenty-five years, and operated them, we'd have the knowledge and personnel they've got, too. You've got to pay for progress."

ON through the darkness. Up the broad Du Pont Highway. Across the New Castle ferry to the Jersey side of Delaware Bay.

And as Dale asked questions and Mathew answered, she began to see the striving of these men whose lives were only a means to an end. She saw the giant Allegheny as Mathew had seen her for the last time, moored to her mast out on that vast field ringed by the distant black of pine scrub, moored against the streak of orange light where the sun had just set in the west. A great silver hulk. A great silver shape turned black now by dusk, run by shadows of men in the control car, by shadows of men along the lighted catwalk within. Sand ballast was taken off up forward. A little water ballast splashed from aft. They were weighing her off for flight. Now the ground crew, responding to an order, moved farther out from her sides. The night sky was sliding overhead like a giant top. Then in that quiet evening air came the shouted command:

"Up ship!"

The ground crew let go the ropes. Against the twilight sky riding lights shining like little stars, motors purring soft with power, the dirigible Allegheny rose in majestic splendor to her element the air.

And Mathew, off duty that night, had stood on the ground and watched her. Up! So slowly that it was as though the earth sank from beneath her rather than that she lifted from it. The Allegheny reached the point where her rise became also a forward motion and she pointed her nose into the west evening sky.

"She was beautiful—beautiful!" Mathew struck the open palm of his hand on the steering wheel, gripped it again, and groaned.

With a shock Dale thought of the time the frigate Constitution, rescued from wreckers on the eve of scrapping after a service of a hundred and twenty-five years, had put into Boston where her father was stationed. And Dale's governess had taken her aboard Old Ironsides where she lay anchored in the harbor, reconditioned and manned once more, sails reefed to tall masts, timbers strong again as in the early days of the Republic when she had fought to keep us free. And as Dale had laid her hands on that high rail, walked those decks where Americans had battled with the joy of personal encounter, it was as though she felt the blast of the Constitution's forty-four guns, as though she heard the shouts, the scuffle of struggling feet, saw the flash of saber and the flame of pistol shot, the gay colors of cocked hat and tight knee breeches. And pride had swelled in her—pride so great that her heart seemed near to bursting and tears of excitement filled her eyes.

Now, as remembrance swept her of that tall ship, great in herself, great in the men who sailed and commanded her, great because of the spirit behind her, Dale knew suddenly that it was the same spirit that was in this man beside her—the same spirit, the same singleness of purpose that must have been the foundation of her family's tradition, unexpressed, as it had always been, and hidden under the discharge of duties without complaint or comment.

Dale sat very still.

How small her world all at once seemed! His Lordship's Gift—her lifelong plans for a home with four unchanging walls—even herself—

"Mathew," Dale said, "what are you going to do?"

"Find my ship," he said.

Rain battered the windshield. Only the headlights showed in the blackness.

"Mathew," Dale said, and stopped.

"Mathew—" she began again. She was breathless with the fearful boldness of her intention, and yet there was no time to lose. "Mathew," she said very fast, "do you want to marry me?"

"Yes," Mathew said. And in the deep warmth of his sudden joy, and the peace that swept her in having him to love forever, there was a home that had no walls, a home that nobody could take from them.

Dale laid her hand on Mathew's knee.

DAWN had not yet touched the black sky when they tore in through the station gates.

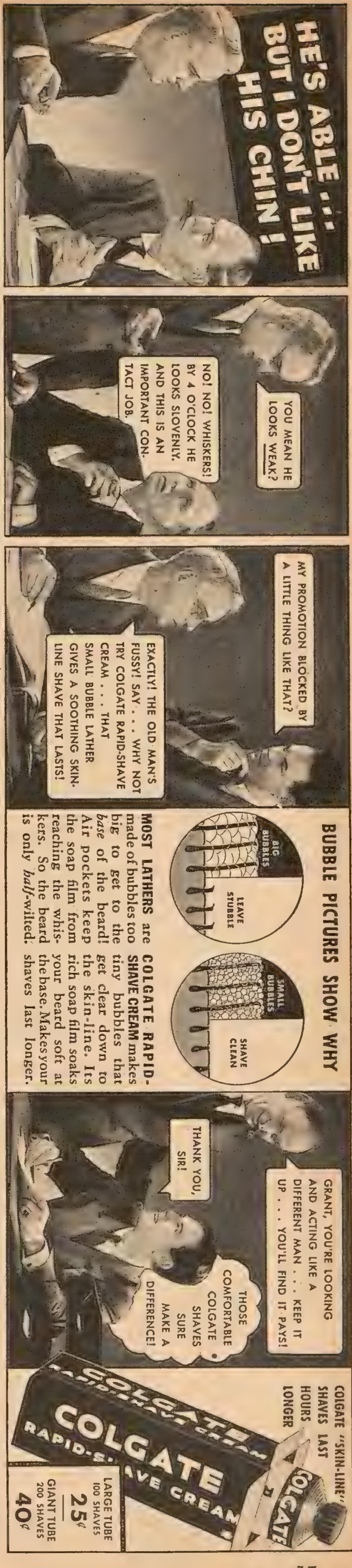
Dale watched mechanics roll Mathew's tiny fighter out of the hangar and warm up the motor. She got out of the car when Mathew reappeared, in full flying gear, and watched him climb into the fighter, saw him wave to her, and waved back, heard him rev his motor up to a roar.

And as she listened to the fighter's fast climb she knew that this was the first of the countless times she'd be listening, listening, for the sound of that motor, as she'd seen navy women listen when a ground fog rolls in under a night flight, when storm breaks, when there is some delay, or when there is no delay at all.

The fighter circled once, then struck into the streak of dawn that edged the low storm-spread sky. Dale watched until it vanished. Inside her there lay a deep happiness.

She turned and got into the car to wait for Mathew to come back.

THE END


HE'S ABLE... BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS CHIN!
YOU MEAN HE LOOKS WEAK?
NO! NO! WHISKERS! BY 4 O'CLOCK HE LOOKS SLOVENLY. AND THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CONTACT JOB.
MY PROMOTION BLOCKED BY A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT?
EXACTLY! THE OLD MAN'S FUSSY! SAY . . . WHY NOT TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM . . . THAT SMALL BUBBLE LATHER GIVES A SOOTHING SKIN-LINE SHAVE THAT LASTS!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
GRANT, YOU'RE LOOKING AND ACTING LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN . . . KEEP IT UP . . . YOU'LL FIND IT PAYS!
THANK YOU, SIR!
THOSE COMFORTABLE COLGATE SHAVES SURE MAKE A DIFFERENCE!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted. **COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

A Final Statement of Faith

The World's Most Picturesque Philosopher Discusses Life and Man from the Vantage Point of His Eightieth Birthday

by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

in a Colloquy with GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: George Bernard Shaw is the most distinguished living writer and one of the world's most civilized minds. This is his birthday week. On July 26, 1936, Shaw the perennially youthful will be eighty years old. On the verge of the eightieth anniversary of his birth, in response to thirteen questions put to him by Mr. Viereck for Liberty, he has stated his final conclusions about the gravest of all issues—about life, death, immortality, reincarnation, and the future of mankind. Here they are, a summary of his philosophy, a Shavian utterance of outstanding importance and interest.

I HAVE received many interesting messages from men who have made history or literature, but none more momentous than this from George Bernard Shaw.

I have known Shaw for over thirty years. Ever since my early twenties I have made my pilgrimages to his shrine, first at Adelphi Terrace, then at Whitehall Court. He is one of the few great men who do not disappoint in the crucial test of personal contact. His conversation is as brilliant as his prefaces. His wit would be almost too penetrating for comfort if it were not tempered by his fundamental love for humanity. Shaw's paradox is the armor that protects his often too kindly heart.

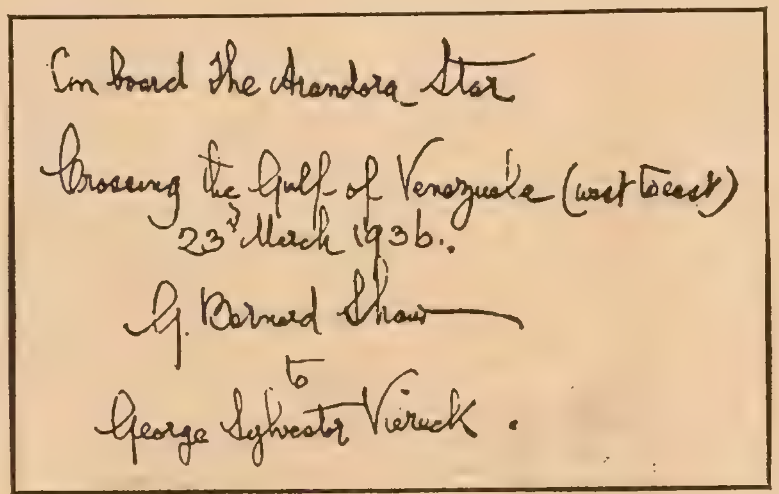
Whenever I have had the privilege of meeting Shaw, we have discussed fundamental problems. As a rule our conversations dealt with questions of world politics. I have at various times discussed philosophy with him; but never have my questions been so searching nor his answers so profoundly stirring as in this my long-distance interview with Shaw on the threshold of eighty.

It was Shaw who first suggested, in Back to Methuselah, that human life might extend to reach three hundred years. Life interests him intensely, but he does not wish to live forever.

Nothing, he once confided to me, would be more dreadful to him than an eternity of George Bernard Shaw.

I too am deeply interested in the problems of life and death, and have devoted three books—one of them My First Two Thousand Years, of which Paul Eldridge is co-author—to the story of the Wandering Jew, the man who lives forever. To some this seemed a curse; I attempted to envisage it as a blessing. Shaw, it may be noted, refers pointedly to the Wandering Jew.

Shaw is as sprightly and agile intellectually today as he was in his twenties or his forties. Vitality radiates in his reply to my questionnaire.


On board the Arandora Star
Crossing the Gulf of Venezuela (west to east)
23d March 1936.
G. Bernard Shaw
to
George Sylvester Viereck.

Shaw's signature to this statement of his faith.

He himself must recognize the significance of his message, because in signing it he carefully states not only the date on which it was written, but the location, giving to a great utterance its exact plane of reference in space and time.

—GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

THE COLLOQUY WITH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

VIERECK: Some time ago, when asked to comment on the death of a famous contemporary, you refused on the ground that your own span of life was limited and that you did not have the time to bother about the exit of others. I do not have the clipping and may be misquoting you, as usual.

What is it you actually said?

SHAW: *Non mi ricordo.* [I don't remember.]

VIERECK: Some time ago you predicted that man would eventually live to be three hundred or more. If that is your belief, why can't you be the modern Methuselah? Is such your expectation or desire?

SHAW: I made no prediction. I suggested a possibility in response to a political necessity, as the present duration of human life involves the government of the modern world by men with the minds and interests of schoolboys. But I was careful to make it clear that the change would not take place in our consciousness as an act of will.

The world will not be saved by fools who mistake that instinctive aversion to the act of death for a desire to live forever. The Wandering Jew knew better.

VIERECK: Do you think any one else among our contemporaries will be the first picked out for that purpose by the mysterious process of selective evolution?

SHAW: There will be nothing selective about it. If the geniuses live three hundred years, so will the chumps. The point is that though men profit little by experience, they are tremendously affected by expectation. No appeal to my experience will change me to any noticeable extent; but if you could convince me that I had another two hundred years to live I should at once become a quite different man.

VIERECK: Have you modified in any way your ideas on personal immortality?

SHAW: No.

VIERECK: Do you think there is any survival of personality or at least of the vibrations of personality in the physical or spiritual world?

SHAW: No. A physicist obsessed with the law of the conservation of energy may regard a vibration as indestructible; but I believe that a clock can stop and rust into something that is not a clock.

VIERECK: To what extent do great men live in their deeds and in their books?

SHAW: Great men—a fabulous species; but let that pass—live just like other men; but it is their books and their historical deeds that interest their fellow creatures.

VIERECK: To what extent do you expect to live in your books? Your plays? Your prefaces? Your prophecies? Or at least as a dynamic influence through the ages?

SHAW: I don't expect anything. The present occupies all my time.

VIERECK: To what extent have your prophecies come true in your lifetime?

SHAW: Sufficiently often to convince me that foresight depends on an instinctive knowledge of human nature and not on the collection of evidence. Even if it were possible to ascertain the evidence in less than twenty years (and then only if the parties were all dead) I should go on guessing.

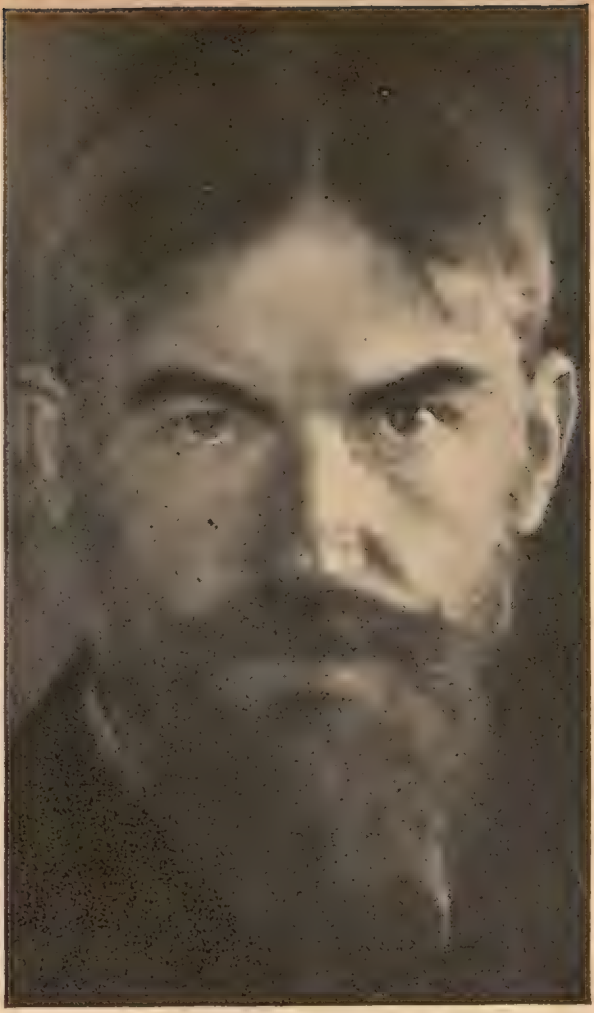
VIERECK: To what extent will they come true hereafter?

SHAW: I don't know. Posterity will believe what it wishes to believe; and if its wishes jump with my guesses I shall be among the prophets. If not, I shall be only Simon Magus.

VIERECK: To what extent has your philosophy of life, time, infinity, death been influenced or modified by the discoveries of Einstein, Planck, or the theories of Jeans, etc.?

SHAW: They have interested me enormously; but they have not changed my mind. When I was taught that Nature never makes a jump, and proceeds by infinitesimal steps that take millions of years to become visible, I used to say that Nature is a kangaroo and never does anything except by leaps and bounds. To Newton's law of motion, which assumed that a moving body would always take a straight line, I replied that Hogarth was nearer the mark when he said that the line of beauty is a curve, and that every boy who had ever thrown stones at a cockshy knew that no power on earth could make a moving body fly otherwise than parabolically, gravitation being thus a superfluous hypothesis. I was naturally pleased and amused when Planck and Einstein showed that my boyish *jeux d'esprit* were soundly scientific. But no advance in physics can possibly change people's minds as, for instance, Karl Marx changed the attitude of his readers toward bourgeois civilization.

VIERECK: Do you, like Einstein, see some reasoning power behind the universe? He once said to me that man was like a child entering an immense library with books in many languages. The child would not know the languages; it might not be able to read more than a page or two; but at least it would realize that some one or some power must have arranged and written the books.



From the collection of Mitchell Kennerley

Innumerable photographs of the white-bearded Bernard Shaw of recent years have made his appearance as familiar as his name. But have you ever seen these two pictures of the red-bearded G. B. S. who became a meteoric world celebrity at the turn of the century? In all likelihood you haven't. They were taken by Shaw himself in 1899, when he reached forty-three, and were printed by F. H. Evans, a friend under whose guidance Shaw was going in for photography. As far as is known, they have never been reproduced in America.

From the collection of Mitchell Kennerley

SHAW: I see no reasoning power behind the universe. Reasoning power is a faculty like any other faculty. It may be specialized technically, and make one man a military specialist like Napoleon and another a mathematical specialist like Einstein. What I see driving the universe is a colossal evolutionary appetite for knowledge and power over circumstances, continually experimenting in the creation of percipients and agents. Many of the experiments are mischievous failures: hence the so-called problem of evil; for the mistakes breed as vigorously as the successes.

The locust and the cobra are now only mischievous failures. Man must destroy them if they are not to destroy him. It is, however, a wide-open question at present whether man is not himself the most mischievous of all the failures. In that case the next experiment may produce some creation that may wipe him out.

In short, I am a Creative-Evolutionist.

VIERECK: Do you believe in the eternal recurrence of things and personalities, a theory advanced by Nietzsche? To my mind, a crimp has been put into this theory by the second law of thermodynamics, the quantum theory, and other new doctrines which seem to shatter our views of the inviolability or at least the indestructibility of matter.

SHAW: The notion of a cyclical repetition of all happenings is much older than Nietzsche. Before Nietzsche was heard of in this country I discussed it with Thomas Tyler, who found it in Swift, Shakespeare, all the great pessimists, and in Lucretius. To me it is only a logical toy of no greater importance than "History never repeats itself."

VIERECK: If matter is limited and indestructible, then by the law of chance another G. B. S. or a reincarnation of you is bound to return to this earth in the course of infinity. What is your attitude toward your reincarnation in this scientific fashion?

SHAW: Not at all. The chances against a recurrence of the Shavian combination are so stupendous that its recurrence in any sort of exactness would be a miracle. I have been called a modern Aristophanes, a Molière, a Voltaire, etc., etc., but the classification is very rough except for academic lectures on literature.

Limitation or indestructibility of matter (whatever matter may be) may be necessary postulates in pure theorems; but they are mere fancies.

THE END

TUMULT ON THE DIAMOND

A Famous Veteran's Electrifying Memories of Thrills in the Good Old Rowdy Days When Men Were Men and Baseball Meant Battle

by

JOHNNY EVERS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MAYBE I was what they called me—"the Crab." But I never took much pride in the title, and I want to assure you that it was all just a part of the game as I saw it back in the rip-roaring days of "Tinker to Evers to Chance," when every ball game was a battle and a team could lift itself up by its own bootstraps through the fighting fury it generated, and it drove three fighting ball clubs to the nearest approach to a pennant monopoly that the game has ever known.

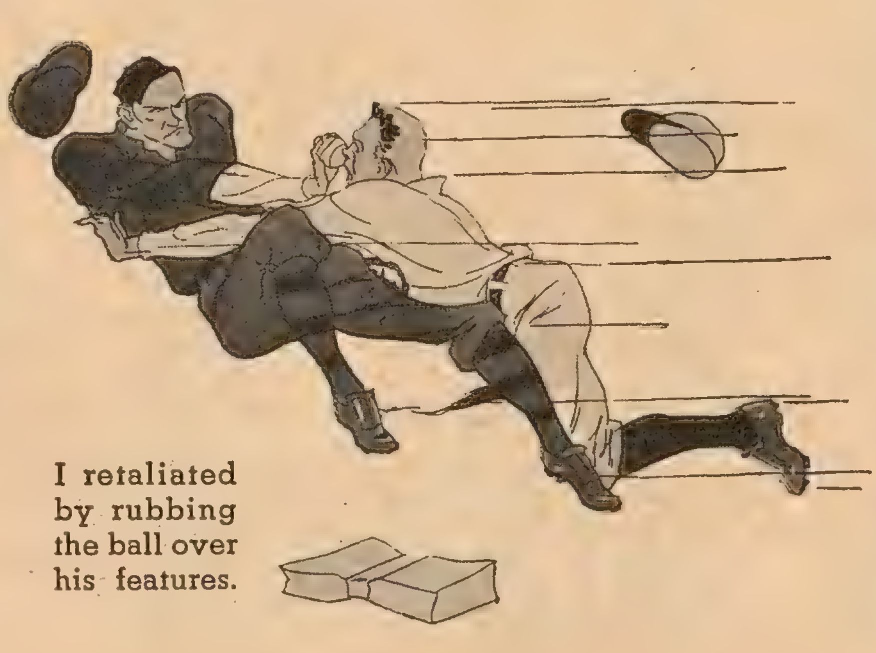
We were a swashbuckling, swaggering crew—those Cubs of Frank Chance, the Giants of McGraw, the Pirates of Fred Clarke—that roared down the stretch snapping at each others' heels to win all the pennants in the National League for thirteen consecutive fighting years.

I am moved to write these personal memoirs of those stirring years by the fact that Ford Frick, president of the National League, with his edict banning "handshaking" baseball, has struck a responsive chord within me and aroused vivid recollections of the delirious days when baseball fields were battle grounds and every pennant fight a feud.

The flaming spirit of those embattled years made its last stand with the Boston Braves of 1914, and suddenly imbued with that spirit, a team that was in last place by *fourteen games* on the Fourth of July drove to a world's championship in October of that same year by the most spectacular surge in baseball history. That spring I had come to the Boston club from a fighting school—the school of Chance, McGraw, and Clarke—and if I had any part in that miraculous transformation of a team that had been the doormat of the league, I am satisfied to be called "the Crab."

On that Fourth of July in 1914 the Braves hopelessly bogged down in last place, lost a double-header that dropped them fourteen games behind the Giants. The following afternoon we were walloped 12 to 0 by a semipro factory team in an exhibition game at Buffalo, and looked to be the worst ball club that had ever misrepresented a big league. Then something happened—something that to this day has remained a mystery to the baseball world.

What happened was that George Stallings and I framed up a heated argument in the clubhouse that ended in a battle royal when, as previously arranged between us, we appealed to Rabbit Maranville and thus got the players embroiled in the debate; then each of us dared the other side to prove their contention on the field of play. It was the first time that year they had been interested in anything pertaining to baseball.



I retaliated by rubbing the ball over his features.

We were to open a long stretch of games on the road with a double-header in Brooklyn, and for the first time since the season opened the team went out on the field that afternoon with their chins out, lashed into a fighting fury by Stallings, who was a madman on the bench, raving and ranting at players, umpires, and spectators alike—and we won both ball games.

From the amiable and easygoing team that had been handshaking and joking its way through the first half of the season, we were suddenly changed into the "Rowdy Braves" that were outsnarling the league. On the midsummer Western trip that took us from last place into a first-place tie with the Giants on Labor Day, we had a fight in every city we visited.

In the opening game in St. Louis, Dick Rudolph hurled a couple of fast balls close to the ears of Bob Bescher when Bob came to bat in the clutch with a couple on. Bescher claimed he was being deliberately "shot at," and strolled out to the mound to take a return shot at the Rudolph chin with a right uppercut. That started a free-for-all battle that a squad of police had to break up. Then we fought the St. Louis club off its feet and won the series.

A few days later, at Chicago, Heinie Zimmerman, sliding headfirst into second base, tried to knock the ball out of my hands. I retaliated by rubbing the ball with much vigor over Heinie's features from the chin to the forehead and back again. Heinie jumped to his feet and wound up to take a punch at me, but little Rabbit Maranville, who was so short he had to jump to register, socked Heinie on the chin and knocked him down. The umpires pried us apart and ejected all three of us from the game. As we walked across the field to the clubhouse another jam started when Heinie refused to believe it was little Maranville who had hit him and he had to be smacked again to be convinced.

We moved from Chicago to Pittsburgh, and got away to an exciting start before the opening game when Stallings crawled into the stands after a spectator who had been jeering him. This affair had hardly been calmed down when I got into a heated debate with Barney Dreyfuss, the Pittsburgh club owner, and a fine young war was raging when the police arrived at the royal box. Having worked the team into the proper fighting spirit, we then went out and won the series from Pittsburgh.

In Cincinnati the irrepressible Maranville staged a knock-down-and-drag-out battle with Joe Tinker out at second base. Even the umpires weren't spared in that mad whirl, Umpire Bill Byron wearing a blue eye for several days after colliding with Red Smith's knuckles.

Long before this the players had forgotten the original cause of their flare-up and were fighting because they wanted to win ball games by any means that end might be attained. Driven by the fighting fury that consumed them, the players performed miraculous feats because they refused to entertain any possibility of failure. It seemed that whatever was required was always done, whether or not the player had ever before done that thing.

In the tenth inning of a game against Cincinnati we had been trailing until the ninth inning, when in the course of a rally that tied the score we had to use up practically all our available pinch-hitting material. Another rally in the first half of the tenth gave us a one-run lead; but when we took the field to protect this lead, we found we had no catcher, Hank Gowdy having been taken out for a pinch runner and the other catchers having been used for pinch-hitting duty. Nobody eligible had ever even tried to catch. Stallings called for volunteers. Herbie Moran, an outfielder, said he was game to try it.

Bill James was pitching. Bill was six feet three inches tall and weighed a young ton.

Mathewson, only half dressed, came across the field.

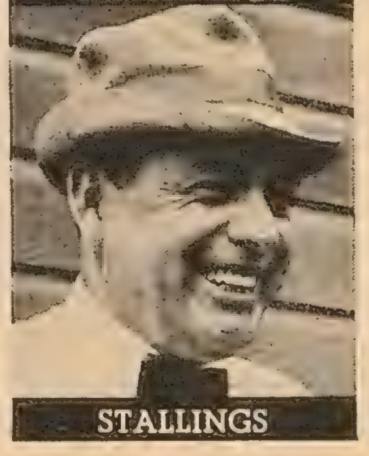
TINKER

CHANCE

MATHEWSON

MERKLE

MARANVILLE


STALLINGS

JOHNNY EVERS

Moran was only about five feet four and weighed a hundred and thirty-five. Hank Gowdy's breast protector reached down to Moran's toes, the big shin guards came up around his thighs, and Hank's big mask hung down on his chest. When he got all that armor on you couldn't see him, and he could hardly drag the weight of it out to the pitcher's slab for a consultation with James about signals. When he did manage to drag it out there, the crowd got the laugh of the season. Big Bill James towered over the stumpy Moran like a circus giant over a Singer midget. That funny-looking battery stood out there, while the multitude roared, apparently having a long conference. As a matter of fact they said nothing.

That comedy conference in the middle of the diamond was all bluff. Even then Moran couldn't hold the ball. James's first pitch was on him before he could get the big mitt up. It hit the big breast protector with a loud boom and knocked Herbie flat in the dust, and the crowd, as well as the players, got another big laugh. Moran scrambled to his feet and crawled in behind the plate again, but he didn't have to try to catch another ball. James laid three straight pitches over the plate so good that three batters came up in quick succession, took one healthy cut each, and three whistling line drives went straight into the hands of the outfielders, and the game was over.

That's the way the luck breaks for a fighting ball club that can't be licked because it won't be licked. But don't think for a minute that ball club was out there fighting just to be ugly. It was playing smart baseball, working old man psychology until the cows come home.

The way in which an inflammable spirit can drive a ball club to superhuman deeds was fittingly displayed in our World Series with the Athletics in 1914.

In the very first inning of the opening game the Athletics got a man on second base with one out. The next batter raised a foul fly away out to the edge of the right-field pavilion. Butch Schmidt, our first baseman, raced after it in what looked like just “the old college try.” Just as the ball was about to come down inside the pavilion he made a headlong dive and, reaching over, pulled it out of the air with his one hand as he crashed into the wall.

That catch in itself was phenomenal—but you haven’t heard anything yet. The runner on second naturally thought he could easily advance to third after the catch. But Schmidt, recovering quickly, unleashed an unbelievable throw. The ball went with the speed and accuracy of a bullet straight across the field and bounded into the hands of Charlie Deal, playing third, at exactly the right height to tag the player sliding in, and the result was a miraculous double play that ended the inning and caused that World Series throng to gasp in amazement.

Even yet I can’t believe that any human being could make that throw, though I saw it with my own eyes. It must have been directed and propelled by some mysterious force not usually present in a baseball game.

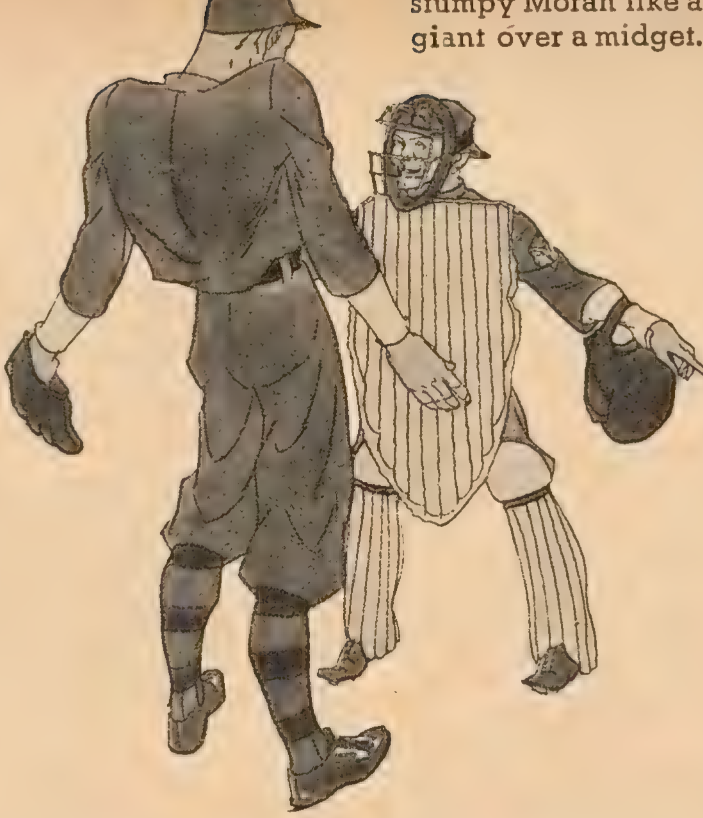
We won that opening game 7 to 1. The second game developed into a hair-raising pitching duel between Bill James and Eddie Plank that went into the ninth inning with neither side scoring. Then came another unbelievable play that no team but that crazy, fighting ball club could have made.

The Athletics had made only two hits off the pitching of Bill James. We scored the first run of the ball game in our half of the ninth; then in the last half of the inning Bill began to flutter. With one out, he passed two batters in succession. Eddie Murphy, a left-hand hitter and a flash going down to first, then blasted a bristling drive straight through the pitcher’s position and out over second base. It looked like a sure hit that would tie the score and put the winning run in scoring position with only one out. I cut out toward center field in a desperate effort to intercept the ball in time to prevent the runner on second from scoring. Even as I did so, I knew it would be a fruitless attempt. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Maranville diving into the picture.

WITH a hook slide, Rabbit managed to reach the ball with his glove at the end of an outstretched arm. He was stretched full length on the ground when he clutched and clung to it. The force of his headlong dive carried him past the second-base bag, but he managed to kick it with the same lightning wriggle that spun him to his feet. Then he snapped the ball toward first just as the runner coming down to second crashed into him and knocked him over again. His quick throw went true to the mark, beating the flying Murphy to first base by a full yard and ending the ball game with the most miraculous double play that any World Series has ever seen.

From that point on the Athletics were hopelessly licked, and the team that was thought not to have a chance against them beat them four straight in baseball’s biggest upset. They were made to feel that they were up against a miracle team that was being driven to superhuman deeds by some invisible force.

Too few players and too few fans in this less emotional age realize the effect a fighting spirit can have in extending the efficiency of the individual player far beyond his normal playing ability, and in establishing a will to win that becomes a contagion on a ball club.



He towered over the stumpy Moran like a giant over a midget.

One of the best examples of the determination that this spirit generates was shown by Jack Pfeister, a southpaw pitcher with the old Chicago Cubs, in the historic game between Cubs and Giants played at the Polo Grounds in New York on September 23, 1908—the game in which Fred Merkle forgot to touch second base and thus precipitated the most dramatic episode in baseball history; the play-off game after the season ended to decide a tie for the pennant between Cubs and Giants.

Pfeister, always effective against the Giants, had strained a ligament in his pitching arm till a lump two inches high had formed below the elbow. He couldn’t bend his arm. To pitch a curve caused him great agony. But we needed that ball game, with Cubs, Giants, and Pirates battling down the stretch neck and neck for the pennant. So Pfeister asked Chance to let him work that day—he had an idea he could fool the Giants with his “crossfire” alone, pitching straight balls that cut in over the corner of the plate from an angle.

DURING that whole ball game that was to make history, Pfeister pitched just three curves. All of these were to Mike Donlin, and all of them when he had to retire Donlin on strikes to save the ball game. After each time he curved the ball he nearly fainted from the pain, and had to be helped to the bench. But he managed to keep the Giants from winning until the famous mix-up in the ninth inning when Merkle forgot to touch second, causing the game to end in a tie.

The part I played in that historic Merkle episode really started ten days previously. Ten days before, the same thing had occurred in a game at Pittsburgh, when a player named Gill, who was a base runner on first when the winning hit was made with two out and the score tied in the ninth inning, failed to run down and touch second base. Hank O’Day had been the umpire in that game. When he saw the winning run crossing the plate, Hank had turned away and failed to see that Gill hadn’t touched second.

O’Day was also the umpire in this game at the Polo Grounds. I knew he was aware of the oversight in the Pittsburgh game, but as nobody had made a play to second base on that occasion he couldn’t have rendered a decision anyway. I remembered that incident and had resolved that if the same situation occurred in a game in which I was playing I would take advantage of it.

The Merkle incident is probably well known to every follower of baseball. Merkle, as a pinch hitter, singled with two out in the ninth and the score tied, sending Harry McCormick from first to third. Al Bridwell then crashed a single to center field, sending McCormick across the plate with what apparently was the winning run that ended the ball game. As soon as that hit was made the crowd started to swarm out on the field.

Standing at second base, I saw that Merkle, who had run down from first, suddenly swerved when still ten feet away from the bag and raced across the outfield toward the clubhouse as he saw McCormick had scored on the hit. I yelled to Hank O’Day, but I saw that Hank was also alert to the situation, probably remembering the Pittsburgh incident, and was running down toward second. I raced out toward center field, pushing my way through the fans, yelling at Artie Hofman to get the ball. How he ever got it I don’t know. He threw it in to me and I raced back, holding the ball on second base.

Hank was watching me as I held the ball on second.

He immediately called Merkle out on a forced play, and as that made the third out, the run that had scored, of course, didn't count and the game was a tie. After that, both O'Day and I had to push our way through a raging mob of New York fans who shrieked and struck at us and threatened our lives. They blamed the whole episode on me; seemed to think I had taken some unfair advantage, but I had only played the game according to the rules.

That incident precipitated the most dramatic pennant race in baseball history.

Get the picture: Three battling ball clubs roaring down the stretch, nerves rasped raw, in a furious fighting finish that had Cubs, Giants, and Pirates so closely bunched that on the final day of the season any one of the three could have won the pennant. That's how close it was. The story of that gripping battle has been told in these pages by no less a person than John McGraw himself, but another who participated in the behind-the-scenes action can perhaps add some unrelated incidents of that dramatic and epic struggle.

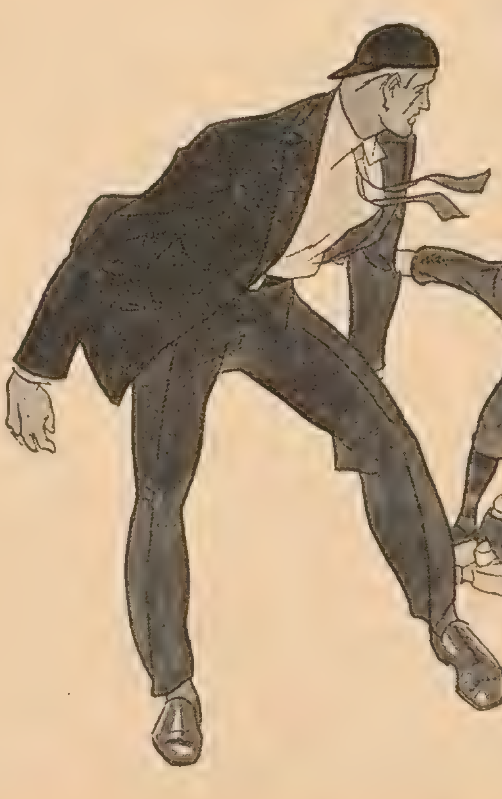
In that furious finish of 1908, by taking a desperate and reckless chance I was fortunate enough to make an unusual play that prevented the Giants from winning the pennant without the necessity of playing off the famous tie after the season closed. What prompted me to try it I don't know—it was just a sudden impulse in the heat of action.

IN one of our bristling battles with the Giants we were leading 2 to 1 when they came to bat in the seventh inning. Brown was pitching for us and going good. Then Roger Bresnahan opened the seventh inning with a base hit, and Mike Donlin smashed a two-base hit to right field that sent Bresnahan to third. Runners on second and third with nobody out. Into this situation Cy Seymour injected a short "Texas League" fly back of second base and a little to the right, too far in for Schulte in right field. On a sudden impulse I pretended I had lost the ball in the sun and couldn't see it, figuring that if I caught the ball, there would still be runners on second and third with only one out; so in a mad impulse I took a chance on luring the runners to leave the bases they occupied.

However, I had carefully estimated the distance I could cover to reach the ball at the last possible second. Donlin, seeing the ball apparently falling safe, far out of the reach of Schulte in right field, made a frantic dash for third to score after Bresnahan with the run that would put the Giants in the lead and probably win the ball game.

Bresnahan held third, knowing he could score easily if the ball wasn't caught. At the last possible second I made a desperate sprint and managed to catch the ball with my gloved hand. But instead of throwing to Tinker at second base to double up Donlin, I whirled and threw to the plate to prevent Bresnahan from scoring the tying run on the double play, as a relay from Tinker to the plate would have been too late to stop Bresnahan. Kling chased Bresnahan back to third with a bluff throw, then hurled the ball to Tinker at second base, doubling up Donlin before he could get back. The next man was retired, and we won the game 2 to 1.

Here's another episode in the battling baseball we played in those furious days. With Otis Crandall pitching, the Giants had obtained a big lead on us early in the game. It just didn't seem to be our day. When we came to bat in the ninth inning, with the Giants still four runs ahead of us, Mathewson, who had been warming up in the bull pen ready to relieve Crandall if the necessity arose, thought the game safely won and went to the clubhouse, undressed, and got under the shower.



Hank O'Day was watching me as I held the ball on second base.

Then the "break" came. We started a vicious assault on Crandall, and before McGraw could do anything we had two runs in and another on the bases. McGraw sent an S O S for the great Mathewson. In the meantime he started an argument with the umpires and used every trick and device he knew to play for time and delay the game. A messenger dashed back from the clubhouse with the report that Matty was getting his shirt on. Two substitutes were acting as his valets. They were still desperately trying to get the great pitcher into his uniform when the umpire ordered McGraw to play ball or forfeit the game. In this emergency McGraw sent McGinnity in to pitch. He used up as much time as possible, but finally was compelled to pitch one ball. Jimmy Slagle rammed it into right field for a base hit that scored the runner, and we needed only one more run to tie.

In the meantime other Giant players had rushed to the clubhouse to help Mathewson get dressed. We were bawling out the umpires for not making the Giants hurry on with the ball game, and the place was in an uproar.

Then, before McGinnity could pitch another ball, Mathewson, only half dressed and with his shoes unlaced, came racing across the field amid the cheers of the populace. There was no time for him to warm up. McGraw had already wasted eleven minutes, and the umpire had his watch out, threatening to forfeit the game. Mathewson's arm was "cold." In addition, he had been under the shower and hadn't even taken time to dry himself. No pitcher ever came into a ball game in a critical situation under less auspicious conditions.

Del Howard was at bat—and Del could sock that baseball. For Matty to use curves with that chilled arm of his was next to impossible. So, without attempting to use curves or speed, Mathewson dropped three slow, twisting fadeaways near the plate, two of them falling away until they hit the ground. Del took three desperate swings and struck out, ending the game, and the great Mathewson had saved another ball game for the Giants under most unusual circumstances, a ball game that would have given us the pennant and prevented the dramatic play-off that has become the high spot of baseball history.

The extent to which the whole country was worked up over that battling finish of 1908 is shown by the fact that, though a Presidential campaign was then at its height, even politicians forgot all about politics and talked nothing but baseball. On October 8, when we were engaged in that bitter and dramatic play-off struggle with the Giants at the Polo Grounds, Democratic National Headquarters was turned into a baseball meeting and the Presidential candidates were forgotten. A committeeman from Oregon, entering to make a report, complained to Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, that he could not get a hearing.

"They're in the sixth inning now up at the Polo Grounds," replied Mr. Mack. "In about an hour we ought to be able to start doing business." Then he joined the crowd that was getting the score at the ticker.

Somehow it seems to me that there isn't that same intensity of baseball interest any more on the part of either the players or the fans. Maybe it is just because this is a less emotional age—but I miss it.

I liked the openly demonstrative mobs that used to hurl jeers and cushions at us when we came to town—mobs that made you play hard by the contagion of their own aggressiveness.

The game has changed, the players have changed, and the fans have changed, and in the change baseball has lost that vital spark that used to ignite human passions and set public interest aflame.

THE END

by

MARTHA OSTENSO

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

AGAINST her wish, Shannon March is forced to go with her father, Big Ned, a medicine man in a cheap traveling carnival. Jet Carmichael, a fellow showman, falls hopelessly in love with her. At Shale Falls, Minnesota, a shooting fracas over a card game compels Ned, Jet, and Shannon to part.

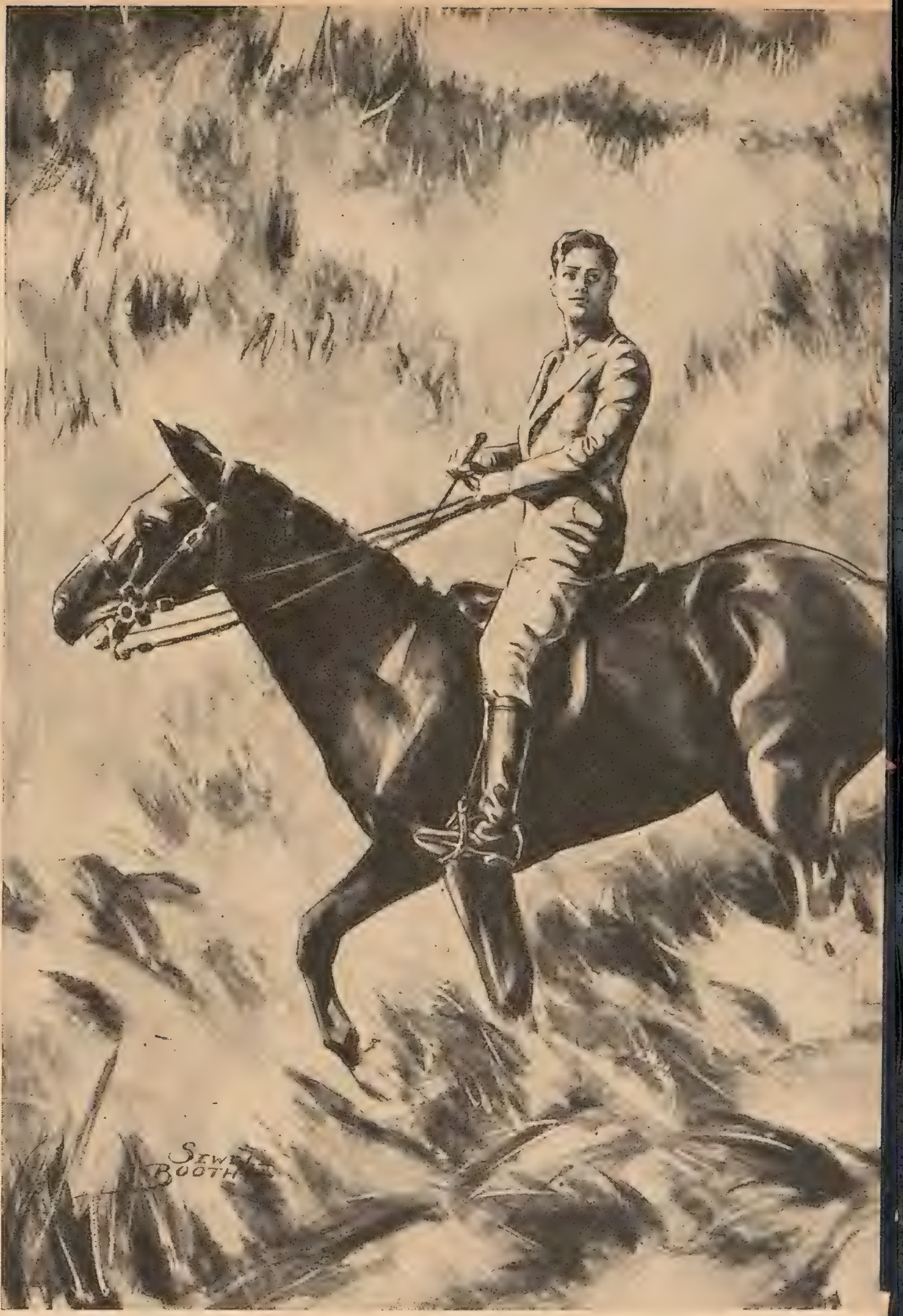
While she is trudging along the lonely road at midnight, an auto driver offers her a lift. Accepting, she recognizes a purchaser of her dad's wonder-working soap. He introduces himself as Byrn Pryor. Learning of her predicament, he tells her that his mother needs a companion-secretary, and without any preliminaries engages her.

Mrs. Susan Pryor approves of her son's precipitous choice, and Shannon is presented to the rest of the family at Dawn Haven: Lucy, the married daughter, Jay Braddock, her husband, their little boy Tommy, and a niece, Donalda Sherwood. She also meets their immediate neighbors, Senator Marston, his daughter Ella, whose cap is set for Byrn, and the polished philanderer, Edgar Kemp, who is carrying on an intrigue with the foolishly romantic Lucy.

In a short time Shannon becomes one of the Dawn Haven set. Every one likes her except Donalda, who fairly hates the "interloper" and tries to hurt her. When Jet Carmichael takes a job as Kemp's gardener, and he and Shannon meet clandestinely, Donalda indulges in nasty inferences.

To offset growing suspicions that Lucy and Edgar's affair is serious, the amazing secretary agrees to help out the situation by accepting the heartbreaker's attentions. Then a diamond brooch disappears. Donalda hints that she may be the thief.

Shannon feels she must leave. Byrn pleads with her to stay. She won't promise. Suddenly he kisses her passionately. The girl tears herself away. But Byrn is persistent. Later he persuades her to go for a walk. In the twilit woods, he startlingly cries out: "Shannon!"



Under Byrn's surprisingly impersonal instruction, Shannon learned to ri

PART FIVE—THE PARTY

PLEASE, Byrn, don't make me unhappy again," Shannon stammered.

"But—I don't want to make you unhappy! When I kissed you the other day—"

"That was because you were sorry for me."

"It was because I love you."

She covered her face with her hands. "No, Byrn," she said softly. "I've thought it out. If you knew more about me—if I told you all about myself—you'd just go on feeling sorry for me. And that's something I couldn't bear. Don't you see? I have a little pride, too!"

"I've thought that out, too, Shannon. Nothing you could tell me about yourself would make any difference, my dear."

"It isn't only that, Byrn," she went on. "There's Ella and her plans for you—and the things you're going to do together—and the place you're making for yourself—and a lot more that I don't know anything about. But

A NEW AND TERRIFYING ADVENTURE BRIN

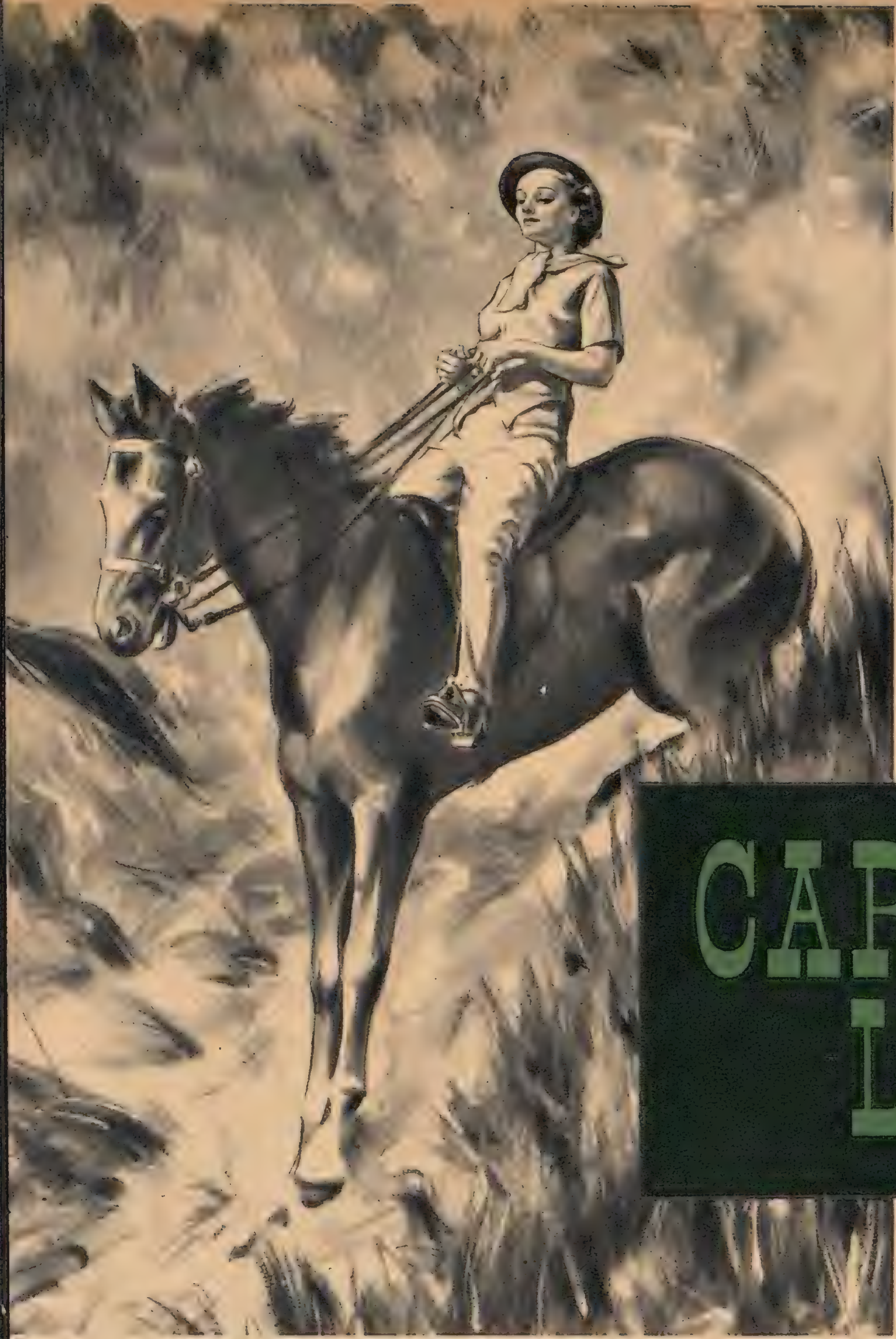
DEVELOPING STORY OF THE PASSIONS OF ME

CARNIVAL LADY

SUDDEN DRAMATIC SHOCK IN A SWIFTLY

ND A GIRL'S DISTURBING LOVELINESS

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH



ut their talk had kept to the safe plane of conventional friendliness.

I do know that I don't belong there—and Ella does."

"Then it's for *my* sake you're taking this attitude?"

She pulled a leaf off a Labrador tea bush and crumpled it in her hand. "Not *only* for yours, Byrn. My life hasn't been—very happy. But I still have the future, and I don't want to spoil that."

It amounted to this, then: he could not force her confidence. Her pride was a barrier to that, and her logic was indisputable.

He saw now that he must get certain things straight within himself before he could, with any self-respect, approach Shannon again.

After a while they were crossing Blodgett's pasture in a cobalt-blue twilight.

"Perhaps I'm speaking out of turn," Byrn said at last. "But if you don't mind a word of advice, watch your step with Kemp. He might just misunderstand your interest in him."

"I won't let him misunderstand," Shannon replied confidently. "But —thanks anyhow for the warning."

He thrust out his hand. "That's friendly, at least." Almost absently he looked down at her hand as he turned it over in his own. "Graceful but strong. Have you ever ridden horseback, Shannon?"

She thought of the circus horses she had always had a disproportionate fear of since one had playfully nipped her shoulder when she was seven. "No—but I'd love to learn."

"Then I'll teach you," he said. . . .

"Auntie dear!" Donalda spoke from the half-open doorway of Mrs. Pryor's sitting room.

Mrs. Pryor laid her book aside. "Come in, Don. I've been wanting to talk to you. I'd like your help."

"I'd be glad to help you in any way I can, auntie dear." Donalda's demeanor was sorrowful as she took the old woman's hands in hers. "But I'm so helpless!"

"What is all this business about Lucy and Edgar Kemp?" Mrs. Pryor demanded abruptly. "You've been around with them a lot and you ought to know. Is there any truth in it?"

"They're very good friends, auntie dear. That's all I know. I'm sure there's too much being made of it."

"James Marston spoke to me about it on Saturday and—"

"Lucy told me. I think he's just an old bat. Please don't worry about anything he—"

Mrs. Pryor interrupted:

"Then Jay comes home with

Maud Alphonse's gossip this evening," Mrs. Pryor put in.

"But you saw how sensible Jay was about it?"

"I'm not so sure he was, my dear. Besides, there's this sudden interest that Shannon has in Edgar Kemp. I confess I don't understand it, quite."

"Auntie dear!" Donalda breathed as if the words were anguish. "I'm amazed you haven't seen through that wretched little troublemaker before this. You're too sweet to see through her. I've been out with Lucy and Edgar, as you know. They may have had a little flirtation, but what of that? But as soon as Jay speaks of it, Shannon March steps in dramatically and makes a show of shielding Lucy. Why, it's too ridiculously transparent! I saw it at once and I know Lucy did. I don't know whether Jay swallowed it or not. As for Byrn—he's stone-blind where women are concerned."

"Very well, my dear. I'll ask Shannon about it. I'm going to get at the truth, one way or another. God knows I hate meddling, but I'm thinking of young Tommy."

"You'll get nothing out of Shannon March," Donalda declared. "Everything about the girl is melodramatic—and dangerous! She'll come out of this the innocent heroine. In the end she'll alienate you and Lucy, and then she'll be closer to you than any of the family. I know how horrid this all sounds to you, darling, because you've fallen under the girl's spell." Tears glazed Donalda's eyes.

"I'm under no spell, my dear. You may still be mistaken in Shannon, of course."

The doorbell rang downstairs.

"That's probably your Mr. Bostwick," Mrs. Pryor said, too brightly. "I believe he was coming to take you out tonight."

Donalda got up from the hassock. "You won't breathe a word to Lucy of what I've said? I wouldn't for anything—"

"I'm used to keeping my own counsel, my dear."

When the girl had gone, Mrs. Pryor wrung her hands distractedly. She would do her best to be fair. Her faith in the lovely honesty that shone in Shannon's eyes had been shaken. Mrs. Pryor's misgivings had set in at that moment, before dinner, when the girl had so blithely professed an interest in Edgar Kemp. . . .

In a week, under Byrn's patient and surprisingly impersonal instruction, Shannon learned to ride with some assurance. Almost daily they had ridden together, Byrn on the more spirited tar-black Felix; but their talk had kept to the safe plane of conventional friendliness. It was sad and strange—when she reflected that at first Dawn Haven had seemed to her the tower of ivory for which she had longed—that she was glad to get away from it on these jaunts in quest of flowers and was so reluctant to return. Not that Mrs. Pryor was any less kind or appreciative, but there was a difference in her attitude that Shannon had puzzled over until she was heartsick.

As she rode home one sunny afternoon with some lance-leaved goldenrod Mrs. Pryor had wanted, she wished rebelliously that she might tell Mrs. Pryor everything. She could not tell her about Lucy, of course; but she wanted to tell her all about Ned March and Kate O'Neil, even the story about George Ellery back in Denver. Ten days ago she had had a letter from George thanking her stiffly for the money order she had sent him. He would accept it, he said, only on condition that she consider the debt paid in full.

She sighed and turned in at the arched gateway, down the drive, and up the small rise where the old stable of the Pryor homestead had been rebuilt. A corral, shaded by birch and basswood, had been quartered off to one side of the barn. She dismounted beside the corral gate.

When she had begun to unsaddle the horse, Byrn came up the path from the house, dressed in riding clothes.

"Hola!" he greeted her. "Had a good day?"

"Fine!" She pointed to the goldenrod she had placed on the ground. "I got some dandy specimens."

"I thought you might like to go out before dinner. Or have you had enough?"

"I'd love to, but Edgar is coming to take me to the Ramseys'. I'll have to dress."

He stood and looked at her, his gray eyes troubled and searching. "Don't you think you're overdoing it a little—with Kemp? He's beginning to brag about it."

She flushed nervously. "Brag?"

"Why not? Carting around anything as young and pretty as you. I warned you, if you remember."

Shannon bit hard down into her lip. "Yes, I remember. But Edgar has been very nice, really." She laughed suddenly. "I shouldn't be surprised if he developed—honorable intentions."

Byrn checked a laugh. She saw the gleam in his eyes, and recognized it, with breathless sweet pain, as stark jealousy.

"Look here," he stammered. "You're not getting serious about Kemp, are you?"

She looked down. "Not *too* serious."

"Good God—you can't tell me you're actually falling for that promiscuous bounder! He's had three wives already—and—"

"I know. And you've had only one." She looked at him levelly, while the emotion she tried to conceal took the form of unreasonable anger. "It isn't quite fair, is it?" She picked the flowers up from the ground. "If you'll turn Custer in, I'll go down now. And—don't worry about what you hear, Byrn. If a man couldn't brag a little about the girl he takes out—brag openly, I mean—he wouldn't take her out, would he?"

She hurried down the slope toward the house. Byrn stared frozenly after her. Her riding habit was of some inexpensive olive stuff, but she wore it like a princess.

Two days later, the Paul Bunyan celebration began in Carthia. The streets were festooned with banners and colored lights; bunting was draped lavishly from office windows; and the humblest tradesman paid homage to the legendary figure of the northland and his blue ox in grotesque and amusing displays. A spectacular water festival and a rodeo were featured attractions; but it was the stockaded midway—"wide open" and flamboyant with its hodgepodge of confidence games and side shows—that promised to draw the greater part of the eighty thousand visitors.

Shannon went with Mrs. Pryor, Lucy, Jay, and little Tommy to watch the mammoth parade which marked the opening of the three-day celebration. Before the parade was over, she slipped away from the others and hurried to the midway.

The crowds had not yet begun coming to this barricaded area. She ran no danger of being recognized by any one she knew. But even in that sense of security she had an angry feeling of self-contempt. Why should she care who might see her in earnest conversation with a patent-medicine hawker?

They greeted her exuberantly, Ned, Mercedes, and Ruby, but they were terribly busy. Shannon suggested that they have lunch together.

"'Twere not the better part of wisdom, my girl," Ned said jauntily, his eyes full of wistful regret.

"And why not?" Shannon asked.

Ned put an arm about her. "I have given this considerable thought since your last visit, my dear. Has it not occurred to you that our lives from now on may lie in different directions? You have chosen your way and I have chosen mine. There is nothing either of us need feel ashamed of. On the other hand, it would not help your standing with Mrs. Pryor to be seen in the company of a carnival barker."

"Then I shall leave Mrs. Pryor—as soon as I have finished the work we're doing."

"You must decide that for yourself, Shannon. I give you neither let nor hindrance."

When she walked away at last, Shannon felt more lonely than she had ever thought it possible for any human being to feel.

On the following evening Andy Wiggam took Shannon to town for the street dancing. He was in high spirits and for two hours she enjoyed herself enormously. But when he looked down into her flushed and laughing face at the end of a square dance and suggested that they visit the midway, she pleaded that her feet were already burning from the pavement. They had an ice-cream soda and Andy took her home.

But on Saturday night there was no escape. The crowd—Lucy and Jay, Donalda and Harry Bostwick, Ella and Byrn, Andy Wiggam and his sister, and Edgar Kemp—were going to “do” the Paul Bunyan celebration in its last hours, and Kemp masterfully took it for granted that the girl he would have tucked securely under his arm would be Shannon March.

With a queer feeling of premonition which she was to think of later, Shannon tried to beg off, but without success.

The party started with a barbecue supper on the Pryor beach at nine o'clock. Full moonlight washed over the black steeples of the pines, over the pale shore, over the mysterious lacquer of Twin Deer Lake.

The whole crowd had forgathered here, and after the ritual of cocktails the corn roast proceeded with hilarious abandon.

Only Mrs. Pryor was absent, and her absence even now gave Shannon a twinge of almost guilty uneasiness. The old lady had given her a long, wondering look when she learned that Shannon's escort was to be Edgar Kemp—and then she had gone immediately to her room.

Donalda, with a clever design of drooped lids and dreamy smile, was fascinating Harry Bostwick into an imminent proposal of marriage. Byrn squatted before the fire, turning the corn with a long fork, while Jay, at a table back of Byrn, prepared the hamburger steaks. Byrn's face, reddening in the heat, seemed devoid of expression as a painted mask, Shannon thought. But, except for the unnatural color, it had been like that since the day he had talked with her at the corral. Something had happened that day. . . .

On the ground beside her Edgar Kemp lounged with a lazy possessiveness which she loathed, while he watched her separate the napkins. Ella, who had been sitting thoughtfully watching Shannon from the shadows, got up and came over to her.

“Aren't you through with that, Shannon?”

“Just.”

“Let's shake the crowd and go down along the beach before we eat.”

Shannon looked at her in surprise. Then, involuntarily, her glance fell upon Byrn's profile. His mouth was tightly drawn, as though his concentration upon the roasting corn were a matter of life and death; but she knew he had heard Ella's remark.

THEY went as far as the big rock where Byrn had kissed Shannon that day that seemed an age ago.

“Let's sit here for a minute,” Ella said, and drew Shannon down beside her with a firm hand. “I've been wanting to talk to you, my dear. Byrn is in love with you.”

The blood surged into Shannon's temples and pounded there. “Byrn is not in love with me, Ella. I know very well what you mean. I've seen it before. But they always get over it.”

Ella took her hands and leaned toward her. “If I weren't sure, do you think I'd be talking to you about it, Shannon? I tell you—it has hurt some to admit it even to myself, but I have five senses and a little intelligence, and I've known about Byrn and you for some time.” The heartless moonlight revealed the long, brave line of her jaw.

“You've known what?” Shannon flamed.

“Don't misunderstand me, my dear,” Ella replied dryly. “I've known for some time that he's really in love with you.”

“Then—I'll go away!” Shannon declared. “I won't—”

“That would be a mistake. You see, Byrn has told me so. He has told me he can't marry me while he's head over heels with somebody else. These are things we can't control, my dear. Is there any reason why he shouldn't love you?”

“He knows nothing about me.”

“What has that to do with it? Have you killed some one somewhere? Are you a fugitive? Are you—”

“Please—please, Ella!” Shannon cried, then threw herself down on Ella's lap and sobbed. She couldn't tell Ella Marston that the patent-medicine man in the Paul Bunyan midway at this moment, the man who had once been in jail for gambling, was her father.

“There, there, Shannon! It can't be as bad as all this!”

SUDDENLY the younger girl sat up.

“It isn't bad,” she said with breathless calm. “And it's nothing I'm ashamed of. It's just—I can't tell you tonight. After tonight—tomorrow—I'll tell you everything. You'll know then why I can't tell you tonight. Don't ask me anything more—not now. And don't tell anybody that you've talked to me about this.”

Ella appeared mystified. “All right, my dear. I'll wait. But we do understand each other, don't we?”

Shannon clung tightly to Ella's hands. “I think you're one of the nicest people I've ever known!”

And then Ella got quickly to her feet. It would never do for her, a prominent committeewoman, to burst into sentimental tears. . . .

When the crowd divided up, Shannon found that she was to ride to Carthia alone with Edgar Kemp.

Just before she got into Edgar's car, she met Byrn face to face in the moonlight. He looked haggard, but not in an old way—rather, defenselessly young, his lightish hair ruffled in the pale night glow.

“Come on, princess!” Kemp called.

Shannon got into the car and it floated out into the black and silver patches that lay like scales upon the highway.

“You don't want to spend the whole night with the crowd, do you, Shannon?” Kemp asked with assurance after a moment.

If she could only tell him that she preferred not to go to the midway with the crowd at all!

“We'll have to stay for a while,” she said.

“We've been asked to a party at Breezy Point after twelve,” he told her. “We'll give the others the slip and beat it up there for a little smooth fun. This hearty stuff sort of gives me a pain.”

Shannon sat straight, disliking Edgar Kemp more than ever.

“We could leave about half past eleven,” she said lightly.

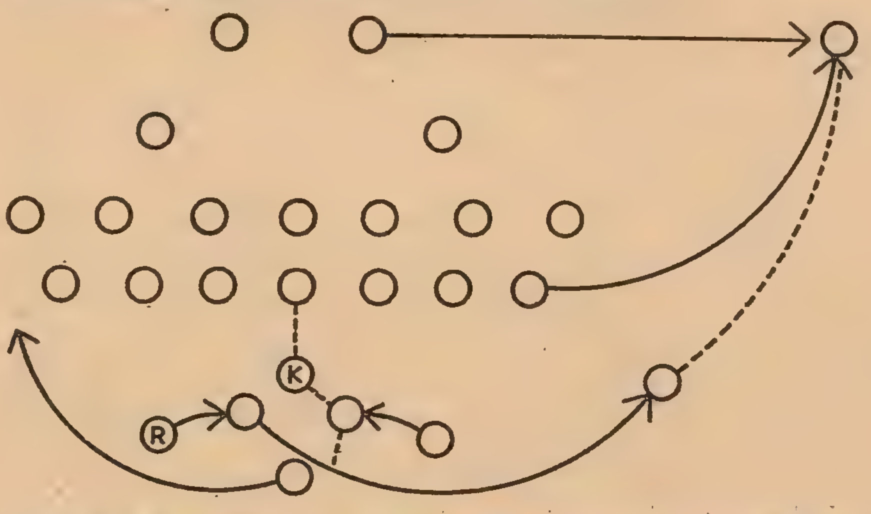
GEOGRAMS

While the rest of the country is now chiefly interested in baseball, football coaches use the summer season for “skull” practice. The coach in a Midwestern college is a Geogram fan and sent in the following:

In an intersectional football game, North vs. South, North has the ball. The players are all lettered instead of numbered. The letters worn by each team, properly arranged, spell a state's name.

The third man to touch the ball after it leaves the center's hands wears the letter R on his back. He throws a forward pass to his right end, who is downed for a twelve-yard gain by the opposing halfback. The end would have got clear for a touchdown if his quarterback, K, had given him proper interference.

What state has the ball, and what is its capital? What team are they playing, and what is the capital of that state?



The circles represent players; the dotted line, the course of the ball; the solid lines the course of the players.

(The answers will be found on page 53)

"Right!" He reached over and pressed her kneecap with two fingers; but Shannon carefully did not notice.

"Did you see that great horned owl?" she asked. "Mrs. Pryor says that when she's through with her study of the flowers in this territory she wants to make a survey of the birds."

Pleased, Kemp laughed. "You're worth the struggle, princess! Nothing ordinary about you!"

"Does that surprise you?"

"No; I've known it from the first, darling. I've made up my mind about you. But I'm not going to tell you about it just now. The next Mrs. Kemp deserves something better than a one-armed proposal."

Shannon held her breath. Then, with composure, she said, "You're not serious, of course."

"I was never more serious in my life, princess!"

"You *are* awfully nice, Edgar. But, honestly, I have no intention of getting married for ages and ages."

Again Kemp laughed. "Sweet girl! Look at that moon on the water!"

Shannon looked, and after that Kemp behaved very well. In fifteen minutes they were in Carthia, the other cars immediately behind them.

The crowd had kept together amazingly well, considering everything. Led by Jay, who had Lucy clinging to his arm, they had crushed through from one side show to another and were still one rollicking unit.

At the entrance of the tent bearing the sign THE ONLY ALBINO PORCUPINE IN CAPTIVITY Shannon and Byrn were for the first time side by side. A moment before, Edgar had dropped Shannon's arm to speak to some acquaintance.

Byrn said, "Having a good time?" And she replied, "Swell. Aren't you?"

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

MOST OWLS are not harmful. Although often looked upon as destructive, owls which inhabit the United States (with the exception of the great horned owl) are very beneficial to the farmer and should be protected. Their main item of food consists of injurious rodents, and by destroying these pests they save farmers many thousands of dollars each year.

ARABIC NUMERALS, or figures, did not originate with the Arabs. Although they were introduced to the West by the Arabs, the country that first used the largest number of these numerical forms was India.

AN OSTRICH does not bury its head in the sand when hiding. When endeavoring to hide, the ostrich squats on the ground and stretches its neck out flat in front of it. Such a position, of course, leaves the body in full view and has given occasion to the opinion that the head is buried in the sand. However, the ostrich is not guilty of such a lack of intelligence. It really does the best job of hiding it can when in this position.

YOUR HEIGHT is not always the same, even during any one day. A person who has been lying down for some time is taller than one who has been standing or sitting awhile. When we stand or sit, the cartilages between the segments of the spinal column become compressed. There is sometimes as much as one-half inch difference in the height of a person when he arises in the morning and when he retires at night.

It was less than ten minutes after that moment that the party stood beneath Ned's platform in the Wonder Show tent.

Above the crowd, Ned's long evangelical arms lashed out in fervid appeal. His red hair was a torch that paled the electric sign above him; his forehead and upper lip were earnestly bedewed.

Now he had caught sight of Shannon, and his left eye drooped in an infinitesimal wink which did not mar the decorum of his face. Shannon's own eyelid trembled in response. In the pockets of her jacket her hands were like ice.

For some reason, people were actually buying Pan-Uma, the World Remedy. Tonight they were making money. For a moment Shannon was so impressed with this fact that she did not hear the amused talk of the Pryor party, nor reflect that Byrn must surely recognize Ned March.

"My stars!" Lucy exclaimed, giggling. "I thought the species was extinct. An old-fashioned patent-medicine man! Why, it makes me feel ten years old!"

"He puts on a damn good show," Andy Wiggam said, marveling.

Shannon stood stiffly, a fixed smile upon her face. She dared not glance to her right, where she knew Byrn was standing with Ella. Lucy squealed delightedly and Edgar Kemp shouted, "Atta boy!"

Suddenly Shannon fled. Blind with tears, she did not know how she got out of the midway; but after a while she sat down on the grass in the shadow of the empty bandstand in the little park near the depot.

She thought she was alone, but in this she was mistaken.

Byrn was out of breath when he spoke to her. "You certainly made that snappy!" he said. "I don't know how I kept up with you." He flung himself down on the ground beside her.

She drew back from him, dashed her hands across her eyes, and demanded wildly, "Why did you follow me?"

"Why shouldn't I?" Byrn replied quietly. "I was expecting you to do just what you did. I recognized the old medicine man. Tell me, sweet—"

"He's my father — Ned March!" she cried in fierce triumph. "Now—you know!"

Byrn gave an unsteady little laugh. "Swell, Shannon! But—calm down a bit—" He tried to take her hands.

She sprang up in quivering rage, and Byrn rose at the same moment.

"Your rotten crowd laughed at him!" she flashed out. "They made fun of him! Well—there's more honesty in his little finger than there is in your whole crowd. He isn't a fake —but your whole crowd are fakes! All fakes and liars!"

"Shannon," Byrn pleaded in desperation, "let me—"

She tore herself free suddenly and ran down the little park behind the bandstand and in a moment was lost in the crowd on the street. . . .

Edgar Kemp was waiting in his car. Shannon slipped in beside him, her breath coming in sharp little gasps.

"Well—for Pete's sake!" Kemp exclaimed as he looked at her. "What's the matter, princess? You disappeared, and then Byrn lit out. We couldn't figure—"

"Get away from here quick as you can!" she said rapidly.

"At your service, darling! Breezy Point?"

"Anywhere—only get away! We were going to Breezy Point, weren't we?"

"Righto!"

When they were on the highway, going north, he spoke: "Well, what's it all about, princess? Don't I deserve an explanation?"

"That man selling the soap is my father," Shannon said abruptly.

Kemp started. "What?"

"I said the man in that side show is my father," she repeated in a clear voice. "If that matters—if you'd rather not take me to Breezy Point, you can take me home."

She did not care enough to notice what Kemp's reaction was to that remark. If she had glanced at him, she might have seen a curious little smile playing about his mouth.

"Take you home? I should rather think not, little girl! We're going to have some fun!"

When she made no response, he looked at her again and patted her tightly clasped hands.

"Why not tell little Edgar all about it?" he suggested soothingly. "I'll bet it's deuced romantic!"

Shannon gave a sharp, rasping laugh.

“ That depends on what you mean by romance. I—I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind, Edgar.”

Her aloof tone was a bit uncalled-for, he felt, considering the circumstances. It nettled him.

From the first, the girl had kept her infinitely desirable self beyond arm's reach; and although his better judgment had persuaded him to proceed with tact—especially since she had been helpful in freeing him from his entanglement with Lucy, which had begun to cloy—now her attitude filled him with what he condoned as reasonable resentment. A circus hawker's daughter—treating him with lofty disregard! He, Edgar Kemp, with his half million or more salvaged from the fortune his father, the lumber baron, had left him.

But he had not, as yet, had too much to drink. His feelings were still under control. He could even smile a little at himself when he reflected that earlier this evening he had been so bewitched by Shannon that he had contemplated proposing marriage to her!

He chuckled and drew her listless hand into the crook of his arm.

“ Never mind, beautiful. Forget it! We'll have ourselves a whirl up at the Point.”

“THE whirl”—in the glittering grill at the Point—passed before Shannon's eyes like a furious merry-go-round. The two glasses of champagne she had gulped down could not have done this, she knew. It was simply that everything within her own consciousness had suddenly, tonight, disintegrated.

Edgar's party—made up of three men in dinner clothes and three women who were youngish and armored in jewels—represented the cream of the city's smart set. Their bizarre conversation, as the fourth magnum of champagne emerged from the ice bucket, buzzed incomprehensibly over Shannon's head. She knew that she was smiling in a stiff daze; she knew that the women were patronizing and hating her; she knew that the men were bending upon her the gaze of amorous covetousness she had become so familiar with since she was sixteen. But aside from these details nothing had any reality.

She danced, with false vivacity, in turn with each of the men at Kemp's table, but refused another glass of champagne.

“ What? ” the girl in sapphire velvet demanded. “ It's a pose, my dear —I insist it's a pose! Nobody in her right mind could turn down good champagne! ”

Shannon smiled determinedly at Kemp.

“ Shall we dance? ” he asked a little thickly.

When they were on the floor, he leaned close to her, saying, “ You're tired. That girl in blue is a cat. Let's pull out of here, shall we? ”

“ I'd just as soon. I feel conspicuous here—in these sports clothes.”

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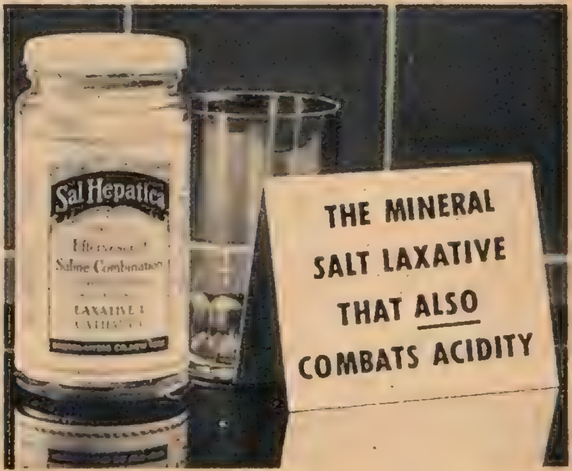

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"Hell!" he muttered. "You've got every woman in this place faded."

She tried to laugh. Kemp was silent for a moment, thinking.

"Clyde and his wife are coming back to the lodge with me. If you'd rather not go back to the table, you can wait for me in the car. I'll tell Clyde we're on our way, and they'll follow us."

Shannon was relieved.

Soon after she had got into Edgar's car, he appeared under the terrace lights. She felt a second's misgiving about the careful way in which he walked, but when he sat at last behind the wheel of his car he seemed to be quite in possession of himself.

"Clyde and Ruth will be right along behind us," he said. "It's still early. Ruth wants to get better acquainted with you, honey."

Ruth. She was the least predatory of those women.

"That's nice of her," Shannon said. "But I had better go home, Edgar. I don't feel very interesting."

"You don't have to. You look it, all over."

He would not hear of her quitting the party at this early hour. Ruth and Clyde would join them at the lodge for coffee and sandwiches—he'd look silly if they came along and Shannon wasn't there.

SO in half an hour Shannon was taking off her flannel jacket in Kemp's low-beamed living room. He had dismissed his colored boy for the night, he explained while he poured himself a drink from a decanter.

While she tidied her hair before a panel mirror, Shannon wondered briefly whether Jet had gone in to see the show. She had seen him only once, on the bridle path through Kemp's woods, since Ned had come to Carthia.

Her musings were broken by the ringing of the telephone in the hall. Kemp went to answer it. When he returned his eyes were glittering curiously beneath their heavy lids and an unpleasant flush lay high on his cheekbones. Shannon's heart contracted to a frozen lump of apprehensiveness. Kemp smiled with meaningful satisfaction.

"Well, we're going to be alone, darling," he said lightly, and poured out two sizable drinks of whisky and soda. "The girl in blue got out of hand, and Ruth is putting her to bed. So—" He set one glass on the end table beside Shannon, and raised his own, looking across it at her with significantly drooping eyes. "—So, my beautiful, here's to privacy and joy!"

Shannon rose abruptly from the deep couch.

"I don't want any more to drink, Edgar," she said evenly. "And you'd better not have that. I've got to go home. I—I'll walk."

He laughed, put down his glass, and before she could take a step he had seized her in his arms.

"You can't do that to me, sweetheart!" His voice had a thick, swollen sound, and his face as he bent over her was distorted and inflamed.

Shannon twisted her head violently from right to left and tried to release her arms, but they seemed riveted to her sides. Even now, however, she was conscious of no fear. Anger and revulsion beat within her like hammers.

"Let me go!" she screamed as Kemp's hand grasped her chin.

His laugh was a foolish chortle that sickened her. When his mouth came down and slid along her face, she cried out shrilly and incoherently with all the energy she possessed.

Across Kemp's arm, she saw the door flung wide. Jet Carmichael stood there, clad in pajamas and robe.

"Jet!" Shannon called out, her voice breaking now.

Edgar Kemp whirled around. But the big dark man, with his head lowered in the attitude of a goring bull, had stepped into the middle of the room, and before Kemp could even recognize him, Jet had brought his clubbed fist swiftly up and under the other man's jaw.

Kemp reeled, sank backward like a bag of loose meal. Shannon and Jet stared at each other, then knelt over the prostrate man. It was Jet who ran his hand over Kemp's left side.

"He's dead," he remarked without a flicker of excitement.

Will Shannon and Jet be believed by the world when they explain this shockingly sudden death of Edgar—especially when their former relationship is known? What will Byrn do at the full disclosure? Only the final installment in next week's Liberty can equal this suspense.

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Mrs. Fred Davis, Helen
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Mrs. H. T. Carter, Mrs. Tr
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Fincke, Corinne Lauve,
Guy Caire, Mrs. Jack Da
Mrs. Lloyd Russell.

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rdahl, Mrs. Horace Wofford,
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wrence Smith, Mrs. R. T.
llips, Mary M. Umstead,
ttie Matheson, Juanita C.
kes, Mrs. Richard Henegar,
s. John Metts, Mrs. Towns-
Belser, Mrs. Alick L. Mc-
nzie, Mrs. G. W. Owens,
rtha Guthrie, Josephine
ompson, Mrs. Joseph D.
rce.

NNESSEE: Elsa Ray, Nel-
Walker, Bessie Wright, An-
Louise Boyd, Mrs. L. M.
rkhart, Lena Riffey, Mrs. H.
Saunders, Mrs. A. E. John-
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s. Henry C. Lassing, Jr.,
s. A. L. Dean, Miss Earle
ge, Mary Baumgardner,
s. Richard Brock, Minnie
icken, Mrs. M. H. Claxton,
s. V. L. Titsworth, Sarah
king, Mary C. McBryde,
arlotte Baites, Mabel Scott,
s. Ben Evans, Hattie Carter,
s. Edgar Guenther, Eliza-
h Hawk, Anna V. Bonnell,
s. J. G. Caskey, Ida M. Lane,
dred H. Profitt, Mrs. Ford L.
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erett, Ruth Ross, Elizabeth
Connell, Mrs. Paul Blanco,
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. Gilbert, Mrs. H. Morgan,
s. O. A. Parker, Mrs. Tom
rpin, Elaine Ehrhardt,
dle Mai Chandler, Susie P.
gan, Mrs. Earl Palmer, Mrs.
ward Webb, Mrs. M. A.
ngett, Dee Crouse, Mrs. M.
Stewart.

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ttie Lee Brewster, Mrs. S.
T. Lanham, Mrs. Ross
mpkins, Mrs. B. P. Rhine-
, Mrs. Charles Scheuing,
s. W. W. Hardy, Ella Davis,
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ters, Claire F. Pollard, Mrs.
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qua, Mrs. John Gerken,
yn Hardin, Mrs. M. M.
loney, Margaret Reynolds,
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ncan, Dorothea Henderson,
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ely, Mrs. T. L. Terrell, Faye
odall, Dorothy K. Joplin,
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OREGON: Mrs. L. Kenneth Davidson, Mrs. Dan Northup, Marian Wilbur, Letha Winget, Mrs. Craig C. Dedman, Mona Burt Harrison, Mrs. Edwin H. Schoolcraft, Adaline M. Owens, Elizabeth Todd, Mrs. Willye Pierce Corman, Mrs. Glene Chester, Mrs. L. A. Rolph, Kathleen Burton, Mary E. Byrne, Mrs. R. A. Howell, Mrs. E. B. Laughlin, Mrs. Walter Linder, Sylvia R. McWain, Mrs. R. A. Morden, Edna Mae Nelson, Mrs. L. E. Palmer, Lula Spring, Mrs. Milton Steinmetz, Mrs. Emery Wallace, Maryalice Wisdom, Mrs. Donald Toomb, Gladys C. Baxter.

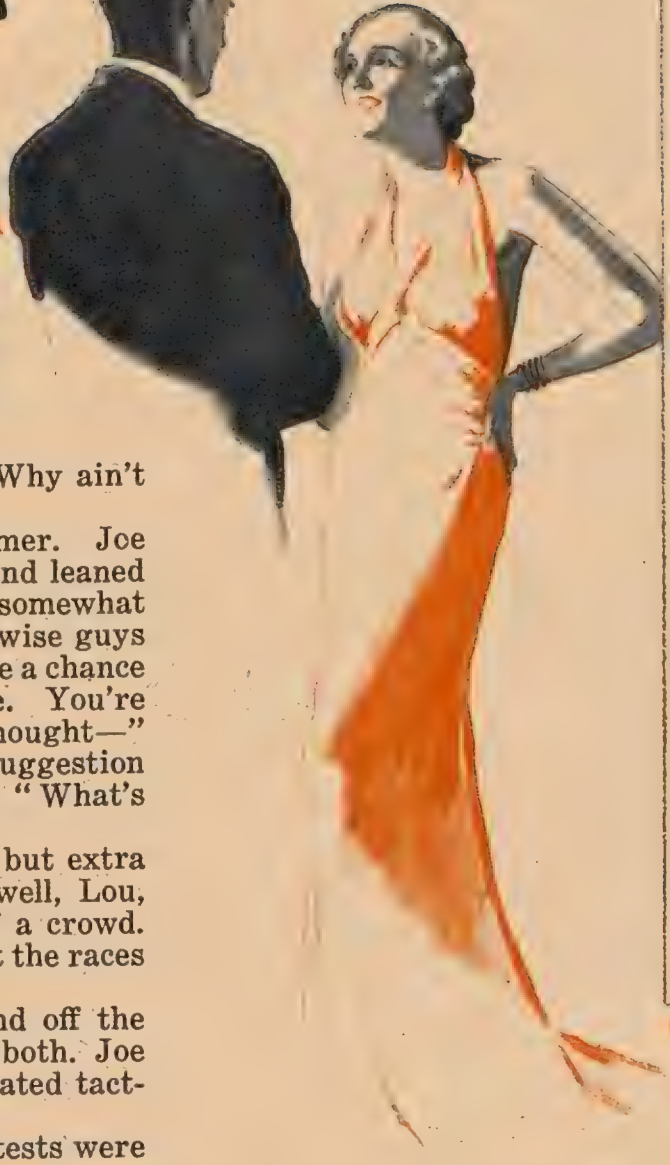
UTAH: Thelma Hill, Mrs. J. E. Broyles, Lola McGrath, Hanna Magera, Mrs. Thos. E. Flowers, Edith Wilkins.

WASHINGTON: Mrs. Donald Douglas Cram, Mrs. A. Erlendson, Mrs. L. G. Austin, Emma J. Gove, Grace Parker, Mrs. C. M. Nicholson, Mrs. A. W. Goodspeed, Mrs. R. T. Kelly, Mrs. Wm. W. Percy, Mrs. J. M. Richards, Minnie Bender, Mrs. Wayne Smith, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Lillian Haaseth, Mrs. G. H. Thostenson, Mrs. R. E. Kuhlman, Mary Bernice Johnson, Mrs. Philip D. Terry, Mrs. Frank Nickerson, Elizabeth McKay, Mrs. L. R. Rucker, Helen Elliott, Clara Fredericks, Mrs. Russ Gibson, Mrs. J. P. Jensen, Ellen Kauffman, Mrs. J. D. Knisely, Mrs. Gordon McPherson, Florence L. Morgan, Helene T. Reid, Mrs. Donald E. Stafford, Jane Taylor, Mrs. F. E. Winkler, Rose Morris, Mary York, Hildur E. Berglund, Mrs. L. C. Fertig, Mrs. Stanley Durgan, Mrs. Paul O. Spurgeon, Mrs. Roy Heaman, Mrs. W. Wolfe, Marjorie Grace Wood.

WYOMING: Mrs. Irwin S. Barnett, Mrs. L. K. Olson, Miriam C. Moreland, Julia Inez Brewster, Mrs. Hugh Stemler, Ethel Robbins, Mary Ruth Johnston, Gladys Fermon, Mrs. Frank C. Houston, Ramona Sanford.

STAR STUFF

READING TIME
13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



"Oh, God bless you, Mr. Kahn!" Her slim shoulders were shaken by sobs. "He will bless you, I know."

I'M telling you, Lou, this girl is the stuff stars are made of! She's classy without being high-hat, got a shape like Norma Shearer's, a voice like Ruth Chatterton's, red hair like Clara Bow's, a smile like—"

"Well, what's the matter with her, then? Why ain't she got somewhere?"

Lou Kahn was any agent's toughest customer. Joe Daly knew it too well. He mopped his brow and leaned over the desk. Lou Kahn's number tens were somewhat in his way. "I'll tell you why. None of these wise guys that are running studios straight to hell will take a chance on a girl till she's signed up by some one else. You're the only guy that runs his own joint, and so I thought—"

"Can she act?" Kahn was pleased by the suggestion that he was the works of Superba Films, Inc. "What's she ever done?"

"That's just it! She hasn't done anything but extra work. As for whether she can act or not—well, Lou, every one knows that you can pick 'em out of a crowd. Look at Connie Hastings—you picked her out at the races in Caliente, didn't you?"

Constance Hastings was his best bet on and off the screen, but he had spent thousands making her both. Joe Daly heard a faint cracking of thin ice; he skated tactfully away.

"Will you see this girl? I've heard you say tests were a waste of money. Of course other studios think you're nutty, but—"

"Nutty, huh? I don't see any of them cracking out with any new star stuff. I can tell, after ten minutes talkin' to a dame, whether she can act or not. You got this girl with you?" The number tens swung off the desk; Lou Kahn relit the stub of his cigar, suggesting action.

"No, but I think I can bring her in this afternoon." Daly walked to the door.

"You *think* you can bring her! Maybe I'd better send the Rolls for her? What the hell is this?"

"Now wait a minute, Lou. She may be working. A day's work means a lot to the poor kid. She's got a mother and—"

"Three o'clock, if you can get her. And you play your cello outside—get me?"

"Sure I get you! And you're going to thank me, Lou—"

"Yeah! See you later. Hello!" Kahn picked up one of the four telephones on his desk. "Get me Johnston! Send in Miss Kennedy!" he snapped into the phone. "And say, when the hell am I goin' to see those Hastings rushes?"

Joe Daly floated out on a wave of the profanity for which Lou Kahn was noted. A self-made man and very proud of his work, Kahn was a strange combination of hard head and soft heart. He had bragged, boasted, and beaten his way to the top of the heap. Try as they would, his rival producers couldn't shove, buy, or threaten him off. A lone wolf, he liked to think he was the Big Bad One that the song was written about. "What I say goes around this dump!" he would yell. "Any one who don't like it knows what they can do! I'm makin' the best pictures in Hollywood. When they're bad, I'll take the sock, but when they're good and I'm bowin', I don't want no chiselin' in. Now get to hell back to your own jobs." Thus ended the so-called conferences which all the best brains in the studios were asked to attend daily. . . .

"Mr. Daly is still waiting with that young lady, Mr. Kahn. It's three thirty and—"

"Well, send 'em in. You don't have to make a speech about it." Kahn didn't look up from the manuscript he was reading. His secretary turned, opened the door to the outer office. "Come in, please!"

"Mr. Kahn, Miss Mary Morrell!" Daly was putting on the big executive number that he knew Kahn liked before strangers.

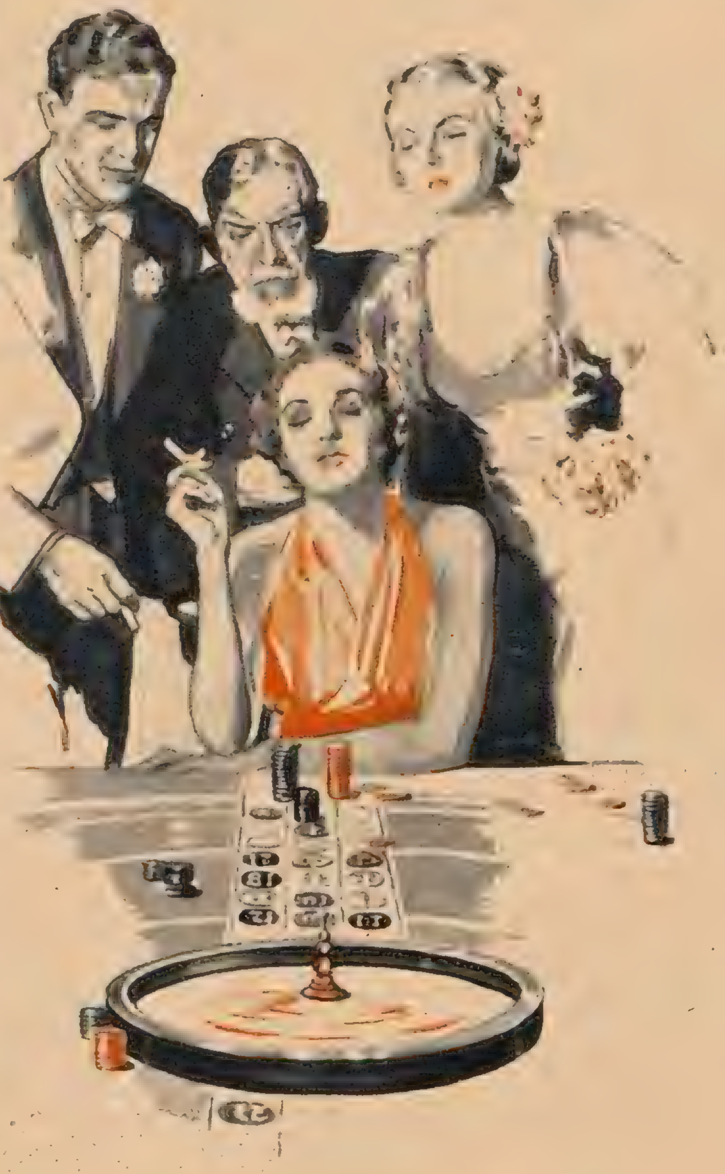
"How are you?" Kahn did not look up from the script. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a moment."

Daly motioned to a chair. The girl sank into it and gazed around the room. Daly walked to the window. He knew this gag so well. They all did it—pretend to read, and sneak looks at the goods he was peddling. He turned and smiled at the girl reassuringly. She smiled back faintly and relaxed. Slowly her eyes, enormous gray ones devoid of any make-up, wandered from one to another of the pictures of Superba's stars which covered the walls. Could this really be realized? Could this man with the bad manners, whose shrewd eyes were burning a hole in

ILLUSTRATION BY J. HENRY

by ELSIE JANIS

A Sparkling, Surprising Tale of Cinderella in Cinemaland: The Story of a Girl Who Knew What She Wanted and a Man Who Was Never Wrong About Dames . . . Except Once!



At the opposite end of the table he saw her. She watched the wheel spin casually.

her flawless profile at the moment, really make her dreams come true? She turned quickly and caught Kahn literally with his mouth open. She returned his gaze calmly. He closed the manuscript with a bang.

"O. K., Daly; I'll talk to Miss—er—"

"Morrell. Mary Morrell." Her voice was a little tremulous. It seemed to catch in her throat.

"O. K.! I'll be waiting for you, Miss Morrell." Daly tossed her an encouraging wink and closed the door very carefully behind him.

"Sit over here!" Kahn watched her as she advanced timidly. "Stand up straight, for God's sake—I'm not the district attorney!" he said brusquely. She sat on the edge of a chair he had pushed forward, waiting for him to speak. He kept her in suspense fully a half a minute—part of his method that never failed.

"So you think you can act, do you?" He leaned back—the number tens remained under the desk, however. "What's your ambition? What star do you think you can wipe off the screen?"

The girl's slender fingers plucked nervously at the edge of the pocketbook lying on her knees, which appeared to be glued together. "I—I—" Tears started and stood still under the curtain of black lashes. "I think I can act if you'll give me a chance, Mr. Kahn. I have no particular ambition, but—"

"There's where you're wrong, to start with. You ought to have! Do you think if I'd been sap enough to keep on peddling garters I'd be here today telling you—"

"What a sap I am?" She smiled and sniffed audibly. "No, I don't, Mr. Kahn. But my only ambition is to get a job. You see, I have a mother and—"

"Well, who hasn't? You probably have a father too, but that's better than never havin' one—like me." Kahn shoved a pile of letters across the desk. "You got to have guts in this business."

"I did have a father. He left us when I was just a child. I don't know about—er—guts, but I know I've been fighting for three years for the chance I'm asking you to give me. Oh, Mr. Kahn"—she rose and leaned across the desk—"I'll work so hard!" Tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Won't you give me that chance?"

First dame I ever saw looking beautiful cryin'—Kahn hated to admit it, even to himself. "Now cut the sob stuff! If you're cryin' before you start in this racket, you'll never stand the gaff. . . . Hello! Miss Marsh, bring me in a form contract.

"Now listen. I'm goin' to take you in here to do bits, if you can do 'em. Anyway, you and your mother will be able to eat for six months while they kick you around here till you get lost or else. But you want to start gettin' under control. You'll go to pieces at the first shot from a director."

She was around the desk before he finished speaking, and kneeling beside him, her cheek pressed against his hand. "Oh, God bless you, Mr. Kahn!" Her slim shoulders were shaken by sobs. "He will bless you for this, I know!"

"Get up, will you?" He struggled to his feet, lifting her as he freed himself from a contact which was not at all unpleasant. "If my secretary walked in on a scene like that, I'd be payin' hush money from now on. Sit over there!"

She walked meekly to the chair, wiping her eyes en route. Kahn grabbed the pile of letters and started to read them—upside down.

"Thanks, Miss Marsh. Ask Daly to come in, will you?" Kahn started to read the form contract which he knew by heart. His collar felt too tight. He tugged at it and found it damp. Well, even if she can't act— His mind was not on the form contract.

“What's the good word?” Daly breezed in. He didn't look at his protégée, who was powdering her nose. “What do you think, Lou?”

Kahn still read the contract. “I'm goin' to give her a chance at bits, Joe; but just the regular stock contract—seventy-five a week to start. There won't be much in this deal for you, sucker.”

“Never mind about me. I'll take a chance on Miss Morrell remembering me if she makes the grade.”

Daly was all smiles; Mary Morrell was smiling; and Kahn was doing his best to look like the Big Bad Wolf as he scrawled his name across the contract.

“Here you are, Miss Morrell. Just sign there.” He handed her the pen. “Say, how old are you?” he added.

“I'm nineteen.” She signed. “Oh, Mr. Kahn, you don't know what this means to me. I—er—I—” Her lips started to quiver.

“All right now, kid, you've got a job. Give up cryin' for Lent or somethin'. This is Friday. I'm goin' to Palm Springs over the week end. You report Monday. I'll tell them to put you to work.”

ELSIE JANIS *began her theatrical career at the age of five. During the war she went overseas as an entertainer, singing and acting before thousands of doughboys. Since 1925 she has been writing for the screen and radio and has also written a novel and several stories and articles, some of which have appeared in Liberty.*

“I don't know how to thank you!” she said softly. Her gray eyes clung to his tenaciously.

Kahn started easing her toward the door. “Don't thank me—just develop those guts I was talkin' about. So long!”

“Good-by! I wish you could be there to see dear mother's face when I show her this.” She patted the precious contract as she walked through the door.

“Hey, wait a minute, Joe! Close the door!” Kahn walked back to his desk and elevated the number tens.

“I'll be right with you, Miss Morrell,” Daly said. “What did I tell you, Lou?”

“You told me a lot of damn rot. I'm not pickin' her for a winner. I'm just bein' a sap. The poor kid looks starved and— Oh, what the hell! I've done my Boy Scout act for the year!”

Daly stood looking at him dumbly. “You mean to say you don't think that girl has got—”

“I don't know what she's got, but I know she'll never act. Too damned emotional. Actresses have got to be able to turn it on and off. This kid's pretty in a sort of Dumb Dora way, but remember—I'm sayin' she'll never be able to act. Skip it! The joke's on me. So long!”

“You've been swell, Lou! I hope you're wrong about her. So long!”

“When I'm wrong about dames, you can wire me collect!” Kahn yelled after him.

“HOW you doin', Lou?”

“Lousy!” Kahn sat humped up over the roulette table at The Dunes, smart gambling house just outside of Palm Springs where most of the picture colony, who came to the Springs to lose a cold, ended up by losing their week's salary. “There's nothin' but black on this damned wheel. Seventeen times runnin'.”

“Better switch tables,” his friend suggested. “Red's running wild over there.”

“Might as well.” Kahn gathered up his chips. “Couldn't be lousier than this!” He tried to edge in through the crowd which stood three deep around the other table. “Say, stick this on the red for me, will you?” He thrust five hundred-dollar chips into the croupier's hand.

“Red's been up seventeen times and she's switched to black,” a voice beside him said.

“I'd follow her,” another voice answered. “Get a load of those stacks of chips—at a hundred bucks apiece.”

Kahn stepped into a space left vacant by a disgruntled player. At the opposite end of the table he saw her, hundreds of chips in front of her. She watched the wheel spin casually. The girl's expression did not change; her slim white fingers idly twisted a string of pearls. The ball skipped into red—and out again.

“Thirty-three and black!” the croupier chanted.

“I thought it was time to switch!” the girl said, laughing as she raked in stacks of chips.

Kahn walked slowly along behind the crowd for a closer look. It couldn't be! She was smiling at him. Now she was beckoning to him.

“And how is my boss? Having any luck?” She placed her bets again on the black. “I'm very busy developing a new set of guts,” she said. “How are yours in gambling?”

“Pretty good! If the game's on the square.” He tossed a five-hundred-dollar chip on the table. “Black!” he called. Some one placed the bet. He still looked at the girl. The wheel spun in complete silence.

“Black it is! Come on, I'll buy you a drink, boss!” She rose. “Here, Johnny, play some of these while I'm gone.” A good-looking man in faultless evening dress stepped forward. “This is my brother. This is my boss, Johnny—Mr. Kahn.”

“Glad to know you,” the boy said.

They shook hands. Kahn did not speak.

“Come along; I want you to meet mother. Then we'll have that drink. You must need it!”

Kahn followed her in a daze.

“Mother, this is Mr. Kahn!”

He found himself bowing over the hand of a small, smartly dressed woman who did not look to him like anybody's mother. “How are you?” he said.

“Very well, thanks!” She laughed. “In spite of the fact that I've lost everything but my reputation at blackjack. Sylvia's been doing quite well, however.” She patted the girl's cheek. “And she doesn't deserve it after gypping me out of that thousand, does she?”

Kahn smiled vaguely. He followed the girl through the crowd, and sat down opposite her at the small table. “Now what's the big—”

“Just a minute. Oh! Pierre, bring us a bottle of wine, the same as we had at dinner.”

“Yes, Miss Collins.” Pierre bowed.

“Now, you just keep quiet and I'll tell you the whole plot.” She fitted a cigarette into a long jade holder.

“I'm waitin',” Kahn said.

“My name is Sylvia Collins. My father is very rich—and rather stupid. My mother is a darling and a good sport. She agreed that I could go into the talkies if I could get in on merit and without financial assistance. I've had lots of acting experience in amateur things. I knew it was fatal to admit that. Mother bet me a thousand dollars that I couldn't land a job.”

“So that's what she meant?” Kahn interrupted.

“Let me finish, please!” He sat back. “I looked up Joe Daly and promised him the thousand if he would get me in to see you. I had heard you were the hardest egg to crack, and I like a fight. You know the rest. Daly has the thousand—I have the contract—and you have a future star on your hands.”

Lou Kahn drained his glass. “Well, I'm a son of a—”

“No, you're not. Every one says you are, but I think you're swell—boss!”

“Yeah!” said Mr. Kahn of Superba Films, Inc., by way of coining a phrase. . . .

“Telegram, Mr. Kahn.”

“Well, what of it? Put it on the desk!” Kahn paced the floor. “We've got to get the right kind of a story for her. She's got to have a chance to show her—her—”

“Versatility?” the timid author suggested.

“Yeah! What the hell are you waiting for? Put the telegram down and get out!”

Snooping about, as was his custom after Kahn's departure, the office boy found the telegram, which was Greek or Esperanto to him:

Dear Lou:

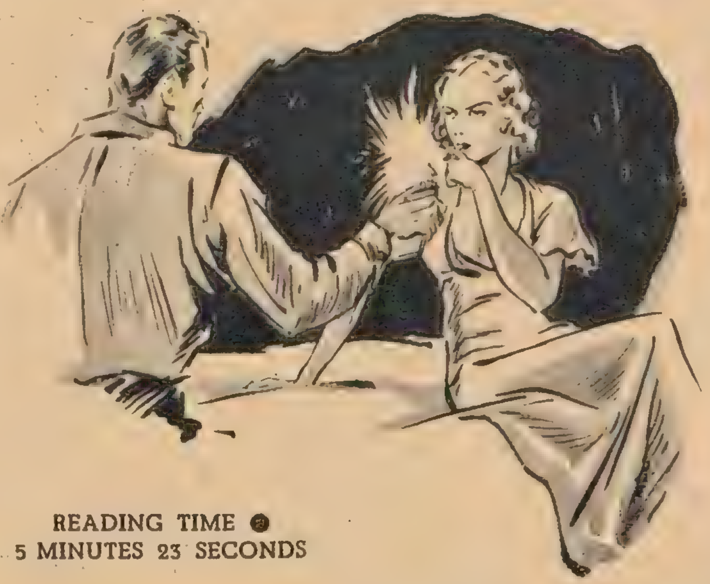
She may never be able to act, but she certainly wears clothes swell, and after all, just think of what it means to the poor kid and her dear old starving mother! What about selling me a thousand dollars' worth of Superba stock? I'm a Boy Scout too. Regards! Joe Daly.

THE END

Blonde Hussy

Liberty's Short Short

by LYON MEARSON



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

THE bellboy put down Guy's suitcase and ostentatiously fooled with the window shades until Guy dismissed him with a tip. He placed the key with the maroon tag attached to it on the dresser and closed the door behind him. Guy picked up the key, inserted it in the lock, and turned it. Then he faced the woman.

She was small and blonde, with that hard look that only a certain type of blonde seems to be able to maintain. She sat gingerly on the edge of a boudoir chair and looked around her.

"How long will it be?" she asked.

He consulted his watch. "They should be here in half an hour, according to plans," said Guy. "In a hurry?"

She smiled. "Not particularly, big boy. What must I do?"

"I thought you knew something about—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not—ah—one of those. I'm a dance-hall hostess. I've never done this before."

"Sorry," he said. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if you discovered a genius in yourself for this sort of thing. It's quite simple. I take off my coat and vest and collar. You take off your dress and put on the kimono I have in my bag. Then, when they knock on the door, I—accidentally—let them in. By some odd chance it will happen to be two men and my wife. You won't have to say anything. They'll look us over and go out, and that'll be that."

He opened the bag and took out a nice kimono. It had belonged to Letty, and now he was using it to help her get a divorce. Oh, well, there is no inherent sentiment in things as things, he thought. It's what you bring to them. It was just a piece of silk. He threw it over to the girl and she went into the bathroom. He methodically divested himself of his coat and vest, collar and tie.

Through the partly open window he heard some one's phonograph. The song was The Boulevard of Broken Dreams. The cheap tune had never moved him before. Now, for some reason, he found it a bit difficult to swallow. He poured himself a drink from the glass pitcher filled with ice. Silly tune—sillier words:

> You laugh tonight and cry tomorrow
> When you recall your shattered dreams . . .

She came out of the bathroom in the kimono, looking rather pretty. He noticed that the under part of her hair was not quite as blonde as the top part.

> I walk along the street of sorrow . . .

She walked over to the window and banged it down, and for a moment that which had made her face hard disappeared. She turned to him with a laugh. "That song's two years old. Some people never get tired of a record. Got a cigarette?" He extended his case and lighted the cigarette for her. She sat down and crossed two rather nice legs. "What are you getting a divorce for?" she asked. "Another woman?"

He shook his head. "No. We just don't get on, so why drag it along? And there's another man in love with her."

She looked at him. "You still love her, don't you?" He did not answer this, and she went on after a moment: "Why don't you hold on?"

"Would you hold on to a man who wanted to get rid of you?"

"I got a husband," she said. "Do you think I'd let him go?"

"Do you love him?" he asked, more to make conversation than otherwise.

"I hate him! But what a sap I'd be to give him a divorce so he could marry that wench he's in love with. He's going to support me for the rest of his life, and don't let nobody tell you different."

Her eyes blazed with hate.

"What kind of a person is your husband?" he asked her.

She gazed out of the window. "What's the difference? I never see him. Don't want to, so long as that weekly pay check keeps coming in. Keeps him pretty busy working. He doesn't have much time to be running around." They were silent for a space, then she resumed: "I think you're a dope, to give up so easy."

"Maybe," he said. "We all do pretty much what we want to do. You'll decide to give him his divorce after a while."

"Why should I?" she asked. "I'm comfortable. He's got to support me, and that's all I want from him. I'll never give up. I don't have to. He says he wants me to live with him. Me keep house! Can you bear it? Why should I?" she asked again. "I can do whatever I want. All I have to be is careful."

One of those predatory women, thought Guy, who feel instinctively that men are their natural prey and that they are entitled to whatever they can get from them.

She must have realized something of what he was thinking. "You think I'm pretty tough, don't you?" she asked. "Well, maybe I am. So what?"

There was a knock at the door.

"Just a minute," he called out. "Take the kimono off," he whispered to the woman, and it slithered to the floor, disclosing her in too pink underclothes. The knock on the door was repeated.

"O. K.?" he asked her. She nodded, puffing at her cigarette and then killing it viciously in the ash tray on the night table. He turned the key and opened the door.

THREE men came in and looked around swiftly. He stared at them in wonder, never having seen any of them before. He had expected to be confronted by two friends and his wife.

The girl sat up stiffly. She flashed a look at the men and then a swift one at Guy.

"That's a pretty low trick!" she shot at Guy.

He regarded her in amazement—and in that glance she could see that he knew nothing about it.

One of the men turned to the other two.

"Gentlemen," he said, "look around you carefully. Do you know this woman?"

"She's your wife," said one. The other nodded.

"Quite true," said her husband. "That's a condition which will be remedied after a while, won't it, darling?" He turned to the woman.

He spoke to the men once more. "All right," he said. "I think that'll be all at the moment. And as for you, my sweet, you were careless just once too often." He turned once more to the door.

"Good night, darling," he said to his wife. "And don't take any wooden divorces!"

THE END

HELL IN THE HOLY LAND

by

LOWELL THOMAS

with

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

ILLUSTRATION BY
WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

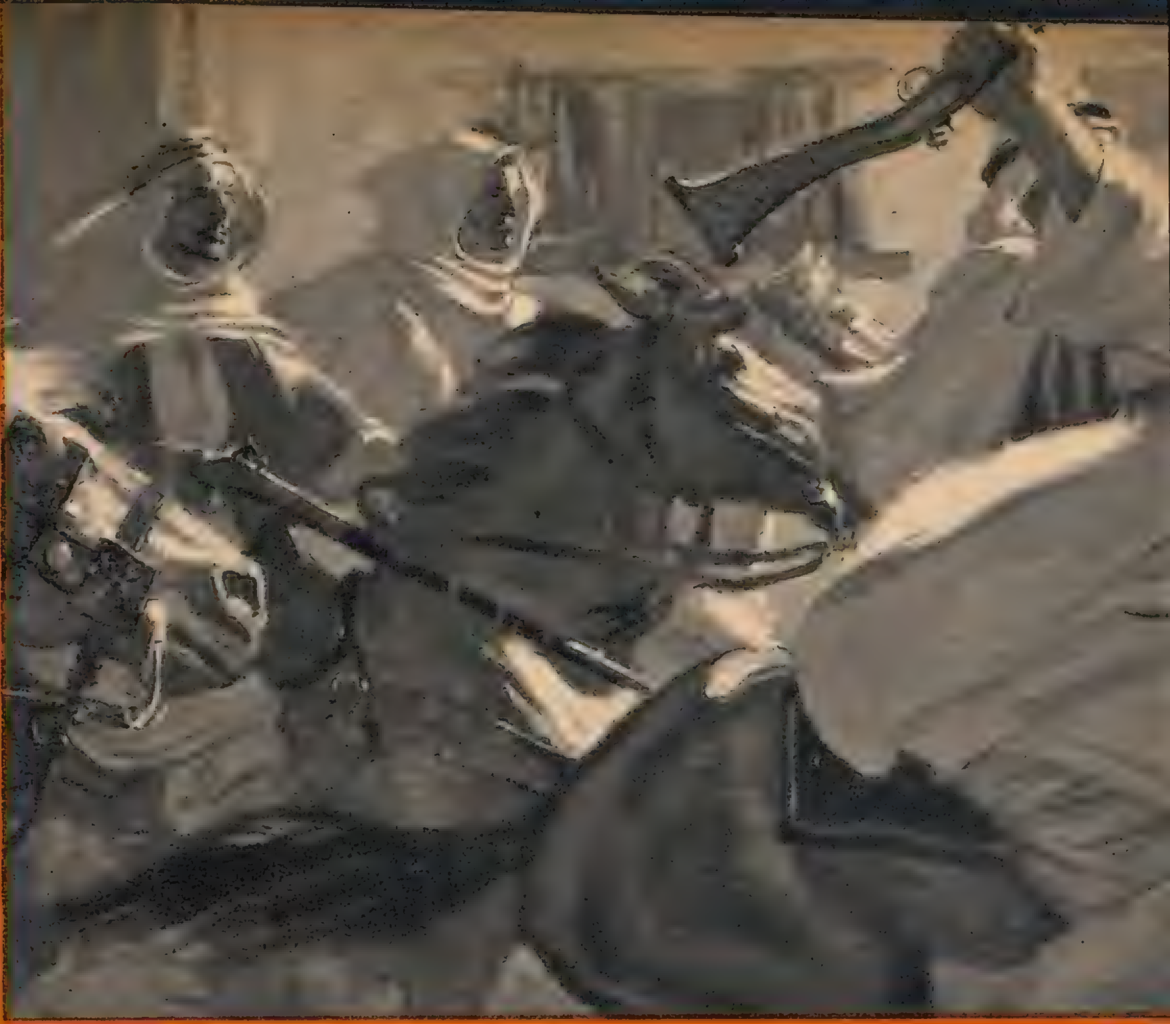


Photo from Lowell Thomas

" The old dream of Christendom at last come true : " a British soldier standing guard over Jerusalem.

TODD GILNEY'S story of the stirring events leading up to the capture of Jerusalem reached its climax in last week's installment. Todd told Mr. Thomas of the great cavalry charge at El Mughar, where the Turks were dislodged from their last stronghold on the border of Palestine. Hog Hampshire's treasured wireless set was broken, but Hog was consoled when he threw himself from his saddle upon a Turk who was about to bayonet Todd, made the Turk his " personal prisoner," and vowed he'd make him repair the set!

The " crusaders " swept on to Ekron. Jaffa fell without a struggle. Jerusalem now lay just ahead, but under Falkenhayn's command the Turks' resistance became desperate. They were driven by the hardest from the heights of Saris, then from Neby Samwil, key defense of the city itself. Allenby's artillery could have made short work of the capture—but, as Todd explained, " you can't shell Jerusalem." So the grueling deadlock was prolonged for ten days.

Eventually the British entered Bethlehem as the enemy retreated, and then approached Jerusalem from the south. It was surrendered to them four times by its well-meaning Arab mayor, the first time to two Tommies whom he came upon as they were foraging for " heggs " for their " hofficer." In the end, Allenby entered the Holy City on foot—walking, he said, " where One had walked before."

Finishing his story, Todd warned Mr. Thomas that the fighting wasn't over by a long shot. While the Turks were still " this side of Damascus," they might strike back. They must be chased completely out of the Holy Land.

PART SIX—A BLUE-EYED PRINCE OF MECCA

I SAW the sunrise in war-torn Jerusalem!

Nothing in my life of wandering to the four quarters of the globe has ever impressed me as that did. The holy places of Christianity were all about me—and I had just heard the stirring tale of the sacrifice which had brought them once more under Christian domination. I had sat so spellbound that I hardly realized that a night had passed in the telling.

" Todd," I said, " I know you are tired, but I would like to take a walk and have you show me the city."

" Right-o! I'd like to poke about a bit myself. I might blunder across Benson and Hog Hampshire."

I saw the Church of the Holy Sepulcher that morning. I saw the now walled-up Golden Gate where Christ made His triumphal entry. I saw the Dome of the Rock, built on the foundation of Solomon's Temple. The Dome occu-

Lawrence's Arabs, a turbulent horde of sons of the desert, charged in wildly.

Lawrence of Arabia Sweeps the Right Flank — Another Vivid Chapter in the Great Story of the Last Crusade

pies the site of the attempted sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham; the Ark of the Covenant was said to have been hidden beneath the rock when Jerusalem was destroyed. The Dome is aglow with Christian legends—but now it is a Mohammedan shrine.

It is equally holy to Islam. It contains the rock of Moriah, which the Moslems say hovers over an abyss in which are heard the roaring waters of the flood. It is from there that Mohammed is supposed to have been taken to heaven on the back of his horse. Mohammedans believe that from the rock the trumpets of Judgment Day will sound and that there God's throne will be placed.

Jerusalem was a series of contrasts. The Dome of the Rock was guarded by British soldiers, but they were Mohammedans from India whom Allenby had tactfully detailed for the duty. The army paymaster was setting up shop in the old German hospice on the Mount of Olives, past the Rock of the Agony and the spot where Jesus wept. British troops patrolled the Damascus Gate; the Y. M. C. A. took care of feeding the Russian pilgrims who were stranded in the Holy City—and in the background was the roar of British guns.

It was all amazing; but I encountered the greatest surprise as we wandered through Christian Street. A group of Arabs crossed our path. One arrested my attention. Although he was shorter than his companions, and slender as a boy, he stood out among them; he was obviously a leader of men. He wore Arab dress and the short curved sword of a prince of Mecca, but he was beardless and *blond as a viking*.

I turned to ask Todd Gilney if he knew who this man could be—but Todd was gone, on a dead run. He was rushing up a side street after a pair of extra-dirty-looking Tommies who walked the other way. One was small and slender; the other was fat.

I laughed. I knew Todd had located his missing henchmen—Benson and Hampshire. But I *had* to know something more about that prince of Mecca. I strolled over to headquarters in the palace near Solomon's quarries, and found General Ronald Storrs, British successor to Pontius Pilate as military governor of Jerusalem.

"Who is the blue-eyed prince of Mecca I saw in the—"

Before I finished speaking the general opened the door into the next room. The slender little Arab stood beside the table which had been Falkenhayn's workbench.

General Storrs said, "I want you to meet Colonel Lawrence, the uncrowned king of Arabia."

Now it all came back to me!

This was the man Todd Gilney had spoken of—the man who had fostered the Arab revolt against Turkish rule. He was the leader who had singlehanded welded a hundred warring desert tribes into a compact fighting force which now protected Allenby's right wing.

But he was shy and unassuming; he said very little. That night I told Todd Gilney about meeting him, and asked Todd's advice. "I am determined," I said, "to watch this war from now to the bitter end. But I don't know whether to stay here and watch General Allenby make his final drive for Damascus, or to attempt the impossible."

"Meaning what?"

"I want to go into the desert with Colonel Lawrence."

"Whe-w-w!"

"*Is* it impossible?"

"It might be done, but it won't be easy."

"The only thing that bothers me," I said, "is missing the drive on Damascus."

Todd thought a moment. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll make a bargain with you."

HE gave me a bit of confidential information. Allenby was *not* to drive for Damascus for many months; he couldn't. On the western front Ludendorff was pushing hard, and the War Office was desperate. It was withdrawing most of Allenby's veteran divisions and sending them to France. The commander would have to train an entire new army.

"It will take time," said Todd. "And besides, Lowell, Lawrence's goal is the same as ours: Damascus. He and his Arabs will drive north through the desert on the *far* side of Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the Sea of Galilee; we will go up *this* side. But if we are victorious, we will both arrive in the same place.

"Here is my proposition. You go south and visit Lawrence; I'll stick here and go along with Allenby. We'll meet in Damascus some fine day and swap tales."

"Agreed."

"One more thing," Todd grinned. "You must be sure to look up an Arab sheik named Auda and give him my regards. He's a big chief and a brigand of the first class; he's the Robin Hood of the desert. He was the cause of one of my airplane trips to Arabia—but he will have to tell you about that. Otherwise it's a diplomatic secret."

I didn't waste any time. Getting permission to go wasn't easy; but getting into Arabia was well-nigh impossible. Lawrence had already departed—the same way he had come: across the desert sands. I couldn't go that way. I wasn't known to the tribesmen. They would murder me before I went ten miles.

I was to join Lawrence at Aqaba. It was a whirlwind journey. I took a ship from Jaffa to Port Said. I went by rail to Cairo and by river steamer far up the Nile to Khartoum. From there I rushed across the Egyptian desert to Port Sudan. Then I caught a little tramp steamer that was headed for the Arabian coast.

Aqaba sits at the end of the driest and most desolate valley in the world—the Wadi Arabah. Moses and the Israelites wandered up that wadi after they crossed the Red Sea "on the dry ground." Behind Aqaba loomed the jagged volcanic mountains across which Todd Gilney had been unable to fly in his decrepit old seaplane. When I arrived, the town was all aswarm with Lawrence's Arabs.

I met Lawrence, who had ridden the two hundred miles from Jerusalem on camel back and arrived before me.

"What would you like to do first?" he asked.

"Meet Auda—the bandit, the desert Robin Hood."

Lawrence smiled. "That is not difficult, but it might be if you let Auda hear you calling him a bandit. I will arrange to take you into his district, but it will take a little time."

That was all right with me; I had plenty to keep me busy. I had to get the story of Lawrence's incredible accomplishments to date. I got it.

Turkey ruled Arabia in more ways than one. The Sultan of Turkey was also the head of the Mohammedan Church, and all Arabs are Moslems. The Sultan declared a jihad, or holy war, against Great Britain. That declaration was a terrific blow to the Allies.

Left: Lawrence of Arabia as a prince of Mecca, leader of the Arab revolt against the Turks. Right: Mr. Thomas as an Arab—a snapshot taken when he was with Lawrence.

To this day, everywhere I go I am asked, "Why did Lawrence behave so strangely after the war?" People still want to know why he declined knighthood, dodged his opportunity to become a general in the British army, asked not to be put up for the Victoria Cross, and went into the Royal Air Service as a private under an assumed name.

The best answer I can give is this: Lawrence of Arabia was an archaeologist, an Oriental scholar, a poet and philosopher. A great crisis transformed him into a military man. Then he found himself a national hero. But he never wanted such fame. After the war his one desire was to go back to his former obscurity and scholastic life. In the Middle Ages he probably would have become a monk in a monastery. In our day he did what he considered the next best thing: became Aircraftsman "T. E. Shaw."

His death was a tragedy for the British Empire. For I believe that in the years to come he would have played the role of an elder statesman, one to whom politicians and statesmen could turn for unprejudiced advice. For he was the wisest and most remarkable human being I ever knew.

Thinking of him only as the young Lawrence of Arabia, and thinking of the ominous seethings of Mohammedan revolt in and around the Holy Land today, I wonder where civilization is to look for his like, and Allenby's, if—or when—the hour of need arrives!

—LOWELL THOMAS.

Or it would be, if the Sherif of Mecca—who was a lineal descendant of the Prophet—confirmed the proclamation. Despite the religious tie, there was little love lost between the Arabs and their Turkish masters. Besides, the Sultan was a long way off; the desert tribesmen looked to Mecca for their instructions.

HUSEIN was Sherif of Mecca, and he was an Arabian patriot. He and his sons had hoped for years to throw off the Turkish yoke and establish an independent Arabia. They saw their chance now.

The only difficulty was that the Arabs were of a myriad different tribes—were perpetually fighting blood feuds among themselves. Getting them together would not be easy.

Sherif Husein tried. He and his sons Ali and Feisal threw the Sultan's proclamation of jihad out of the window. They worked out plans for the revolt—but they kept them very dark. In Turkish territory there were spies, and spies on spies. They plotted to attack Medina, Mecca, and its port of Jidda, on the same day.

Mecca, birthplace of Mohammed, is the center of Islam. Since the days of the Prophet it has been forbidden to all who are not Moslems. None but the faithful are allowed to approach it closer than the seacoast.

In the center of the city is the great mosque of the Kaaba. Embedded in the wall of the Kaaba is the most sacred object in the world to all Mohammedans—the black stone which they believe was tossed down from heaven by the Angel Gabriel to Father Abraham. They believe that the cube-shaped Kaaba itself occupies a site directly beneath the throne of God.

"The holier the city, the wickeder its people," runs an Arab proverb, and Mecca lives up to it. It maintains "professional wives"; they are married and divorced as often as twice a month. And yet two hundred millions of the earth's population bow toward Mecca five times every day of the year; to them it is sacred. Its fate would have a tremendous bearing on the outcome of the war.

The Turks had three forts on the hills overlooking Mecca. They were garrisoned by picked Turkish troops. The Arabs swarmed into the streets of the city and captured the administration buildings and the bazaars — but they didn't have the forts yet.

THEY might never have taken them except that the Turkish commanders lost their heads. They were Mohammedans themselves, and should have known better—but they turned their guns on the city and shells fell on the mosque of the Kaaba, the most sacred shrine in all Islam.

One shell struck the black stone itself, and it was all over. Arabs who were kneeling in prayer sprang to their feet; they led an enraged host of followers of the Prophet toward the forts. They swarmed over the walls! They paid no attention to machine-gun fire. They engulfed the Turks in a sea of swords and knives, and they took no prisoners.

Jidda fell after five days of fighting. Five small English ships helped. They bombarded the town—and almost started a revolution among British Mohammedans in India. Exaggerated tales reached Bombay to the effect that Mecca itself had been shelled.

But at Medina, the burial place of Mohammed, the Bedouins under Feisal and Ali were not so successful. They swept out of the early morning mists and occupied the palm groves around the outskirts. They were in possession of the fabled gardens of the Medina palaces—with their sparkling fountains, apricot and pomegranate orchards, and banana trees—but the garrison hurried inside of the city walls.

Feisal could have brought up cannon and bombarded Medina. He would not, for much the same reason that Allenby refused to bombard Jerusalem. He *might possibly hit the tomb of Mohammed* where he rests between his daughter Fatima and a vacant space. Moslems say—in all piety—that the space has been saved so that Christ, after His second coming and death, may be buried at the side of the Prophet.

Medina is the southern terminus of the Hejaz railway. It runs south from Damascus on the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. The Arabs tore a few rails from the roadbed and sat down to await the surrender of Medina. The Turks slipped out of the gates at dawn and set fire to the suburb of Awalik. Then they turned machine guns on the houses.

Women were burned; children were shot. The enraged Arabs surged toward the forts—and that was just what the wily Turks had hoped for. They opened fire with heavy artillery at point-blank range. They tore great bloody gaps in the closely packed mob of Arabs.

The Arabs had never encountered artillery before. Their rage turned to panic. They fled!

The Turk commander sent out picked troops to cut them to pieces, and but for the Emir Feisal, they would have succeeded. Feisal disregarded the bursting shrapnel and machine-gun fire and dashed among the fleeing Arabs on his horse. He brought a few men with him but they broke and ran.

Feisal only laughed. He rode on alone! To show his disdain for Turkish bullets, he slowed his horse and *walked* across the danger zone. His followers were shamed; they turned and attacked once more.

It was useless. Their ammunition was exhausted and night fell. They withdrew; they couldn't storm those forts without artillery—*and Sherif Husein's revolt had come to a standstill. The Arabs were out of ammunition.*

The sherif held Mecca and Jidda. But the revolution would undoubtedly have died a natural death—with horrible Turkish reprisals—had not young Lawrence arrived on the scene at that critical moment.

HE was only a second lieutenant on two weeks' leave of absence from his post in Cairo. He was a novice as a soldier, but he was an archaeologist and a student of Arabic and he had long experience in handling Arabs. When he heard about Husein's revolt he asked permission to go to Jidda at his own expense.

He went; he stayed. His two weeks' leave ran out; he never bothered to ask any extension. Headquarters never asked for an explanation. The results of his efforts rapidly became so important that nobody cared whether or not he was absent without leave.

The first thing Lawrence did was to visit the Emir Feisal. His first question puzzled the emir. The Arabs didn't have enough ammunition to kill meat for their meals, and Lawrence calmly asked:

"When will the Arab army reach Damascus?"

Feisal replied, "I fear that the gates of Damascus are farther beyond our reach at the present moment than the gates of Paradise—but we shall try."

A few days with the emir convinced Lawrence that it would be possible to transform the Arab rabble into an irregular fighting force which could be of untold assistance to the British

JILTED AGAIN!
MOTHER, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MARY BREAKING OUR ENGAGEMENT!
OH JIM, I DID SO HOPE---!
SO DID I HOPE! HONESTLY, I THINK THERE'S A JINX ON ME!
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army fighting in Sinai. From that moment on he was the moving spirit of the Arab revolt. Under his guidance, and with British ammunition, the tribesmen swooped down on Rabagh. They routed the garrison. The town was theirs.

That victory was only a drop in the bucket, and Lawrence knew it. But to do bigger things he needed more men. He couldn't get them unless he could convince the desert tribesmen that the cause was more important than their feuds. He started across the desert on a recruiting mission—alone, except for a handful of men.

In six months Lawrence cajoled the tribes of the Hejaz—the western seacoast district of Arabia—into uniting. He convinced them that they would be flying in the face of Allah if they overlooked this priceless opportunity to secure their liberty from the Turks.

By the time Feisal advanced within striking distance of Yenbo, Lawrence had sent several thousand tribesmen to his assistance. The Turkish garrison heard about the advancing Arabs and took to its heels. The Emir Feisal paraded into Yenbo dressed in robes of state, and on his left rode the new " Sherif " Lawrence in pure white Bedouin robes. A turbulent horde of sons of the desert followed, riding on camels and flourishing rifles.

They pushed up the coast from Yenbo. There were a thousand Turks in El Wejh. British ships helped with a bombardment and Lawrence's Arabs charged wildly into the town. It was all over in a few minutes.

The Turks advanced to retake Mecca. They received the news of Feisal's capture of El Wejh, and simultaneously his brother Ali appeared against them in the desert. Ali's warriors were few but they moved fast. The same Arabs appeared in so many places so rapidly that the heat-crazed Turks retreated pell-mell into Medina.

NEXT, Lawrence aimed for Aqaba, the most strategic place in Arabia. Sitting at the base of the Sinai Peninsula, it was the right flank of the British army in Sinai and was an ideal base for the Arab invasion of Syria.

Lawrence fooled the Turkish commander at Medina into thinking that this was only a raid on the railroad. He blew up a mile or so of tracks; he dynamited a bridge. The Turks rushed out—and Lawrence and his followers mounted their camels and evaporated into the desert.

Now Lawrence was sixty miles from Aqaba. He misled the Turks again by swooping down on the garrison of a station and wiping it out. He feinted to attack Ma'an—and then blew up a mile of track seventeen miles away. This time he caught a relief train in the explosion; it was wrecked.

The Turks came after him hot and heavy. The pursuing column spent the night in a valley near the wells of Abu el Lissal—where I camped with Lawrence and Feisal later on. Lawrence scouted the camp in the darkness. He went back and got his men. By dawn they had the Turks surrounded. They sniped for twelve hours, and at sunset they charged. Auda—Gilney's friend—led the attack. He had only fifty Arabs, but the Turks were so surprised that their ranks broke.

Lawrence was watching from the opposite hill. When he saw the Turks give ground, he led four hundred more Bedouins into the fray. For twenty minutes a thousand Arabs and Turks mixed in a frenzied mass. They hacked each other with swords and bayonets; they shot wildly. Some one jolted Lawrence's arm and spoiled his aim; he shot his own camel in the head! He was hurled to the ground and trampled by other beasts. A bullet smashed Auda's field glasses. Another pierced the holster of his revolver and struck his sword hilt. Two horses were shot from under him. But the old Arab only laughed. He said it was the best scrap he had had since last Ramadan.

A FEW Turks escaped in the darkness. The Arabs killed and captured the rest—and the argument started. The Arabs wanted to kill the prisoners, but Lawrence had deep-laid plans. The reason why all Turkish soldiers fought to the bitter end was that they knew that it was sure and possibly horrible death to be captured. Lawrence wanted the rumor to spread that *the Arabs now took prisoners and treated them well.*

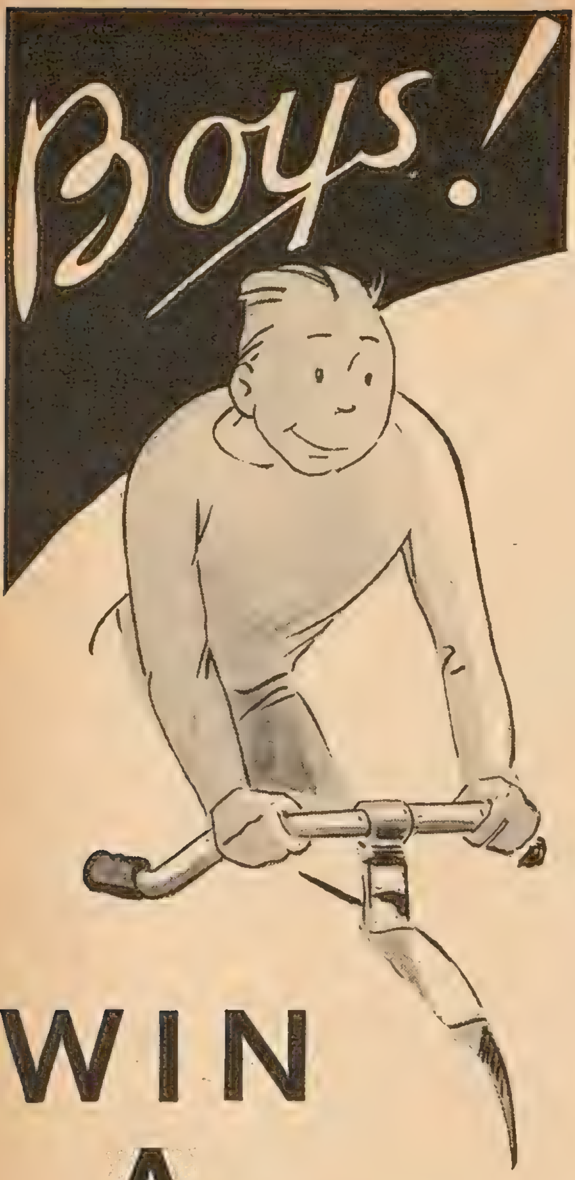
He persuaded the Bedouins to let him have his way, and the results were beyond his fondest dreams. In the days following that battle, groups of Turks streamed into the Arab camp holding their rifles over their heads and crying, " Moslem! Moslem! " the equivalent of *Kamerad.*

Lawrence now turned his attention to his real goal—Aqaba—just when the Turks thought he wouldn't. He accomplished the impossible task of maneuvering his undisciplined horde of Bedouins across the jagged King Solomon mountains, over the old Roman wall, right past the sleeping Turkish artillerymen and into the town. They were there before the defenders had any idea that they were within fifty miles. But to save the garrison from massacre, Lawrence had to argue from sunset to dawn.

I didn't see Lawrence for five days, but when he turned up he brought a caravan load of Turkish food and equipment with him. He had been across the mountains and raided the railroad again; he had blown up another Turkish supply train—his seventeenth.

I said, " I understand that you have made train wrecking the Arabian national sport."

" I hope not," he answered; " but I am afraid I may, and it worries me. If the Arabs once learn the trick, they may continue to use it long after the war has stopped, and that is exactly



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why I never let any one handle the explosives except myself."

He did attend to his jobs personally. He planted his "tulips" under the rails and ran a concealed wire to the nearest hilltop. He walked backward away from the tracks, sweeping away all traces of his digging and his footsteps.

Then he sat down to wait.

The engineer of the approaching train saw nothing unusual: a lone Arab sitting in the sand beside his camel. The engine rolled over the mine, Lawrence touched his switch—and that was that.

The engine rose majestically into the air and broke in half. A swarm of Bedouins raced from their hiding places.

They made short work of the guard; they looted the train.

"Couldn't you do one big job that would cut the railway completely and forever?" I asked. "If you did, wouldn't it be comparatively simple to starve out the garrison of Medina and capture the city?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "But I don't want to take Medina. As long as there are Turkish soldiers there, Constantinople will ship them supplies—which *we* can use very nicely. Why kill the goose that lays the golden egg?"

There were numerous delays about my trip into Auda's country. Lawrence was busy recruiting; Auda was busy fighting. Months passed before we finally got started.

IT was a five-day trip. Lawrence and I trekked most of it on camel back. The grizzled Auda met us on the far side of the mountains. He was a fine-looking figure of an old man—tall, straight, and powerful, with a hawklike nose and a pointed black beard. He was in a towering rage because his cook had tried to kill him with a dish of poisoned meat.

"But Allah ordained otherwise," said Auda. "I detected the evil smell of the food and did not eat it."

"What did you do to the cook?" I asked.

Auda's reply amazed me. "In the words of your holy book," he said, "I 'hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai.' I made the scoundrel eat the poisoned meat himself."

"Did he die?"

"No, not quite. That son of darkness is a very inexpert poisoner—and perhaps it's just as well. After all, he is the best cook in Arabia. If he dies, where shall I find another?"

Auda was proud of his new car and his ability to drive it. He invited every one he knew to climb on board. The seats and both running boards were packed to overflowing; we tore across the sandy desert with fifteen or sixteen men hanging on by their eyebrows. One was a visiting chief named Motlog. Auda took a turn at tremendous speed and Motlog tumbled head over heels in the sand. Auda stopped, backed up, started to apologize.

Motlog spoke first. "Please do not

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be offended with me for falling off," he said. "I have not yet learned to ride one of those things."

Auda's house was a wonder, with forty rooms and four towers. He had listened to Lawrence's description of the marvels of London; he had determined that he would not be outdone. He secured his laborers by capturing fifty Turks. Everything went well until it was time to roof the big structure; then Auda discovered that there was no timber in the desert long enough to stretch from wall to wall and support the roof.

Except in one place. Auda called out his warriors. They descended on the Hejaz railway and tore up thirty telegraph poles—and there they were, over my head.

I asked about Petra, the battle the Arab women won. Lawrence had planned that fight. As usual, he was reticent about his own exploits. But Auda wasn't; he was delighted to tell about his friend.

Petra is the rose-red city, half as old as time, which lies north of Aqaba. It is the key to the Arabian seacoast. To recapture Aqaba, the Turks must take Petra.

That wasn't easy. Petra is carved out of the precipitous canyon walls of the Edom mountains. It was the stronghold of the Nabataean pirates before the time of Christ. The Greeks renamed it Petra, which means rock, and it is one city that Alexander the Great *failed* to conquer. His general Demetrius came to grief in the same narrow defile which ruined the Turks and through which I afterward entered the city.

The Turks held the summit of a steep hill of white chalk fifteen miles from Petra. That was Shobek—around the crest of which Baldwin the First, King of Jerusalem, built a wall in the days of the crusaders. But the modern Shobek garrison was made up principally of Syrians; they deserted to the Arabs.

The desertions caused the Turks to send an entire infantry brigade and a crack cavalry regiment south. The regular troops were disdainful of Lawrence's Arab "mob."

LAWRENCE, hard-pressed for soldiers, split his few mounted men into two detachments to hit the Turks on the flanks, *and recruited Arab women to hold the heights of Petra itself.*

Those women were barefoot and in their long blue cotton robes. They brought their children with them to form their battalion of death.

The Turks advanced. Lawrence's Arabs opened fire and then "retreated" a little nearer to Petra. They dug shallow trenches on the next ridge, and let the Turks "drive" them from that. The Turks were elated; they thought they had the Arabs whipped.

A thousand of them pushed headlong into the gorge and—

They met the women!

With shrill screams the women and children rolled huge rocks from the cliffs where Amaziah, King of Israel, had hurled ten thousand of the inhabitants to their death. The rocks landed on the heads of the startled Turks below. Some women were stationed behind the columns of the Temple of Isis. They weren't good shots and they were armed with antique muskets and horse pistols, but they were too close to miss.

The Turks bolted—but they couldn't go far. They collided with the stone walls; they churned each other underfoot. It was chaos, and Lawrence, watching from the heights above, knew that the time had come. He passed the word for the Arab men to charge.

"Up, children of the desert!" rang the wild cry.

Crouching figures sprang from behind rocks and hurled themselves upon the Turks. They didn't use guns; they couldn't—the fighting was too close—but swords flashed and knives sank deep. It was all over in a few minutes; all the Turks were killed or captured.

"We let the women fight at Petra because we had to," said Auda. "I had but few warriors then. Now I have many. I will show them to you."

HE did. The next morning he held a review of his camel troops in our honor. I stood with him and Lawrence in the black reviewing tent as a horde of ten thousand tribesmen charged by.

Then—seemingly—a miracle happened. The thundering feet of the camels churned the sand to dust. The dust hung low about the shoulders of the beasts; it turned milky in the sunlight; it thickened until the camels became absolutely invisible. *Ten thousand Arab warriors floated past me riding on nothing more tangible than the top of a foaming white cloud.*

As they passed, ten thousand arms convulsed upward; they brandished ten thousand rifles on high, and ten thousand voices shouted, "Allah! Allah!"

News came to Arabia that in Palestine Allenby was driving fast toward Damascus. Lawrence departed to protect his flank. I tried to go along. Lawrence was willing but the War Office said "No."

There was nothing for me to do but return to the Holy Land the best way I could. Luckily I found an airplane that would take me at least part way.

Auda found time to see me off. Just before I climbed into the cockpit it occurred to me that I had overlooked something important.

In Damascus Todd Gilney told the terrific tale of Allenby's intrepid life-or-death drive northward after the Turks had all but recaptured the Holy City. The green-eyed Countess Warbuta flashes into the tale—and Todd gets shot; Hog Hampshire, in the bullet-swept ford of the Jordan, thumbs his nose at a Turkish army! That's next week's installment.

Beauty and the Bad Men

Feminine Entanglements in the World of Crime Are Pictured in Two New Films—Middle-Age Horseplay at College Marks a Third

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ½ PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay, Robert Armstrong, Cesar Romero, Dick Foran, Joseph King, Richard Purcell, Addison Richards, Hal Dawson, Harry Hayden, Alan Bridges, Kenneth Harlan. Directed by Nick Grinde. Story by P. J. Wolfson.

WARNER BROS., having studied the underworld from every other aspect, now come up with a swift and neatly fashioned show that treats gangsterland from the feminine point of view.

Never quite believable, Public Enemy's Wife is so packed with shrewdly contrived theatric devices, so full of suspenseful scenes, that the picture is as engrossing as it is obvious. And by borrowing the best moments of a score of previous films and smartly threading them on a novel plot, the affair emerges with a seeming freshness and calculated vitality.

Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien in Public Enemy's Wife.

In this the coolly composed Margaret Lindsay is seen as a young woman whose misfortune is that she's married to a big-time crook. Somewhat overplayed by sleek Cesar Romero—who yet manages to steal the picture—the crook is so jealous that when he is condemned to the penitentiary he purposely implicates his innocent wife. With her safely tucked away in the women's ward, Romero is as content as ever a person can be in jail. But when the wife completes her stretch and is free to associate with men, Romero's burning jealousy inspires him to concoct the most unusual jail break yet filmed.

From there on, Public Enemy's Wife is an exciting and, at times, comic account of how the escaped killer, believing his wife to be remarried, attempts to work his lethal revenge.

Playing a fearless G-man in the accepted manner, garrulous Pat O'Brien sets a trap for the lovelorn killer by posing as Miss Lindsay's husband. While it is no deviation from movie formula that O'Brien really succumbs to his pretended wife, these honeymoon scenes retain a humorous flavor. And because there is the added suspense of a determined killer lurking in the background these sequences supply a fitting climax to a film that adroitly skips about the many holes in its complicated plot.

Robert Armstrong, Dick Foran, and Richard Purcell give the stars able support in making the picture a sprightly and easily forgotten game of cops and robbers.

VITAL STATISTICS: Very unvital statistic: Because it looked unbecoming on a prisoner, Cesar Romero had to have his struggling mustache of 24 hairs—12 on each side—shaved off. It broke his heart, said hedge having had fan mail. . . . Pat O'Brien and Bob Armstrong haven't played together in years and have donated helping hands to each other on the way up. During Eastern p. a. tour Pat got given the Washington G-men works by J. Edgar Hoover, the Eye that Never Sleeps. Pat chemicalized telltale hairs, analyzed fingerprints, fired machine guns. Says it got him used to part. Pat's been a newsboy, and often comes home with six copies of same paper and $5 poorer—in remembrance. Also he's blacksmithed, heaved trunks, laid cement sidewalks, and been a lumberjack. Since then he's become a wardrobe scatterer, an appointment tangler, a money-to-his-wife turner overer, a fight and auction fan, softball player and enthuser, sucker for slot machines. The first jack pot he hit was on the P. E. W. set, when they rigged a slot machine in use in the picture so a million slugs would fall to Pat's nickel. Has framed his bonus bonds and hung them in dotter Mavourneen O'Brien's bedchamber for her deb years. . . . Meg Lindsay Keys keeps a portable typewriter on her knees these days, having the writing bug. First piece she's sold is about time she fooled Hollywood into casting her, an Iowa gal, as an English lady in Cavalcade. Now she'll go on to top Shakespeare. Meg also sculps, paints. Got herself blonded for this part. Hopes to vag it around the world some day second-class, and her favorite sport between pictures is to hide away on a desert ranch, ride mules on hidden trails, play tennis on a bumpy court, drive old golf balls into the trackless desert, then retrieve them. Is something of a golferette. Budgets her hours instead of her money: sleeps 9 hours, breakfasts in 20 minutes, sports for 2, reads 1 hour, including one paper from weather to ads. Spoiling for independence and superstardom, she longs to display temperament on set, but bewails these mechanical days during which stars throw nothing, scream, walk off pictures in huffs. Would like to see a good Swanson-Negri feud, a Jeanne Eagels to spit in the eye of the punk scenarist. And she looks so china-fragile! . . . Dick Foran, though of Princeton, now wants to ditch white-tie-and-tails roles for boots-and-saddle Westerns he likes so much. Yet studio won't let him play real polo offlot—afraid to take chances on a broken neck. . . . Joseph King tried a Vince Barnett on his house guests while making this. Announced [illegible] was about to serve some rare old wine; then, when bringing in rare [illegible] wine bottles filled with tea, he tripped, fell, and got himself all cut up. . . . Richard Purcell's an ex-lawyer who finds playing gangster parts more lucrative than being right-hand man of the law. . . . Bob Armstrong, who from his Hollywood fastnesses had been hurling thunderbolts at marriage, just got himself a new bride.

★ ★ WE WENT TO COLLEGE

THE PLAYERS: Charles Butterworth, Walter Abel, Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, Edith Atwater, Walter Catlett, Charles Trowbridge, Tom Ricketts. Directed by Joseph Santley. Story by George Oppenheimer and Finley Peter Dunne, Jr.

A DIZZY alcoholic little farce, We Went to College shows what happens to a group of old grads who return to their college for a home-coming spree.

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After seeing the film one almost expects to learn that it is based on an unknown Booth Tarkington novel called Thirty-seven. As indicated by the cast, which is larded with such blithe comedians as Charlie Butterworth, Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, and Walter Catlett, this is intended solely for laughing purposes. And even though it is never as completely funny as the unrestrained antics of the players would have it, the picture's plenitude of gags hit a fairly successful level.

This mildly diverting portrait of middle-age horseplay has the blundering Hugh Herbert as an energetic professor who arranges the celebration program for the returning graduates. Not arranged by Professor Herbert is the sad fact that his dreamy wife (Una Merkel) proceeds to rekindle a romance with an ex-football star (Walter Abel) who comes back to the school to settle a business deal and remains to turn the campus upside down.

We Went to College was never meant to supply a full movie evening. It is, rather, only a prolonged short subject stretched to feature length to appease those who demand two offerings for the price of one ticket. Because it is enacted with enthusiastic abandon, this bit of cinema filler serves its humble purpose.

The picture will do little to elevate old grads in the eyes of outsiders, but it supplies a certain degree of amiable amusement as it staggers along its drunken course.

VITAL STATISTICS: Typical M-G-M birth pangs accompanied confection of this yarn, 85 writers doing away with themselves before Richard (Frizzletop) Maibaum and Maurice (Harry Rapf's son) Rapf licked it. . . . Director Joe Santley played Little Lord Fauntleroy as child; his maw was connected with grease paint; he played musicomedy Handsomes. . . . They laughed when Hugh Herbert stood up to play the bass viol, but they didn't know he'd been coached for a couple of weeks by Louis Previati, former bass fiddler for the San Fran Symphony. But they wept when he actually played it. . . . Picture was a ribbers' field day, there being more comics than you could shake a slapstick at: Medicine Abel was supposed to swallow in bed—really lemonade—was loaded with salt by pranksters Butterworth and Herbert. Disgust registered by Abel hailed as masterpiece by Santley. Abel retaliated by ordering large breakfast one morning when Hugh Herbert came to work hungry—eating it while Herbert looked on with protruding tongue. . . . Abel and Butterworth learned football from bottom up when they entered football grid for first time, interrupted game in progress, and had two entire teams fall on them. Butterworth came out with black eye, Abel with torn ligaments. . . . Those are actual U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. teams you see on screen. They will clash in L. A. Coliseum Thanksgiving Day, in first game since 1930. Among the players are five All-American candidates: Kuhn, Belko, and Propst for U. S. C. and Sergeant and Chavoor for U. C. L. A. . . . Great difficulties to find mythical college so's to offend no one. Original Kensaw College mentioned in script found to exist, name was switched to Sutter. Fraternities, pennants, college colors, names, yearbooks checked carefully. . . . That's the butterslide, a new college dance, introduced. Obviously to be spread about on four-year loafs.

★ ★ THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG

THE PLAYERS: Gertrude Michael, Sir Guy Standing, Ray Milland, Elizabeth Patterson, Colin Tapley, Paul Harvey, Garry Owen, Don Rowan, Purnell Pratt, Ted Oliver, James Blaine. Directed by George Archainbaud. Story by Frederick Irving Anderson.

THE international jewel thief has been the theater's long-time favorite as the most glamorous underworld figure. And even if these suave gentlemen robbers seem pretty small-time stuff after the high-powered activities of our local gunmen, they remain colorful providers of many nimble melodramas.

Paramount's The Return of Sophie Lang is the latest picture to treat of these genteel bad men. In this one Gertrude Michael, Ray Milland, Elizabeth Patterson, and Sir Guy Standing play a swift game of Diamond, diamond, who's got the diamond? And though the film frequently doesn't make sense, it moves with rapidity after a timid introduction, and captures real interest.

As with many recent films, most of the action takes place on a trans-Atlantic liner. Miss Michael is a notorious jewel snatcher turned honest and hired as traveling companion to a talkative dowager (Elizabeth Patterson) whose collection of precious stones is world-famous. With these two is a historic diamond which they are bringing to America.

Despite attempts at secrecy, news seeps out that the diamond is on board. And from there on—with Sir Guy Standing, a master thief, attracted by the prize, and Ray Milland, a news reporter, attracted by Miss Michael—The Return of Sophie Lang becomes an involved and speedy bit of entertainment. Every player gains possession of the diamond at least once, and the sly way it is passed around might keep you alert, if not greatly impressed.

VITAL STATISTICS: An acute observer, Gert Michael classifies players as followers: When director cries, "Cut!" you're either a panner, an oucher, a snapper, a chandelier inspector, or a brooder. She herself's a panner: pans like a camera around assembled faces offscene to see any reaction to what she's just done. Sir Guy Standing alway looks aloof and is a c. i. Ray Milland's an oucher, jumping and for some unknown reason saying "Ouch!" Liz Patterson, like most character people, snaps her fingers, thus qualifying as a snapper. Most all the others in the cast are brooders—the most common type: they bow their head and gaze at the floor, awaiting further directions. . . . James Blaine used to be an undertaker educator. For $20 a series, he traveled country, educating undertakers to call themselves morticians, change name of burial parlor to funeral home, refer to deceased as the late So-and-So, not "it." Now Jim's a movie detective—beg poddon, a flat-footed incognito moral observer. . . . Garry Owen rammed dully through a studio wall in one scene, and, thanks to its being only chicken wire and plaster, got off with just a few scratches. . . . For years white-haired Sir Guy Standing has been living on a cup of coffee for brekker, a light sandwich plus fruit juice for lunch, and a vegetable dinner—claiming it makes him suaver and suaver, not to mention healthier, younger. Refuses to reveal his age; has been on the go earning living since fifteen. . . . That's Tom Brown's paw, Harry, as the city ed, a rare screen appearance for old stager. . . . Director George Archainbaud is often mistaken for Cecil B. De Mille, but doesn't have the tie-up with God. Sent man out on camera crane end with a fishing pole to suspend mike over players for difficult shot on upper deck of studio liner. To keep sound of shuffling feet in dance scene from drowning dialogue, in liner dance sequence, he shod 300 extras in window-dresser socks. Now if we could only have noiseless jazz! Had birthday on set; got cake festooned with salty lollipops, gingerbread and sand maids, animal crackers, and a candle. Also got package containing huge sweater entirely filled with moths. . . . Sir Guy Standing is just Guy to his pals and if called Sir Guy will sarcastically reply with "Lady Jane" or "Sir George." Hates being stared at, especially on sets by tourists. Doesn't flare up; just stops, lights a cigarette, does nothing till poor rubberneck pulls it in, withers, and slinks away. Yet he likes a joke on himself. . . . Liz Patterson's first scene in pictures was to stand on the edge of a swimming pool and drop jar after jar of pickles into the water. She did it so many times, she finally burst into tears, thinking she'd never become a movie actress, despite her long service on the stage and her harkback to fightin' Confederate stock. But the director was only getting some kids in the pool in position. . . . Ray Milland's about as colorful an Englishman as you have met up with this side of E. Phillips Oppenheim. Willingness to spend last $50 to dine, wine a movie queen (Estelle Brody) got him movie career. The fifty was remainder of $17,000 legacy he'd got after war from aunt and which he was using to paint Europe night spots red. During his early movieing he largely did expert offscene shooting, being deadeye at any pace. Anita Loos imported him to Hollywood. He married Muriel Webber, Hollywood gal, in 1931; they perch happily over Hollywood in an ap't. He's been waiting leading-man break for some time. . . . Paramount internal upheavals reacting fairly favorably to economic soda with occasional burp recorded on financial seismographs.

★ ½ THE ARIZONA RIDERS

THE PLAYERS: Larry Crabbe, Raymond Hatton, Marsha Hunt, Jane Rhodes, Johnny Downs, Grant Withers, Arthur Aylesworth, Richard Carle, Petra Silva. Directed by James Hogan. Story by Zane Grey.

THE final picture of this none too auspicious week is a little horse opera, The Arizona Riders, that attempts no variation on the standardized Western formula. In this there is the good man, the bad man, the pure girl, and the customary amount of straight shooting and hard riding up and down the familiar settings. The hard-working cast—headed by barrel-chested Larry Crabbe, Raymond Hatton, and Marsha Hunt—strains every Thespian muscle in a futile effort to make their old-age activities seem fresh.

The chief fault of the players, however, is that they stand right in front of the camera and cut off the views of the horses.

The Arizona Riders has more comic touches than is usual in a picture of this virile type. As a matter of fact, the show is often most hilarious when it is being grimly serious.

VITAL STATISTICS: Zane Grey writes in longhand at rate of 100,000 words a month. Sits in a Morris chair, his table a board across his knees. Never sees his MS. after first draft, Mme. Grey looking after the dirty work of publishing. Rises at 5 A. M., showers, breakfasts heartily, works from six to noon, loafs in the afternoon, makes notes in the evening. After every book he yachts out to sea and pulls in fish on the imagination-staggerer style. Adventure-tours every two years for new material. Is now in South Seas, writing editorials lambasting the man-eating sharks. Hauled in one weighing 1,036 pounds. Neck and neck with Peter B. Kyne for most stories turned into movies, he's had twenty-eight of his yarns filmed by Paramount alone, Thundering Herd three times. Wrote for ten years without recognition by any one except his wife; has since sold 17,000,000 copies of his books around world. Was shortstop on U. of P. baseball team. Studied dentistry for some years. Is of Danish and American-Indian descent, maybe accounting for his nature streak. Grey Westerns can be made for anywhere from $60,000 to a million, this one averaging about $250,000. Almost all homemade Hollywood stars have been Zane Grey players. . . . Buster Crabbe has at last realized his ambition to grow into man's name. Hereafter he will be Larry. He's definitely through with King of Jungle leopard loincloths and hopes to work out of Western chaps and larrups into top hat and tails. He's Oakland born; went to Hawaii at two; learned to swim by crawling out to incoming boats and dive for pennies. Was on way to Yale Law School when movie call came. Was declared professional because he dove overboard in King of Jungle and swam to shore. Since then has been reinstated as amateur and can still rip off that Olympic 400 in pretty spank time, what with keeping in the very red of condition. . . . That's Kernville, California (High Sierras), where they location for this, the stampede being a real thing that requires courage and ingenuity to handle without casualty. . . . Ray Hatton got caught in stampede on spirited hoss and despite himself was carried five miles off his course. Married twenty-two years to same gal, Ray celebrated his twenty-fifth year in pictures, having played for Paramount when it was but a barn. Is complete California addict. . . . Marsha Hunt won't let her legs be photographed, but would like to have Marlene's doubled for hers. . . . Roads were so dusty around Kernville, sprinkler system had to be inaugurated to saturate dust for miles and miles around and lay dust storms raised by movie-company traffic. . . . There's not a single interior studio shot in this. . . . Miss Rhodes started her tears with difficulty, then found she couldn't shet them off. . . . Johnny Downs carried Marsha Hunt's picture around in his hat all over location, just to be sure she was never far away. . . . Vic Orsatti and his brother Otto got pretty badly cut up in a fight scene, and Buster—podden—Lawrence Crabbe got a few bad bumps trying to make the blows thud well for the sound cameras. . . . Quite the swing to outdoor pictures these days around Hollywood, sophistication and boudoirs palling for the moment. But we'll be back indoors again—horses and clean spaces and big hearty handclasps getting pretty tiresome in their turn.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★½—The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Ceiling Zero, Chatterbox.

★★★—The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 11

1—Lady Nancy Astor.

2—May-hee-ko.

3—Yes, if, for example, the instrument is a piano.

4—Fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-eight.

5—No; not as long, according to United States census reports.

6—To burn the candle at both ends.

7—Four miles an hour.

8—Eight.

9—Ecclesiastes 9: 4—"For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion."

10—A man and woman agreed to live together for a year and a day, at the end of which trial period they either parted or were legally married.

11—Apparel.

12—The boll weevil.

13—The world's champion cow, a Holstein. She has produced more than thirty-two times her own weight in milk in a year.

14—Because he fell asleep when he should have been on the lookout for Phoebus during a visit Mars paid Venus.

15—Casanova.

16—About $737,000,000 a year.

17—Gabriele d'Annunzio.

18—Admiral W. S. Sims.

19—The gyrfalcon.

20— R.G.Ingersoll

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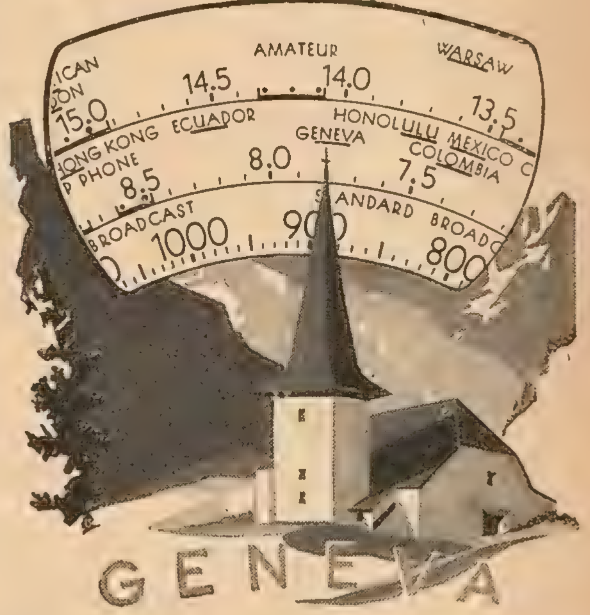

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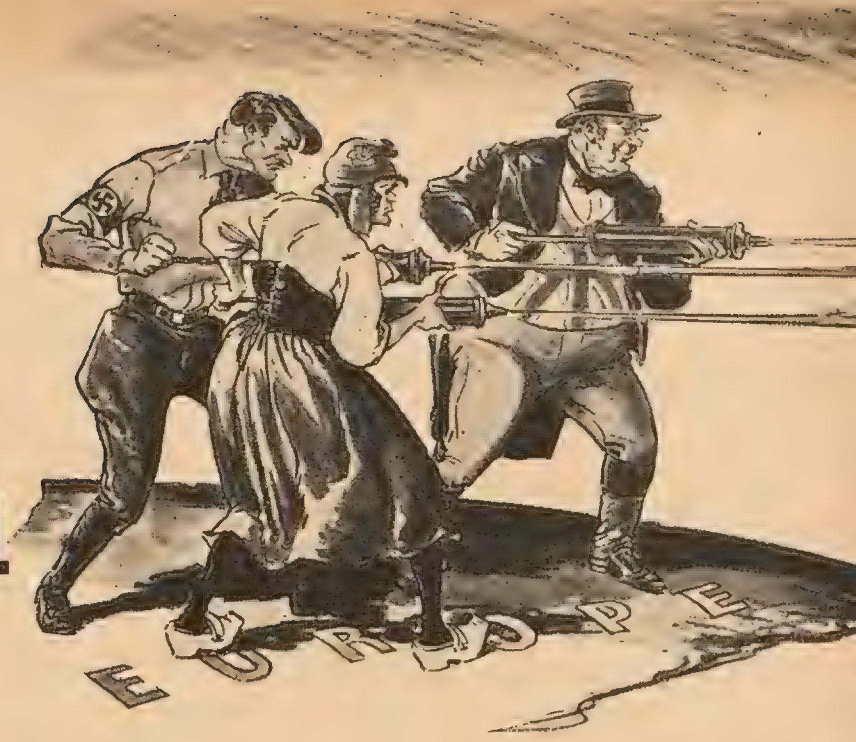


READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

EUROPEAN nations are now preparing to spend millions of dollars in the United States, buying American good will and co-operation in their political crisis that may very probably lead to the next "last war."

The task has actually begun, but as yet remains under heavy camouflage. Plans for the coming conflict cannot be completed in 1936, although quite possibly the summer of 1937 will witness the zero hour. Also, Europe awaits the outcome of the American elections. The foreign-policy planks in the platforms of both political parties indicate the same firm intention to avoid entangling alliances that may lead to war.

Germany has ready approximately nine millions. The ante originally was to be a round ten, but one million was diverted to France and lost in a last-moment gamble to wheedle the French out of signing their recent agreement with Soviet Russia. However, when the nine millions are gone, Germany is prepared, if necessary, to spend a few more.

France also is "setting aside" a fund to convince Americans that she really loves America, of all nations, the best. Already several millions have been "suggested," but no decision made as to just who will get them, or when. A private fund on the way to a million is in partial distribution, some of it donated by "true lovers of France" who are citizens of the United States.

Great Britain is preparing the greatest campaign in history to insure the aid of the United States in the conflict that she now fears is inevitable.

All this is the same old program. "Propaganda" is a fine word. Originally it meant a committee of cardinals having oversight of foreign missions. During the World War it came to mean a systematic scheme to promote among the American heathen the divine doctrine that Europe exists under a Higher Order and must always be supplied on call with both cannon fodder and gold. But of late years, in an awakening America, "European propaganda" has become synonymous with hocus-pocus, mumbo jumbo, and baloney. Therefore, as dire disaster again looms on the European horizon, the term is gilded and sugar-coated, and the thing itself is prepared anew as an educational cure-all for the American people.

Hitler, Goebbels, Goering & Company in Germany; Leon Blum, Herriot, and Joseph "Robespierrot" Paul-Boncour in France; and Stanley Baldwin and Captain Anthony Eden in Great Britain have now absorbed and completely reconstructed the original task of propaganda. Mussolini in Italy and Comrade Stalin in Russia also are faculty members of this International Institute of Mumbo Jumbo, but at present are concentrating on the comparatively minor courses of their new national religions, Fascism and Communism.

The deans of the Big Three—Germany, France, and Great Britain—have a broader, bolder curriculum. Uncle Sam is to be the pay-in-advance ally of Europe in her woes, and, at no matter what sacrifice, he must hoist Europe out of them. Any one of the trio will be happy to secure his co-operation even against the other pair.

The methods of the Big Three are entirely different, each from the others. Germany pays the patient outright, in cash, to take her propaganda prescription. Her only big mistake is that at a crisis sometimes she prepares either an underdose or else an overdose that the patient cannot assimilate.

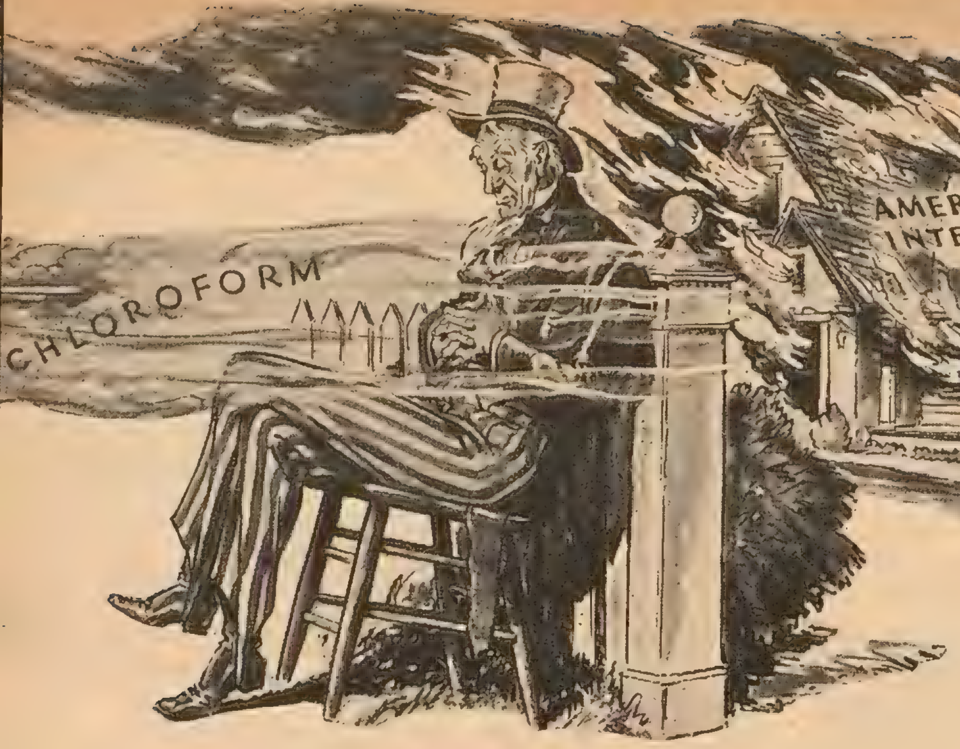
France *promises* to pay, also in cash, but sometimes the contract is not carried out. Another Gallic error is that the propaganda labels are so plainly marked that the subject at once becomes suspicious.

Great Britain does not pay for her propaganda. She charges for it. Nevertheless she administers it with such courtesy and charm that even as the fee is extracted from his purse the patient usually is both pleased and proud. Only the finest, purest representative of the British Diplomatic Service ever sits in the Embassy at Washington. Always an urbane, cultured gentleman is chosen. As a rule, the average American politician, temporarily domiciled in Washington, is completely captivated and slightly awed by the charming representative of His Britannic Majesty. Nothing wrong about any of this. America would be fortunate always to have an equally capable diplomat at the Court of St. James's.

Representatives of the British press stationed at Washington are trained unofficial diplomats. Sometimes they are dignified with a knighthood. These correspondents have made an impression upon American editors—which perhaps is why so many foreigners now hold positions in Europe as representatives of American newspapers. They have not yet percolated into the ranks of the Associated Press and the United Press.

Great Britain's official press bureau, Reuter's, it should be said, is not a purveyor of propaganda. Dispatches with a Reuter's by-line can be accepted at face value as honest statements of facts.

The French admit that they are clumsy propagandists, and regard the British with open envy. Meanwhile they loudly declaim that in the international brotherhood they are more sinned against than sinning, and that visitors always are more than welcome within their gates, especially in "gay Paree." But constantly they are imposing new restrictions upon foreigners, and the restrictions



An Eye-Opener! The Inside Story of the Millions that Wait in Readiness to Buy America's Good Will

by WYTHE WILLIAMS

CARTOON BY ROBERT CAMERON

have so added to their unpopularity that now the capital is no longer " gay " but " gray Paree."

Frankly, the French do not understand how it all happened. When told that perhaps the nonpayment of war debts, and above all the postwar debts, may have something to do with it, they point out most earnestly that this is not their fault, because on account of defaulting Germany they had not the wherewithal to pay.

The French are preparing a World's Fair in Paris, to be opened next year, that is to outshine the Chicago Exposition, and that will again, it is hoped, attract tourists to the banks of the Seine. The government laudably allotted an initial million dollars for advance publicity and advertising. Several Americans, hearing that French gold was in the market, submitted extensive plans for a proper ballyhoo in the United States, pointing out that the French cannot comprehend Americans and their methods as well as Americans understand themselves. The high commissioners of the World's Fair held solemn conclave with representatives of the Quai d'Orsay and Ministries of Beaux Arts and the Interior, but, so far as can be learned, no contracts with Americans have been allotted. About half the fund has been turned over to a great French agency. The only visual results to date are large signs along the roads leading to Paris, quite superfluously pointing the way to the capital and the future exposition grounds.

Meanwhile Count René de Chambrun, the recently become son-in-law of the recent French Premier, Pierre Laval, hit upon a bright new scheme. It was he who levied the private fund already mentioned as in partial circulation and partially subscribed by Americans.

The great Chambrun family occupies a very special position. Several of its sons were born in Washington; what is more, they are direct descendants of Lafayette, and so are citizens of both France and the United States. The propaganda plan sponsored by them is the establishment of information bureaus in Paris and in New York, where any and all questions about France and its colonies or the United States and its colonies will receive full and correct answers.

The Paris office is under the direction of a Frenchman formerly attached to the information section of the League of Nations. The New York office, in Rockefeller Center, where presumably an American might have been chosen to supply information about the United States, is directed by an erudite French college professor.

Pamphlets outlining the scheme have been issued, also the imposing list of the givers, but, so far as known, little information has yet been circulated.

Lastly, Germany. The present German program still overlooks the fact that as a result of the Nazi persecution of Jews and Catholics important elements in America are entirely out of sympathy with Germany and are likely to remain so. But all that will take care of itself and clear up in due time, according to Herr Hitler & Company.

More mystery surrounds the German propaganda organization than that of any other nation. A few points are clear. The Reich ambassador at Washington is entirely outside any deals in high finance and has nothing to do with Nazi propaganda in the United States. He is so far outside the organization that he never meets its agents in America. Whether he even knows them is doubtful. It is not necessary that he should.

THE most important known detail concerning this organization is that the funds for distribution are under the direct control of the German Secret Service. How they are actually paid out cannot be revealed. In America Germany's colony is large and opulent and her friends are many. Trade organizations, journals, tourist clubs, steamship lines—all are drawn into the great plan for the betterment of the Fatherland.

Berlin now is the setting for the Olympic Games. They are staged with magnificence—undoubtedly the greatest athletic spectacle the world has ever seen. The entire German nation was organized to make the meeting a success. All the snarling rattle of war machinery was ordered tuned down until after the final event.

By the other nations, also, international sporting programs on the home lot, business organizations representing home industry, and the steamship lines are used to advantage.

The French liner Normandie, when she arrived at New York on her maiden trip, secured free front-page news advertising worth tens of thousands of dollars. This year the British Queen Mary received a similar reward, although she did not break the Normandie's speed record and lift the blue ribbon of the seas. As for the Germans, both their Bremen and Europa—neither having ever been extended to the fullest—are now tuned up.

German lecturers are less numerous in America than British or even French. However, the French lecturer often wears the label of the Foreign Office so openly that his effort is discounted in advance.

France has now installed its great Havas News Agency in the United States; but this, like the British Reuter's, gives fairly correct reporting so long as the news is not too unsympathetic to France.

From all these signs it is clear that again, as in 1914, a flood of European propaganda may soon be on the way. If caught unprepared this time, the United States must cope with a deluge that may in the end be far more costly than the river floods that at the breakup of last winter spread desolation, disease, and death!

THE END

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

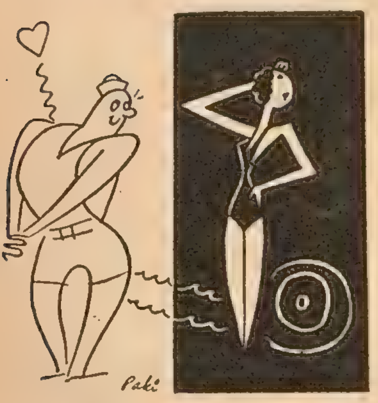
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER goes around finding out how people talk in different parts of the country, and what kind of funny stories they like best. She says true Southerners prefer tales of Scottish stinginess, while Down-East Yankees love to spin Dixie yarns. On the stage Cornelia does monologues, character sketches, impersonations. Her father is the great Otis Skinner, celebrated actor.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

"In our American language," she told me, "*garden* is one of the words most variously pronounced. It's *gaadin* in New England, in Pennsylvania it's *gorden*, New York calls it *godd'n*, the deep South makes it *gyahden*, and the West drags it out until it becomes *garrrrden*."

Her work has taught Cornelia that the natives of some states are touchier than others about hearing themselves imitated. Massachusetts audiences don't seem to mind when she gives them her take-off of a Boston lady delivering a highbrow lecture. But in Chicago she changes her *Lady from Illinois* to *A Lady from Iowa*, then when she reaches Des Moines she changes back to the *Illinois Lady*.



One of her classmates at school was Ann Harding, the screen star. Ann was just a new student when the girls put on a theatrical performance of Macbeth. They gave her a very small role. Cornelia, running the show, cast *herself* as Lady Macbeth. Then Macduff caught the mumps and Ann said she knew the lines. So Cornelia promoted Ann Harding to her first feature part.

● Straight from the beach comes this true story of a handsome lifeguard and a beautiful bathing girl.

He's a college boy, son of a family I know, a rather bashful athlete not yet self-confident among strange females. He fell hard for the bathing beauty, didn't dare pick her up, longed to save her from drowning. Not a chance. She swam like a fish. Well, one afternoon, in his mood of frustration he absent-mindedly consumed three soft-shelled crabs, a toasted cheese sandwich, a pint of iced coffee, and a large slice of watermelon. Half an hour later he lay writhing in convulsions on the sand.

Who rushed to his rescue? Who doctored him swiftly with unpleasant but effective remedies? Who but the unknown damsel of his desire! Yes, she turned out to be a young hospital nurse on vacation. Now she and the handsome lifeguard are having a lovely summer romance. Moral: It really doesn't make much difference who saves who, or from what.

● Arthur Brisbane, writing about the quins, tells how Emilie gave up the habit of getting out of bed at night after she had been put back many times without a word of scolding. Mr. Brisbane wisely observes that she decided the habit was, somehow, merely a failure.

A good point for parents to understand and remember. Personally, I believe children create disturbances chiefly for the sake of excitement. Teach them that bad habits result in noiseless, uninteresting failure, and you give them a lesson for life.

● Complexions are famously fine in Holland, but the Dutch girls get sunburned too quickly if they don't take care, and they also freckle. They strain curdled milk, use the liquid whey, dab it on their faces, shoulders, arms, et cetera, to prevent freckles. Personally, I think any good commercial sun cream with a lactic content ought to accomplish about the same result.

● Friends of mine stopped for lunch at a roadside inn, were there confronted by two bold mice that sat at their feet and eyed them rudely while they ate. They called the proprietor, who said he didn't like cats and considered traps too cruel, but wait just a minute, please. He went to the door and yelled, "Georgie!" A baby boy of about four years pattered in and chased the mice under the table. The mice dodged his infant clutches easily, ran around him a few times, then skipped off out of sight. My friends were dumfounded, to say the least, and one lady felt pretty indignant. "Shame on you!" she said to the proprietor. "Using a little child like that to catch dirty nasty mice!"

"I can't see no harm in it," said the man. "The kid never catches any."

● Tennis fans and other followers of big-time sport will enjoy Helen Jacobs's autobiography, Beyond the Game (published by Lippincott).

● A Russian way of serving shrimps with rice has been acclaimed by every one to whom I have introduced it. We used crayfish in Russia. The shrimps are better.

Butter a fireproof dish. At bottom spread 1-inch layer cooked rice. Over rice spread layer tomatoes, peeled, chopped, well drained. Salt, pepper, dot with butter. Now another layer rice, then one of cooked green peas. Continue alternate layers until dish is full. Top layer must be of rice. Pour 2 tablespoons melted butter over all, cover the dish, and bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Remove lid, pour on a little more butter, serve with hot shrimps freshly cooked and shelled. Shrimps to be dipped by each guest in small individual bowl of drawn butter flavored slightly with lemon juice and chopped tarragon.

Want a Man, Girls? Just Telephone

I AM in New York for forty-eight hours," purred the young widow, "and I don't want to sleep."

That was easy for Ted Peckham. He told off three of his boys—a Yale man, a Harvard man, and a Princeton man—and had them work in relays on the widow's case. For two days and two nights the widow not only didn't sleep; she didn't stop whirling on a continuous round of metropolitan gaiety.

"She was dressed in black, all right," said Ted, "but that was the only gloomy thing about that girl."

The phone rang.

"I'm sailing on the Normandie in the morning," a feminine voice explained, "and I have nobody to see me off. Can you do anything about that?"

Ted could—and did. Five immaculately dressed young men, all Harvard grads, accompanied this lonely lady to the pier, and waved and shouted her a conspicuous bon voyage as the great liner slipped from her dock.

"She's from the South," Peckham explained in his most businesslike manner. "They mostly prefer Harvard. Westerners don't seem to care."

"Do you have local customers too?" I ventured.

"Sure! We've practically solved the extra-man problem in New York—you know, the fourth at bridge and that sort of thing—and we are God's gift to harassed social secretaries. People like Elsa Maxwell are always calling us up. We furnished fifty stags for one big party. Right now we are doing a big business with steamship people for summer cruises. We even had a call for boys from Claridge's in London."

Macfadden Studio photo

TED PECKHAM

Introducing Mr. Peckham, God's New Gift to Women, and His Unique First-Aid Remedy for Loneliness

"We" refers to Guide Escort Bureau, a thriving business with offices on Fifth Avenue and sixty personable youths regularly on call. And Guide Escort Bureau, as you have probably guessed, is definitely Ted Peckham.

Ted is tall, blond, and twenty-three. He is not Yale, Harvard, or Princeton himself, but one year Southern California and three years Western Reserve. When anxious mothers wish to see the boss before trusting their daughters to one of his operatives, Ted meets the test one hundred per cent. He is, in fact, the typical answer to a matron's prayer.

Peckham hasn't been in the escort-for-rent business very long. Between classes he managed to do publicity for his university, run a supper club in a Cleveland hotel, write a society column, buy and sell secondhand clothes, and act juvenile roles in a local stock company.

His main business, however, was bicycles. And still is. He's the genius who persuaded the New Haven Railroad to put on those week-end cycle trains—with cycles by Peckham. He also has the municipal concession for the Mall in Central Park.

When he was first graduated, however, he tried barking in front of a side show at the Chicago

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME
11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

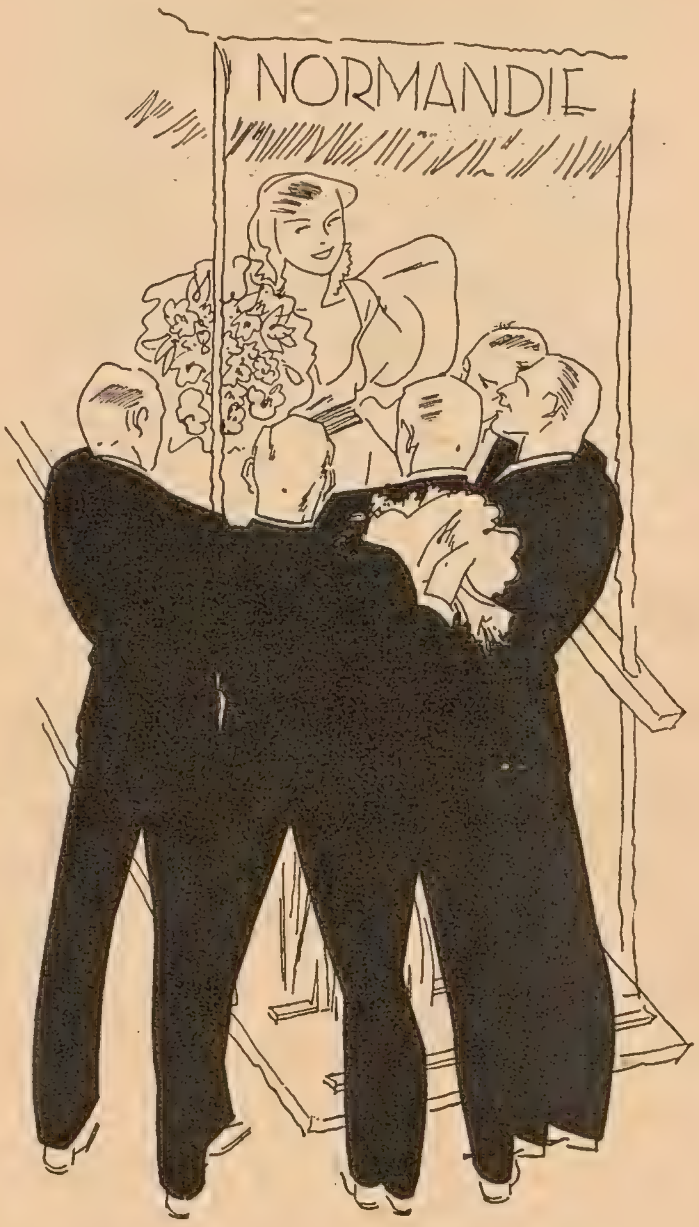
Her corsage
is delivered
to her door.

All Peckham's
escorts are
good dancers.

Fair. There he fell in love, and decided to come to New York and make his fortune. Folding Christmas cards, his first job, didn't promise much of a future. Besides, Christmas comes but once a year. So he tried soliciting want ads, which are always with us; then Macy's for two days; then a private detective agency; then advertising. Fifteen a week was tops.

His idea came to him while he was standing on Fifth Avenue looking up at the lights of the St. Regis Roof, listening to Johnny Green's dance music, and wishing he was there. Briefly stated, it was that women alone in a great city need help.

I have never been a lady alone in a great city—neither has Ted Peckham—but I have been alone in New York, London, Paris, Vienna, many of the capitals of the world, and I could see that Mr. Peckham and his impeccable youths were performing a real service in catering even to these slightly bizarre tastes of the feminine lovely.



Five Harvard grads accompanied the lonely lady to the pier.

What was the use of being in New York if you didn't see the sights?

And how could a woman alone see the sights that women most want to see—the cocktail bars, the restaurants, and the night clubs—without some male to take her there?

And if she wished to sail for Europe in a salvo of cheers, why not?

Yes, it was indubitably an idea.

"I talked it over with a couple of friends," young Peckham told me, "and they said I was crazy. But I figured I had nothing to lose. So I went around to the leading hotels and sold the idea to the managements. They ate it alive. One of their greatest problems is women guests who want to go places and have nobody to go with them."

"Sight-seeing, I suppose?"

"Not one in ten. My clients don't go in for the cultural or the historic. They go in for the Starlit Roof at the Waldorf and the Persian Room at the Plaza, the King Cole Room at the St. Regis and the New Roof at Pierre's."

"No seeing Broadway?"

"No; that's past. So is Greenwich Village. For what they call hot spots they invariably choose places like El Morocco or the Stork Club, and, of course, Harlem. They all want to end up there! Don't think my clients aren't the finest sort, though, just because they want to see the night life. If they were the other kind, they'd pick up a man and not bother to pay my prices."

There was, I had to admit, something in that theory; and Peckham was able to back it up with samples from actual practice.

Successful business women, in New York once a month or once every two months, are among his most regular and satisfactory customers. They never dance on the table, and usually go to bed at a reasonable hour. Women of wealth and social position in their own parts of the country are equally well represented. Peckham never divulges names—that's part of his service—but he told me enough about some of his clients to establish beyond doubt their eminent respectability.

"There are a great many mature women among my customers," Peckham continued, "but that doesn't mean much one way or the other. Generally speaking, the older a woman is, the later she keeps the boys up. Clients in the lower brackets, eighteen to twenty-five, usually go home to their waiting families at a reasonable hour—dinner, theater, one dance place, and by-by. Those in the upper brackets, forty-five to seventy, want to stay out all night.

"They're nice, though, these older ones. One of my best boys, fine family and all that sort of thing, found himself dancing all night with one of his mother's best friends."

From this last remark I gathered that these appointments were in the nature of "blind dates."

"For the men, yes," he replied. "I give them nothing but the last name of the woman client and the place where he is to meet her. She is then free to tell him as much or as little as she wishes to about herself. I do make a strong attempt, however, to bring two congenial and otherwise well suited people together. A woman who plays bridge or golf naturally likes a companion who can at least talk these games. A five-feet-one girl doesn't care for a six-feet-three dancing partner, and so forth. Then, too, some women have very definite ideas about the appearance of their escort."

"Blond or brunet?"

"Exactly. Being light-haired myself, I blush as I say it, but ladies also seem to prefer blonds in a ratio of about two to one."

Peckham's prices are reasonable enough, considering the service he gives. In addition to furnishing the escort, he chooses his fair client's corsage and has it delivered to her door, reserves tables on the firing line at the various restaurants and night clubs she is to visit, makes her theater reservations—in short, plans her entire evening for her. For all this service he collects only five dollars if the boy wears a dinner coat, ten dollars if he wears tails, and an additional fee if he stays out all night.

"What these women pay me is, of course, but a small percentage of their evening's expense," he explained. "One out of every two insists on buying champagne. Some spend as high as two hundred dollars or two hundred and fifty on one night's pleasure."

"What do the boys get?" I asked.

"From me they get a weekly salary and bonuses, the latter depending on how often and how long they work. Most of my boys have daytime jobs, and can't stand more than three nights a week of this kind of work. Then, of course, a good many of them get presents from their customers. I can't stop that and I don't try to. Gifts run anywhere from a jar of bath salts to a sapphire ring, and include radios, black chow dogs, and a farm in New Hampshire."

"Ever go out yourself?" I asked.

"Once," he replied sheepishly, "to see if it worked."

"Did it?"

"I didn't have any complaints at the time. She was a swell dancer and I thought we got along fine. A couple of days later, however, when I opened my mail, I wasn't so sure. There was a brief note from this customer thanking me for her evening's fun, and enclosing an order on a New York dancing academy for twenty-four lessons in the rumba!"

"Dancing, I suppose, is the chief requirement in a successful escort?"

"Yes and no," he replied. "We're not running a gigolo business. Our boys have to be good dancers, of course—that's essential—but they must be good fellows, too. He-men, all of them. No handkerchiefs in the cuff.

"I stick to the three so-called 'big' Eastern colleges because the names mean something to the customers, and I insist that every boy shall be in the Social Register. Not that that sort of thing means much, but it does show the woman he is out with that her escort has a certain reputation to maintain."

"I should think the boys would get fed up seeing the same shows over and over again."

"I imagine they do," he replied, "especially the floor shows in the night clubs, four and five in a night."

"What's your busiest time?"

"New Year's Eve. Last New Year's I booked one hundred and three clients with escorts, and when I had planned the fun for all that crowd I was too tired to celebrate myself."

I asked him if he had any difficulty in getting enough boys for his work; and he had a good hearty laugh.

"About five hundred applications a week," he said, picking up a handful of correspondence from his desk and passing it across to me for closer inspection.

In Addition to the Regular Purchase Price Liberty Will Pay a Bonus of

$1,000

(approximately a dollar a word)

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

These are bonuses—to be paid in addition to the regular purchase price. Stories will be bought and paid for on acceptance as usual. On publication in any issue of Liberty between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937, each author will become automatically eligible for a bonus.

The Bonuses Will Be: $1,000; $500; and Five of $100 Each

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Manuscripts will be handled in the usual way: simply address them to Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. They will be bought on their merits.

THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

The first one in this particular lot was from a schoolteacher, the next from a bridegroom, the third from a captain of the Royal Horse Artillery; then followed a member of the New York bar, a chiropodist, an Italian count, a social worker, an aviator, a radio crooner, a Russian prince, a former hotel manager, and an Episcopal minister.

One of these applicants said he was seventy-five years old. Another said he was "the smooth type of dancer—no Lindy hops." Another said he could "hold liquor like a ten-gallon drum." Still another said he spoke Arabic. Many sent photographs. Peckham said one man sent in a photo of himself as a nudist, with the caption, "Can you use me?"

"Foreign nobility can be had cheaper than any others," commented the young boss. "But I don't go in much for that sort of thing. I have only one prince on my list, and he's really exceptional. A rich woman went out with him one night, and the next time I heard from her, she wanted to engage him for a two months' assignment in Florida. That is, I imagine, an all-time high in professional escorting."

Answer to the Geogram on Page 27

Note first it is *North* vs. *South*. There are five states of eleven letters each: Rhode Island, Mississippi, Connecticut, North Dakota, and South Dakota. North has the ball and two of the players are lettered R and K. There is no K in Rhode Island; there is no R in Connecticut or in South Dakota. Therefore North *must* be North Dakota. The only team in the *South* with a name of eleven letters is Mississippi; so that is the name of the opposing team. Respective capitals: Bismarck and Jackson.

As a matter of fact, Peckham's big mail does not produce many suitable recruits. The Yale, Harvard, and Princeton clubs of New York are his chief source of supply, these and the employment bureaus maintained by the universities themselves. From these authorities he is able to get more trustworthy information on the standing and character of a possible escort than he would otherwise be able to get by a lone and expensive investigation.

He puts these boys through a thorough schooling before he allows them to go out with a customer. He tells them they must be conversationalists as well as dancers, that they must point out celebrities, notice their companion's clothes, and, most important of all, they must not drink to excess. He has spotters in all the good restaurants and clubs; and if a boy misbehaves, he never goes out again under the Peckham banner.

Naturally, he can exercise no such strict supervision over the imbibing habits of his clients. If a woman wishes to make a fool of herself in a public place, he cannot stop her, but he assumes no responsibility for her under those circumstances. Her escort is instructed to try to get her to go home, but if she won't to leave her.

The moral hazard Peckham feels he has reduced to the lowest common denominator. Escorts are instructed that they are to meet and leave their "guests" in the lobby of the hotel or the hall of the apartment house in which they live. Under no circumstances are they to go upstairs. And as for the escorted, they must agree, before they can do any business with Peckham's organization, that they will never allow themselves to be alone in a room with one of his boys.

Stern moralist, Peckham—and well he may be, for his young men must be ready at a moment's notice to take some demure little subdeb to tea, to a symphony concert or an art exhibit, or to spend their Sunday afternoons, as one of them does regularly, reading to a Gold Star mother in her Park Avenue home!

THE END

The Most Dangerous Man

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

FOR two years it has been my job to battle crime in Chicago. Many thousands of criminals, from juvenile automobile thieves to tough gangster killers, have passed through my office.

As I have watched from day to day the schemes and devices for getting vicious lawbreakers, known murderers, and chronic racketeers out of the toils of the law, I have become increasingly convinced that from society's standpoint the chief malefactors were not only those on trial.

I have come firmly to believe this:

One of the law's worst enemies—if not the worst—is the crooked lawyer.

Why? Because a traitor in the ranks is worse than a thousand enemies in the opposing battle line.

Every profession has its Benedict Arnolds—the ministry its hypocrites, medicine its quacks, and the law its racketeers.

Never have the standards of admission to the bar been so high or the standards of practice of a certain few in the criminal branch so low as now.

We build magnificent law schools, secure the most brilliant faculties, set high goals of learning, require the most exacting scholarship. Meanwhile we seem to throw moral standards to the winds.

We do not seem to realize, and many do not seem to care, that education in law as well as in anything else can be definitely toward the unmoral and immoral as well as toward the ethical.

As a profession, with regard to criminal-law practice, especially in our large cities, we have reached the point where we must clean up or we'll be cleaned out.

I believe we have two main jobs in this regard in our profession of law: We must drive out the "barnacles" or so-called "lawyer criminals" who know no ethics in their practices, and we must absolutely require reputable practitioners not to countenance or condone vicious and subtle sharpery which defeats justice and encourages crime.

In point is the case of a certain large city where a well known but unscrupulous lawyer managed through political manipulation and wirepulling to get on the bench. Long before he was unseated by an indignant populace at the polls, he was known among the attorneys of the city as doing business on a cash basis. He is reliably reported to have had his fixed prices, and bargains didn't go, even among his friends. Yet, when an attempt was made by a group of honest professional associates to disbar him, the movement was smothered by a large majority who feared an upheaval. They even threatened to put the complainant "on the spot."

There was a time when the study of law was as primitive as the time-honored definition of a university: "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other." A young man would go into a practicing attorney's office and read and study until he was able to pass the rather elementary examination.

Kindergartenish? Yes. But it produced great lawyers in its time. More than that, it was accompanied by moral scruples. That is something we need to rediscover nowadays.

I do not indict the bar as a whole—far from it. I believe most lawyers are honest and true to the nobler traditions in their own dealings. But I do attack their passivity toward the increasing corruption of the profession. It isn't enough to be personally ethical. I insist that we cannot be Pilates and simply wash our hands of responsibility for the dealings of the racketeers.

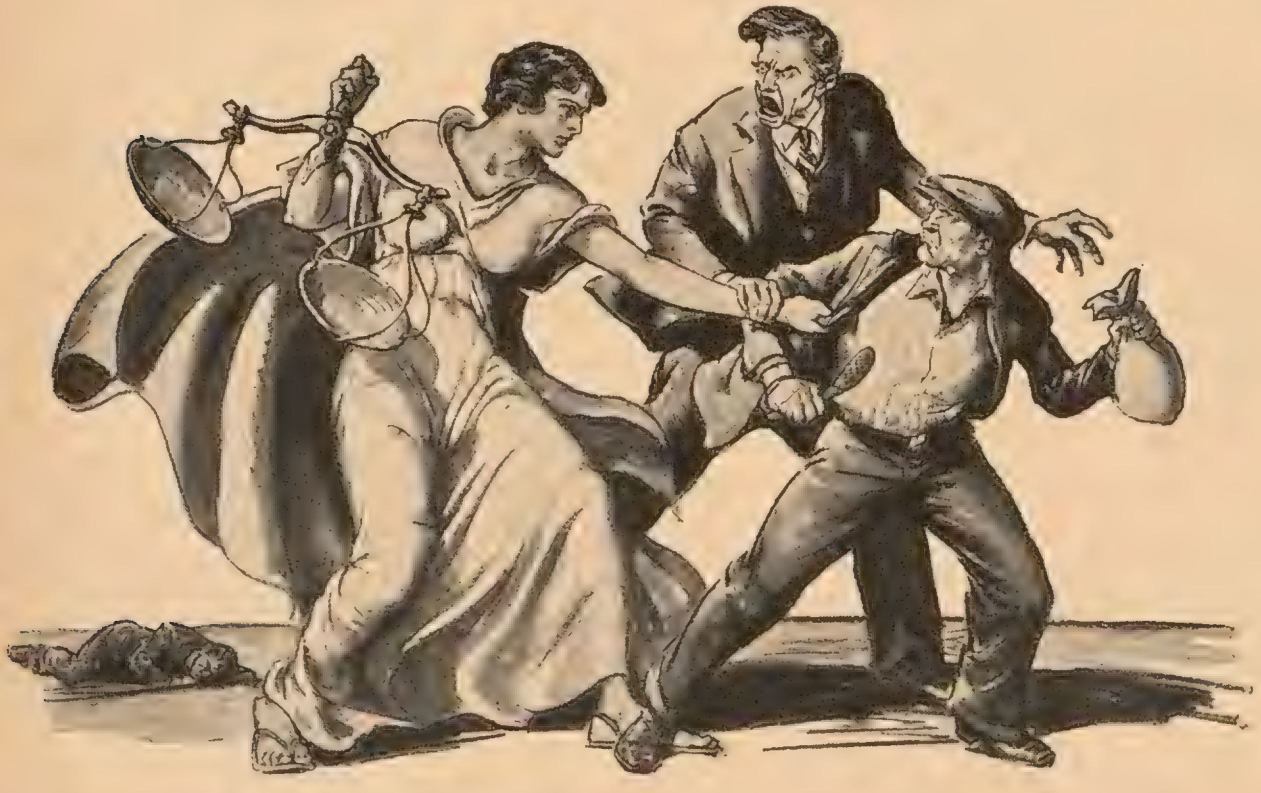
Every prosecuting attorney in a large city knows the menace of the ambulance chasers and their first cousins who infest the anterooms and lobbies of prosecutors' offices and courts. These racketeering lawyers pretend to have a "pipe line" into the prosecutor's office, and by innuendo promise to fix cases. They always claim to know the prosecuting attorney and the judge. All the way through this pretense of influence is carried out.

AS a matter of fact, no approach at all is made to fix the case or bribe a public official. It is only a trumped-up pretense of influence, with fate dealing the hand. If the person is acquitted, the shyster keeps the fee. If he loses, he pays back part of it—if the people howl loud enough.

The "lawyer criminal" never works this way. His method is adroit, secretive. I am speaking now of those lawyers who make alliances with crime and criminals. In the largest of cities are notorious examples—known to the public as well as to the bar—of this prostitution of the ancient and honorable profession of the law. They continue their brazen practices in seeming defiance of the courts, of the ethics of the practice of law, and of public opinion.

Apparently immune, they are getting bolder and bolder. They make a specialty not only of defending professional criminals, but often limit themselves to that practice and boast of their connections.

There is the case of two criminal lawyers, both former assistant state's attorneys, who, disclosures indicate, were under contract to defend a known criminal and his fellow gangsters in a racketeering enterprise. The criminal was engaged in a labor racket, and in his numerous court appearances for varied offenses the same two criminal lawyers always appeared to defend him. The funds of the union were controlled and exploited by the criminal, who muscled in and controlled it by the gun. During the investigation it was revealed that large sums were taken out of the union treasury and paid these lawyers for defense of this



They continue their brazen tactics in defiance of the courts, of the ethics of law, and of public opinion.

n the United States

He's Not the Gangster or the Gunman, Says a Forthright and Eminent Enemy of Crime — He Is the Crooked Lawyer!

by

THOMAS J. COURTNEY

State's Attorney of Cook County (Chicago), Illinois
as told to
WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

gang. And they were former attorneys for the state!

Let us make clear that my attack upon the "lawyer criminals" is not upon criminal lawyers *per se,* that is, those who are honestly engaged in that branch of legal practice and who maintain the traditional ethics of the profession in their work.

No one denies to any person accused of crime the right to defense, to the presumption of innocence until proved guilty, and to every exercise of due process of law on his or her behalf. This includes the privilege of zealous defense by able counsel.

Thus far it goes, but no further. No attorney can be censured for defending any criminal if he keeps within these bounds.

I believe that the higher ethics of our profession requires us to practice "preventive law" just the same as the medical code demands the wiping out of disease as well as the treatment of patients.

If any one of us knew our family physician was deliberately lengthening an illness in order to increase the fee, we would consider him a charlatan of the worst order. Yet many lawyers adopt tactics which not only put a strain on the conscience but obviously defeat justice just in order to gain their point. Hitting below the belt is a foul, whether defeat is imminent or not.

IT would take books to show the ramifications of interlocking crime, politics, graft, protection, and the myriad other elements involved in the profits of lawlessness. It is a vast machine, the engineer of whose design and operation is the "lawyer criminal." What we have uncovered seems enough to assure the destruction of our civilization, were it not for counteracting elements.

The schemes used to "beat the rap" are many and subtle. For instance, one trick in some states is to hire lawyer members of legislatures so as to get long continuances while the body is in session. *Habeas corpus* tricks are notorious. Another scheme is to have the criminal disappear, forfeit his bond, then sometime later have the forfeiture vacated. The use of phony medical certificates of sickness in order to keep the accused away from trial; threats to the victims of crime of bodily harm, kidnaping, or even death; the framing of alibis and the unhesitating use of the most brazen perjury therein—these are only a few of the multitude of devices used by unprincipled lawyers to protect criminals, defeat justice, and thereby to demoralize and endanger society.

Trickery which may win a point on a technicality but turns a guilty man loose is another blow at the foundations of the temple of justice. Unprincipled shrewdness breaks down not only the confidence of people in lawyers but in the law itself.

We must renew the traditions of our profession by not only smashing the "lawyer criminal" element but also by raising the level of practice to the realm where justice for all is the goal above everything else.

State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney: "We have reached the point where we must clean up or we'll be cleaned out."

This is not a peculiar need of the law profession. It is just as much a necessity that moral standards be reestablished in other fields as in the law. We are neither worse nor better than others. The number of physicians who have been exposed as guilty of promoting crime by aiding criminals in connection with the Dillinger gang gives evidence of a needed cleanup in the medical field. So in many others. Surely we have our hands full in fighting crime, which all but engulfs the nation, without suffering the machinations of traitors in our midst.

Let us in good faith devote ourselves to the task of cleaning our house. It needs it.

My suggestion is that there be a revival of the old-time frontier idea of a vigilance committee. Every town, county, city, and state bar association should have one. It should be composed of the most courageous high-minded lawyers of the community, who would be pledged to clean up local evils regardless of cost or sacrifice. They should have the support of every decent lawyer in the organization, and failure to support the program for a renewal of ethics should brand the recalcitrant for what he is.

It is not a handed-down program that is needed. The local-option idea will do the work. An upheaval of sentiment in any bar association—and one vigorous militant lawyer can achieve it if he keeps at it persistently and long enough—will bring the results.

Along with the purging of individual groups of its racketeers can go a new setup of principles, chief among which is that reputable attorneys will no longer be passive toward or tolerate the shyster but will battle him like a contagious disease.

Concurrently the state and national bar associations can be working toward higher levels of general practice, especially in the field of preventive law and the outlawing of many of the absurd technicalities of today. It will take years, but the right effort will mean regeneration.

All that is lacking is the desire and determination to see it through. The vast majority of lawyers of America have a latent desire that the ethics of the profession be maintained. What they need is to be stung into action by the realization of impending disgrace.

THE END

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateurs.

It occurred to me in going through your cartoons these last weeks that some of you are trying to make your cartoons the exact size of the reproductions on this page. That seems to hamper your style a little and prevents you from doing your best work. Do not let yourself be influenced that way. Continue to do your work in its usual form and size.

Your cartoon is made smaller when it is reproduced for this page because of space limitations, but it is not necessary that your original be that size.

And to you authors of short stories, poems, and quips, I repeat—keep up the good work. The competition is keener than ever, but the more difficult the task of choosing the lucky amateurs becomes for us, the greater is our satisfaction.

Major Edward Bowes

F. M. Schureman of Chicago, Illinois, sends in a proverb that we all might add to our lists:

Life, like music, is sweeter the more harmony you put into it.

L. Pryce-Jones of Buffalo, New York, gives us his version of an indirect cause of automobile accidents.

It's not the " miss " in the engine
That causes trouble, by heck.
It's the miss beside the driver
With both arms around his neck.

Maxwell B. Murray of Toronto, Ontario, submits two smart observations in the modern manner--short and brusque.

Marriage is fast becoming like a cafeteria:

You grab up something you think you would like and you pay for it later.

An optimist is a man who figures that when his shoes wear out, he will be on his feet again.

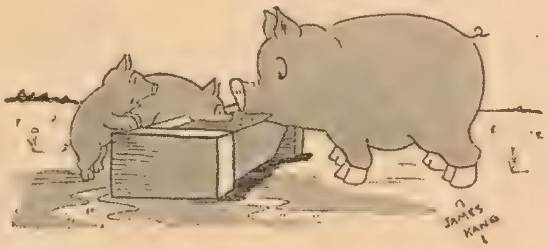
AMATEURS!

Regretfully, in the next few weeks, Liberty and Major Bowes must bring to a close this splendid feature for artists and writers. It may be your last chance to test your literary or artistic ability, so mail your contributions at once! A day's delay may mean the loss of an award.

Julia B. Ruddell of Ponca City, Oklahoma, accurately and vividly describes fear in a few well chosen words.

Fear is a little mouse that sees and smells the bit of cheese but dares not taste it.

A humorous sketch on a not-so-comic subject comes from James Kane of Clearfield, Pennsylvania.



"Hash again, boys! We didn't get our relief order today!"

Mrs. L. V. Wallace of Barksdale, Texas, writes, "Many funny things happen in grocery stores," and I think the scene she describes in her entry must be one that she actually witnessed.

A CLOSE BUYER

She was noted for her stinginess. One day she came into the store and admired some large fresh peaches.

" How much are these peaches? " she inquired.

" Five cents apiece, madam," the clerk answered.

" How many for a dime? "

" Two, ma'am."

" Then give me a dime's worth. I ain't never seen no peach that I'd give a nickel for! "

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week goes to the following for their short stories: George Bradley, Carbondale, Ill.; J. Wallace Gore, Baltimore, Md.; Alice Humphreys, Augusta, Ga.; Virginia Peterson, Shell Rock, Iowa; Bessie Richter, Reseda, Calif., and Leslie A. Shaw, Enid, Okla.; and to Claire Bernice Bachman, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mary Lamb, La Crosse, Wis.; Lenore Clair, Meeker, Okla.; Mrs. Leora Doan Emig, San Jose, Calif.; Edward Marczak, Buffalo, N. Y., and Mildred Wright, Plymouth, Mich., for their poems.

PRIZE WINNERS, JUNE 13

The first prize of $25 goes to Amy B. Swartz, St. Petersburg, Fla., for her short story, Account Closed Out. A second prize of $10 will be sent to Harry White Smith, Carberry, Man., for his short story, The Prodigal. Votes for third places ran very close. A $5 award will go to each of the following: Lester F. Bolton, New Bedford, Mass., for his cartoon; Evelyn Christel, Cleveland, Ohio, for her poem; Charlie Smith, Santa Monica, Calif., for his cartoon.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Is Moscow Ready to Reach Out for France?

A Startling Survey of What 1936 May Bring to the Heart of Europe

by MARIE BRETT-PERRING

Premier Leon Blum—France's Kerensky?

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: As a member of the famous French Sûreté Générale, Marie Brett-Perring gained admission into the OGPU, notorious Russian secret service, and by it was taken to Moscow for special training. She is an authority on Communism. Several of the chief actors in the ominous drama which she sees as impending in France have been personally known to her for several years.

FRANCE is paralleling the pathway once trod by Russia. She is entering the "Kerensky period." At the head of her Socialistic government is Blum, very similar to Kerensky and in a similar critical situation. Blum is the abler man. But he is not able enough, nor has he the right kind of ability. Consequently:

As did Russia in 1917, France stands now at the crossroads. France—and the non-Communist world in general—will be fortunate indeed if the year 1936 does not bring another "November revolution."

No one who knows the situation intimately can doubt that civil war is inevitable. The explosive elements are grouped about certain leaders:

1. *Blum.* Paradoxically one of the richest men in France, this theoretical Socialist won the premiership at the head of a "Popular Front" group of radical parties, including the Communists. His "bloc" already is beginning to crumble. He is an astute leader, in a sense. But he is not a man of executive action; he is too much the dreamer. The new government has no assured bulwark of proved and practical administrative ability.

And the Communists openly assert their intention of seizing power and establishing a Soviet government in France at the earliest opportunity.

2. *Marcel Cachin.* This veteran editor has been for many years the titular head of the Communist Party in France. I have known him since 1919. He is the Lenin of this French "Kerensky period." He is the dogmatist, the thinker, the teacher.

3. *Thorez.* Here, in an able lawyer and a fiery Communist, we have the Trotsky—the man of action and the organizer. *He* will direct the Red attempt to overthrow the Blum government. And if he is successful there will be no wavering.

Thorez is an administrator. As his aides he would have hardheaded, experienced, practical men. Many of his lieutenants I have known. About others I learned much. It was my job.

Thorez is arrogantly confident. He does not hide his hand. Openly he began forming local Soviets throughout France. He is tightening his grip upon the "Red Belt" around Paris, a surrounding group of industrial municipalities having mayors who submit to leadership by the agents of Moscow.

The Communist Party under Thorez has demanded a budget increase approaching fifty per cent, to be used for "social" purposes. The current budget is so large as to constitute a crisis. Thus, even before Blum had announced his cabinet he faced a more acute crisis, and the franc wavered ominously.

Thorez. He means to play Trotsky's role.

Thorez also demanded the disbanding of the Rightist "troops" under the so-called Cross of Fire.

He is setting up *now* a complete "phantom government," to be fully prepared to step into power instantly.

Communism has been discounted in France, as always elsewhere throughout the world, including America. A startling leap in its political power was made evident in the recent election. Meanwhile the more conservative groupings were thrown into greater confusion. The coherence of the "existing social order" was weakened.

Bolshevism always plans to time any attempted seizure of power at such a moment. It never waits to convert to its principles a majority of the electorate. There were but seventy thousand Communist Party members in Russia when they ended the confusions of the "Kerensky period." There were but three hundred thousand in Germany when the popular vote for Communist candidates became so alarming that more conservative elements united in throwing all power into the hands of Hitler.

Recent figures on the actual party membership in France are not available, but the total is understood to be between three hundred thousand and half a million. However, the party consists, always, only of trained and disciplined revolutionists.

To any who may think that the probabilities here outlined are overdrawn, I can only say that, quite independently of me, certain banking circles of New York have lately received similar reports. My outline is based in part upon two recent visits to Paris.

4. *La Rocque.* He is the most militant Rightist leader. It is his "troops" the Communists want disbanded.

These Cross of Fire followers of la Rocque have already fought Communists on Paris streets.

5. *Jacques Doriot.* He *was* the tool of Moscow. He was enlightened regarding the brutality, the shams, the felony of the Soviet system during several visits to serve his apprenticeship in the Comintern. When he rebelled, he became a hated "renegade," expelled from the Communist Party.

Mayor of St. Denis (as well as deputy from that district), he has regenerated one of the toughest and filthiest suburbs of Paris. In the Chamber recently he made an impassioned speech against the Franco-Soviet defensive pact. He has the essential qualities for *real* leadership. He may well be destined for some heroic part in the struggle to save France. Unfortunately, he does not have behind him a major party or a bloc of parties.

In this hour France needs but does not have a strong-man government. In all the ominous circumstances, internal and international, it is difficult to see how her "Kerensky period" can last more than a few months. There is very grave danger of a "Red October" for France.

THE END

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS!

$1,500

IN "EASY TO WIN" CASH PRIZES

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY NOW!

113 BIG CASH AWARDS—
$500 FIRST PRIZE

HERE'S a game that every one can play. Unjumble these names of famous movie stars and win a big cash prize! Once you get the swing of it you'll find it interesting, exciting, and entertaining. Each jumble contains the complete name of a famous movie player just as it appears in theatrical billing. For example: WONJEBORE. A brief study will show you that these letters can be rearranged to spell JOE E. BROWN. And there you have it!

Work out your own system of solving the jumbles. Start with individual letters, syllables, or combinations, as you will. But get started somehow. You can't win one of these substantial awards unless you compete. In addition to the foregoing example, here's another hint to help you get under way: The first jumble resolves into the name of a man, no longer young, who was a footlight favorite for many years before entering pictures. The rest is up to you. When you have the names on Coupon No. 1 complete, file it away until you have solved all seven coupons. The second will appear next week.

Be sure to read the rules so that you understand the conditions of this game thoroughly. Do not send in individual coupons. Wait until your set of seven is complete.

THE RULES

1. Each week for seven weeks Liberty will publish a list of jumbled names each of which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form the name of a prominent screen star as it appears in official billing. First and last names will be included in each jumble, and where a middle initial regularly is used, that too will be included.

2. To compete, use the official contest coupon on this page, listing your solution of each jumble in the column provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all seven lists of jumbled names, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words telling which of the stars you have unjumbled in this contest has contributed the most to the screen and why, in your opinion.

4. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unjumbled, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

5. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; Ninety Prizes, each $5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. All lists must be submitted as a unit, at the same time, at the close of the contest. Lists sent separately will not count. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Movie Stars Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before September 25, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

CLIP HERE

CLIP HERE

CONTEST COUPON NO. 1

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

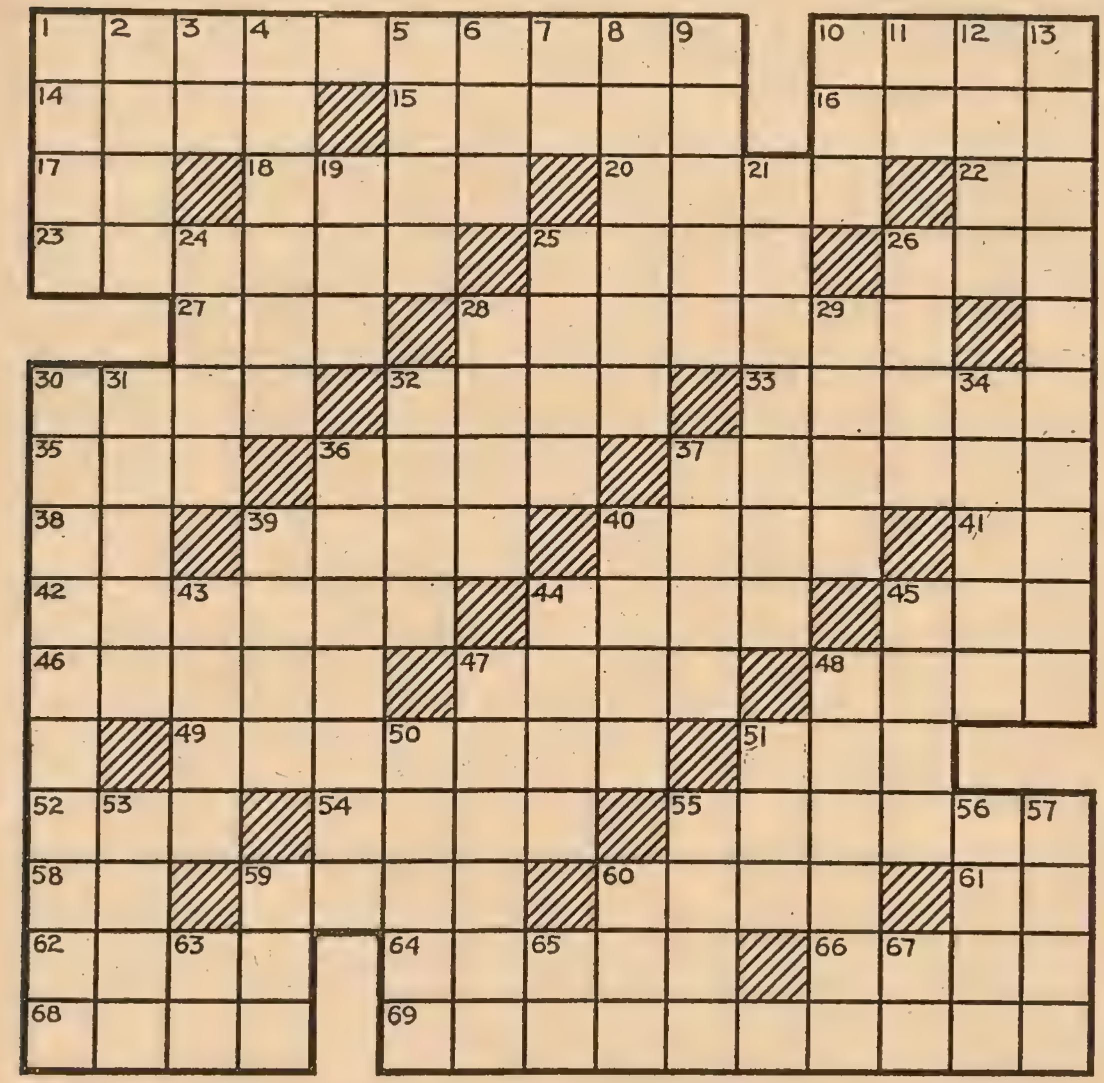
JUMBLE **SOLUTION**

1. FRONESTED ....
2. THACKLOJ ....
3. SENNYDOLDE ....
4. CANDIEDROTE ....
5. OREBLICER ....
6. BRIGECUNAVIRI ....
7. CATRUBBOCE ....
8. DAMGENEVAS ....
9. KLECLABRAG ....
10. PARYGORECO ....

WATCH FOR SET NO. 2 JUMBLED MOVIE STARS NEXT WEEK

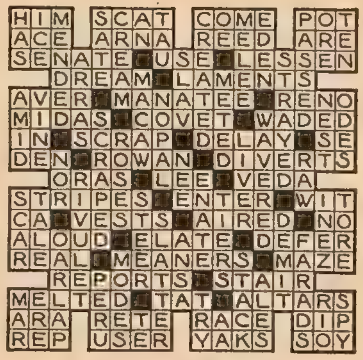
Cockeyed Crosswords

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 What price glory eighteen years after? (two words)
10 Annie Oakley
14 Where yellows have been clashing with reds, yellows predominating
15 Ocean spinach
16 After boiling baby in the bathtub, dunk her in this
17 Henglish topper
18 How to reach the pinochle of success
20 Is given to excessive verbiage
22 This gets your doctor down in the mouth
23 Tonsil case
25 Big party organizer (first name)
26 A question of preference
27 The day the due falls heaviest
28 They're not nuts—just bugs
30 Distant cousin of a direct suggestion
32 They're the biggest asses in Tibet but have been truckin' there for years
33 What she'd like to make that parked-car necking
35 Wilson signed the Treaty of Versailles in this
36 Biggest butcher business in the world (plural)
37 Baloney with halitosis
38 The Cyclone State (abbr.)
39 Toss up a saucy curl
40 Homely kisser
41 Spendthrift wives charge this
42 Give a mudbath
44 This and won't make up a brat's vocabulary
45 Meeting of two bodies
46 To act and then some
47 What my wife calls her clothes after two wearings
48 Nose painters overlook these
49 The Hope of All Nations this summer at Berlin
51 What a wife should be
52 Cause of a strike among diamond workers
54 Orrid Henglishmen
55 The flattest thing about dad (he'll willingly start inflation to improve it)



HIM SCAT COME POT
ACE ARNA REED ARE
SENATE■USE■LESSEN
DREAM■LAMENTS
AVER■MANATEE■RENO
MIDAS■COVET■WADED
IN■SCRAP■DELAY■SE
DEN■ROWAN■DIVERTS
ORAS■LEE■VEDA
STRIPES■ENTER■WIT
CA■VESTS■AIRED■NO
ALOUD■ELATE■DEFER
REAL■MEANERS■MAZE
REPORTS■STAIR
MELTED■TAT■ALTARS
ARA RETE RACE DIP
REP USER YAKS SOY

Answer to last week's puzzle

58 Since Roosevelt had this desert irrigated it has bloomed with rum blossoms (abbr.)
59 Italian art
60 John Doe (turns out to be a red, too)
61 Puff along it at a fifth of a dime a mile all day (abbr.)
62 An unsteady movement around Virginia
64 Indoor parking-place solver (works in the dark and saves a lot of unnecessary trips)
66 What they called the beginning of the thirteenth century
68 Cheekiest part of the body
69 Doctor of sandwich making

VERTICAL

1 Cops drag their big dogs around on one every day
2 It's on the tongue of every cussword fan
3 Where in Halifax is Halifax? (abbr.)
4 Than this there can be no more
5 After Jack finished the house this laid around in it
6 Kind of stuff sophisticated ladies don't enjoy
7 O. K.'s opposite (abbr.)
8 Bald-headed American flyers in the money
9 Fill a skinny gal full of this and you'll get a rise out of her
10 Peck's little ones (abbr.)
11 Aggressive Autoists (abbr.)
12 This often comes before the bang
13 Whose hand crowned Louis the Great?
19 Stuff the puss
21 Fat boys in boats
24 Where you get a cool reception, then usually flop
25 Squeals
26 Biggest mashie club in the country (abbr.)
28 Gracie Allen swears that dogwoods do this at night
29 Eatin' rubber (plural)
30 The Flying Dachshund of the Atlantic
31 Nonremovable appendix
32 A good thing to unravel in a hammock
34 French invention for heating up two objects attracted to each other
36 People complain a lot about this, then never do anything about it
37 Apollo's fire balls
39 Snippy
40 Old-fashioned trainman
43 Only hot dog m'f'rs can make both ends this these days
44 Future G strings
45 The way of all mushers
47 The real reason I eat hamburgers
48 Big drink around Germany
50 What everybody wishes Hitler would do to the Jews (two words)
51 What the lawr gave mar
53 Afloander
55 A hellish way to feel
56 He brought Love to Mr. & Mrs. Sockopolopolos
57 The call to post
59 Than this there can be no more
60 Object of his affection
63 From it you get the low-down on Chicagoans
65 The way villains croak
67 The year of man's coming of age

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

New Easy Way
TO REMOVE
FRECKLES
WHILE YOU SLEEP

Here's a special new-type cream that gently fades out freckles *while you sleep.* Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Usually in 5 to 10 days you see marvelous improvement. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. Or send 10c for trial package to Box 211, NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25 and 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste* money on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

HART & CO., Box 2438-H, Elmira, N.Y.

Free!

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AND THE
CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATIONS

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State Headquarters, Dallas, Texas
Please send illustrated literature on Texas and the Centennial Celebrations to:
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Vox Pop

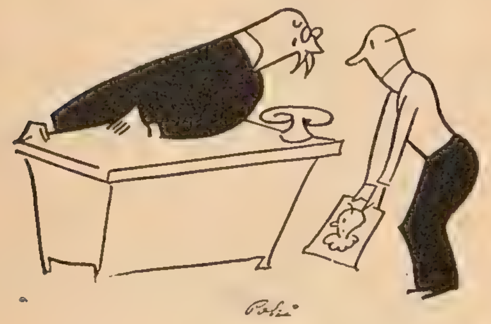
GROOMS AND NEW PAPAS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—As a manufacturer of thirty years' experience I have become well acquainted with the attitude of the average American employee. Only a small percentage of people who work for others are a bit interested in their jobs or their own advancement. About ninety-five per cent are interested only in the wages they receive and the amount of work or responsibility they can avoid.

Employees come to me asking for a raise. Invariably they base their requests upon a factor with which their work or their employer has absolutely no connection. They say, "Mr. Jones, now that I'm getting married next week, I think I should have a little more money."

Or, in the case of married employees, they say, in effect, "We've got a new baby at our house, Mr. Jones, so I thought perhaps I'd be entitled to a raise."

Now, it is evident that this peculiar trend of thought must have originated with some soft-headed employer who probably went bankrupt. Anyway, these employees really believe they are entitled to some sort of a bonus or reward for getting married or for raising children.



However, I give to each and all the same answer, to wit: "If you think it is my fault that you got married or my fault that your wife gave birth to a child, there is something wrong with your brain."—*Hiram Wesley Jones.*

A TEXAN PROTESTS

SWEETWATER, TEX.—I read Liberty and like it, but the June 20 issue was too strong for me. Why did you have to picture under Lincoln on the cover of that issue a small band of Confederates retreating before an onslaught of Union soldiers?

Why didn't you picture the Battle of Bull Run?

And another thing: we don't "Mister" the blacks down here in Texas, either. (See page 19, same issue.)

Try to clean up your magazine for distribution below the Mason-Dixon line.—*Dayton O'Keefe.*

NEW-DEAL LOVE LETTERS?

HATTIESBURG, MISS.—One wonders why good slick print paper should be wasted on alleged stories like Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra in Liberty. The answer probably is that it is to help decrease unemployment by providing jobs for needy printers, thereby helping to relieve the well known depression.

Maybe it falls under some of the alphabetical New Deal projects. Am I right, Bert Green?—*R. L. Bullard.*

RECORD FOR FECUNDITY

CHICAGO, ILL.—The only quarrel I have with Liberty is taking up this Dionneitis Quintomania which is giving thinking people a pain in the neck.

This Mrs. Dionne doesn't hold the record for fecundity, at that. How about this woman in South America who whelped six and the father was so impressed with her capabilities that he decided to marry her?—*Hon Disch Maj.*

HIS SKIRTS GOT TANGLED IN BARBWIRE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You've already had some of my war yarns, but I haven't told you of my debut in kilts. Bend an ear, then.

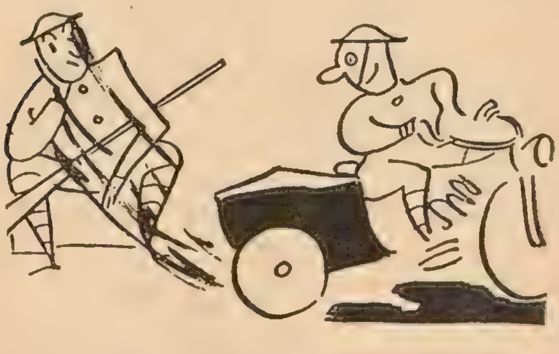
When we first landed in France in '17, groups of us were farmed out to experienced troops of other Allied countries for a brief study of their methods. I was sent to a Canadian outfit upon the war-torn Flanders front.

Though a machine gunner, they assigned me to one A. W. MacMinn from Ottawa, who was a dispatch rider. He was to show me how he took messages through.

Mac made an honest confession as to the depravity a soldier can sink to in war. "The greatest sport I have," said he, "is to splash mud on the foot soldiers with my wheels."

That night we were whizzing in and out, through and about the double columns of troops traveling to and from the trenches, when MacMinn had to do a very adroit maneuver with his motorcycle, in the side car of which I was seated, getting all the thrills of a soldier on his first trip up. An ambulance returning with wounded nearly clipped us in the dark. MacMinn missed it, but tore the wheel from under my seat on the lip of a shell hole. With that he swerved, spraying at least half a platoon of Highlanders in kilts.

After a whispered conference among the mud-bespattered Scots, we were taken bodily into trenches beside the road, our uniforms taken off, and replaced with Highlander tunics, kilts, and hose tops. They made us hike with them to the lines.



No sooner were we there than the unit was ordered over. We were forced into the fray with rifles in our shaking hands. I didn't have a chance to fire my gun. My skirt got tangled up in barbwire, and before I got untangled the skirmish was over.

They clapped me on the back and said in effect that I was "a braw little mannie," but suggested that I take a heavier diet of porridge if I wanted to attain the true physique of a Highlander. After a weary hike back to our station, MacMinn confessed that forthwith he would engage in some sport other than splashing mud. But I was glad to get into my own uniform—I like my knees covered during a war.—*Dan Edwards.*

NO PEACE IN CODDLING JAPAN

ANDOVER, MASS.—Skeptics will criticize you for the publication of Without Warning; but if they will read the revelations in the memorial submitted to the Emperor of Japan in 1927 by Premier Tanaka, and follow the events in the Far East since 1931, the true picture of the Japanese intent will be understood.

Those who desire peace in the world must understand that there can be no peace until Japan is shown that the world is not afraid of it. Coddling Japan will not advance the cause of peace; it only convinces the Japanese that they are the Heaven-chosen people to rule the world. Congratulations for the story!—*R. W. Emerson.*

BABIES IN A TEST TUBE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Hurrah! Now that Lindbergh and Carrel can grow babies in a test tube (June 13 Liberty), only three questions remain unanswered: i. e., Where is Mussolini going to get all the live sperm (without embarrassment) with which to start his baby factories?

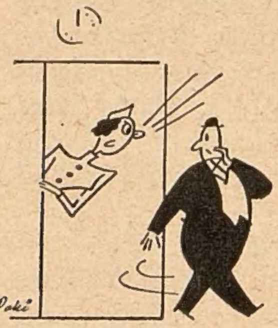
The second question was asked by a colored mammy with twelve pickaninnies of a religious worker who had just explained all about the Immaculate Conception. Mammy asked: "Well, miss, just what am de advantage ob dat?"

The third question? Oh, well, don't worry about that. It can be taken care of when it comes up.—*Dr. Luther Gable.*

FIRE ALL THE GALS!

SPOKANE, WASH.—The way to end the depression is to fire all the gals. Woman has usurped man's place in the world. Step into a store, and you are waited on by a woman. Enter an office building, and the elevator operator, a woman, takes you to the floor of your choice. Walk into the first office on the right, and I'll lay you even money you'll find yourself in the reception room of a lady realtor or physician or photographer.

Like the boobs we are, we gave woman the franchise, and are now making them mayors, governors, and police commissioners. Doubtless some weird men yearn to see a woman President.



The American man has been trained from infancy to please woman, which is wrong and contrary to nature. All women should be provided for by males. A home should be established for them to rear offspring in, and the work of the world left to men.—*Jay Tee.*

CHINAMAN PUTS US RIGHT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In the June 13 issue of Liberty, Twenty Questions said the "Chinese celebrate their Independence Day on October 11." Well, we don't celebrate it on that day. If it wasn't a misprint, I wish to say it is on October 10. The way we remember it easy is that it is the tenth day of the tenth month.—*W. Chi.*

SALESMAN'S DOSE OF SODA

DALLAS, TEX.—Evidently Joe E. Akins in June 13 Vox Pop should ask his ma to give him a dose of soda. I think he has the bellyache.

If he can't get any good food for thought from a good story like Rich Man's Son, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., nor get any kick from the exchange of ideas in Vox Pop, his thinking cap must be somewhat awry.

I have been a regular reader of Liberty for many years, and what I say is, please give us more stories with as good lessons as Rich Man's Son. How about another Perry Mason story? They are great! They—like soda—help make a traveling salesman's life more pleasant.—*O. G. Reddick.*

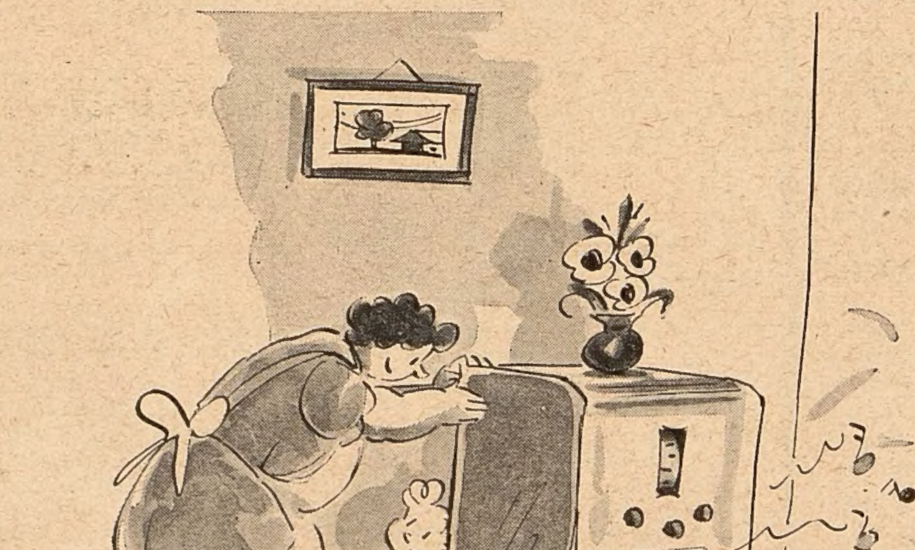
"MORE THAN TWO MILLION LOST THEIR JOBS—"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial on the Raw Deal, in June 20 Liberty, was a relief to me, for I find there are still Americans left not afraid to speak the truth.

It's a shame that so many men who are in a position to make themselves heard cower back muttering to themselves while we are plowed under by the New Deal.—*Gregory B. Bynan.*

HAWTHORNE, N. J.—What provokes me in June 20 Liberty is More Than Two Million Lost Their Jobs—Cause, NRA. I take issue with this statement. The A. F. of L. has shown that about 80 per cent of the re-employment that took place since the low spot of the depression was the result of NRA and took place while NRA was in effect. Just ask the men employed in the big mercantile chains, textile factories, etc. Of course it may be literally true that two million lost their jobs—but it is a misrepresentation to say this and ignore the fact that another six million in the same period found jobs.

Other statements concern the number of unemployed. Now, no one knows their number. Who is an "unemployed," anyhow? A farmer who cannot sell his crops? A one-time worker who can never be employed again because of old age? A high-school graduate who never had a job? This term "unemployed" needs definition.—*George-Gordon Bond.*



"I knew Bing Crosby couldn't be *that* bad!"

ASKS FOR DOT KING MURDER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have greatly enjoyed reading Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad, especially the story of Vivian Gordon. How about the Old-Timer telling the inside facts of the Dot King murder of 1923?—*James F. Conlin.*

GANGED UP TO SKID F. D. R.

DETROIT, MICH.—Politics makes strange bedfellows:

The Sound-Money Bankers and the Rabid Inflationists—The American Liberty League and the Socialists—The Townsend followers and the Mellon-Morgans—The House of Du Pont and the Communists—The Ku Klux Klan and Radio Coughlin—The Hearst papers and The Masses—Al Smith and Herb Hoover—

All beautifully ganged up to skid Roosevelt.—*A Rail Bird.*

DID MR. BABSON SAY THIS?

MENA, ARK.—Roger Babson, the noted statistician, came away out here to Arkansas yesterday and made a speech to the graduating class of Hendrix College, Conway. And what he told those trusting young creatures they had better do with their future lives runs something like this:

"You boys and girls had better stick right here in the safe middle district of the U. S. A. and raise subsistence crops and kiddies; because large flocks of hostile airplanes are going, pretty quick, to raise particular Sheol around the edges."

Give this a think: It is true we have two open front doors—Atlantic and Pacific.

But what about an open back door—the Gulf and New Orleans? The managers of those hostile flocks, etc., will not be noodles—they will know that crops in the safe middle of a country keep the fighting men alive.

So I guess we in the Mississippi Valley had better just join the noble army of ground hogs and dig in.—*G. H. Tansey.*

WHY HATTERS ARE MAD

UTICA, N. Y.—'Tisn't So for May 30 stated that the term "Mad as a hatter" was derived from an adder.

I have always heard that Australian sheepherders who went mad from loneliness in the bush would hang a hat on a stick and talk to it. How about this, Mr. Doan?—*Hubert P. Van Wagenan.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—A fly's broken leg caused auditors in Controller Ray Riley's SERA disbursing office a lot of unnecessary worry.

The books had been six cents out of balance for a week. Struggle as much as they would, accountants could not find the mistake. Assistance was called in from the San Francisco staff.

Finally, by accident, a flick of a finger dislodged a fly's crooked leg above a numeral 1. The leg, stuck to the ledger, had made the numeral look like a 7.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Charging that her husband harassed her to tears because he thought she was beautiful when she cried, Mrs. Maude Genert began suit for a divorce.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Ralph Snidow was led to believe he married a sister of a twin, and then things began to happen, he alleged in a suit to annul his marriage to Bernice Parker. Snidow charged his wife posed as her twin to extort money from him. He said it was not until recently that he learned she had no twin.

The husband alleged his wife alternately posed as herself and "Virginia," and fooled him so successfully that as "Virginia" he paid her twenty dollars not to tell his wife he made love to her. On another occasion, he charged, his wife accused him of making love to "my sister Virginia," and he paid her twenty dollars to let the matter drop.

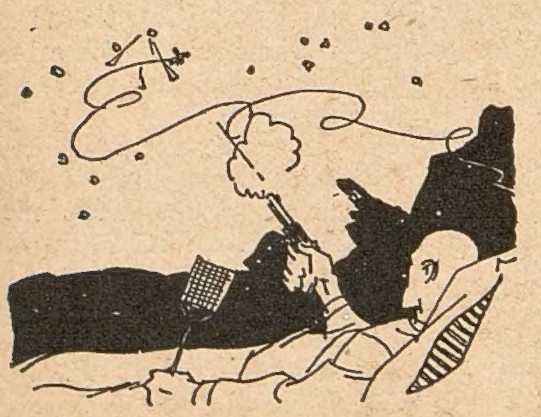
CHICAGO, ILL.—Flies and mosquitoes bothered Rudolph Tompach when he tried to sleep nights.

Fly swatters were no good. They didn't reach far enough.

So, Tompach's wife testified in court, he shot the pests off the walls and ceiling with a pistol.

"He was a gun collector," the wife said. "He had about twelve of them scattered around the house; but the one he used for flies he kept underneath the bed. The place is full of holes."

Judge Rudolph Desort agreed the holes were grounds for divorce.



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NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

CHEATING AT BRIDGE!

Beware the stranger in your midst, ye bridge addicts! There are bridge sharks loose in the land who make the old Mississippi River card sharps look like tyros in trickery. They move into a place, charm society with conservative suavity and benign dignity, and make their bridge-table opponents deal them grand slams in no-trump! Their winnings in the thousands, they transplant their activities elsewhere. All without a marked card, a stripper pack, or switching decks. Mickey MacDougall, professional "card detective" who protects gambling establishments from these sharpers, exposes the system in next week's Liberty. Whether you are a card addict or a kibitzer you'll be amazed at his revelations.

THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS

When an assassin plunges his dagger into the heart of a Japanese elder statesman, he is acting under orders of a secret society whose object is to bring death and destruction to the white race! Next week Liberty brings a sensational and startling revelation of the far-flung network of fanaticism headed by an eighty-year-old Buddhist monk. It will astound you while it warns. Don't miss THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS and its intentions toward you!

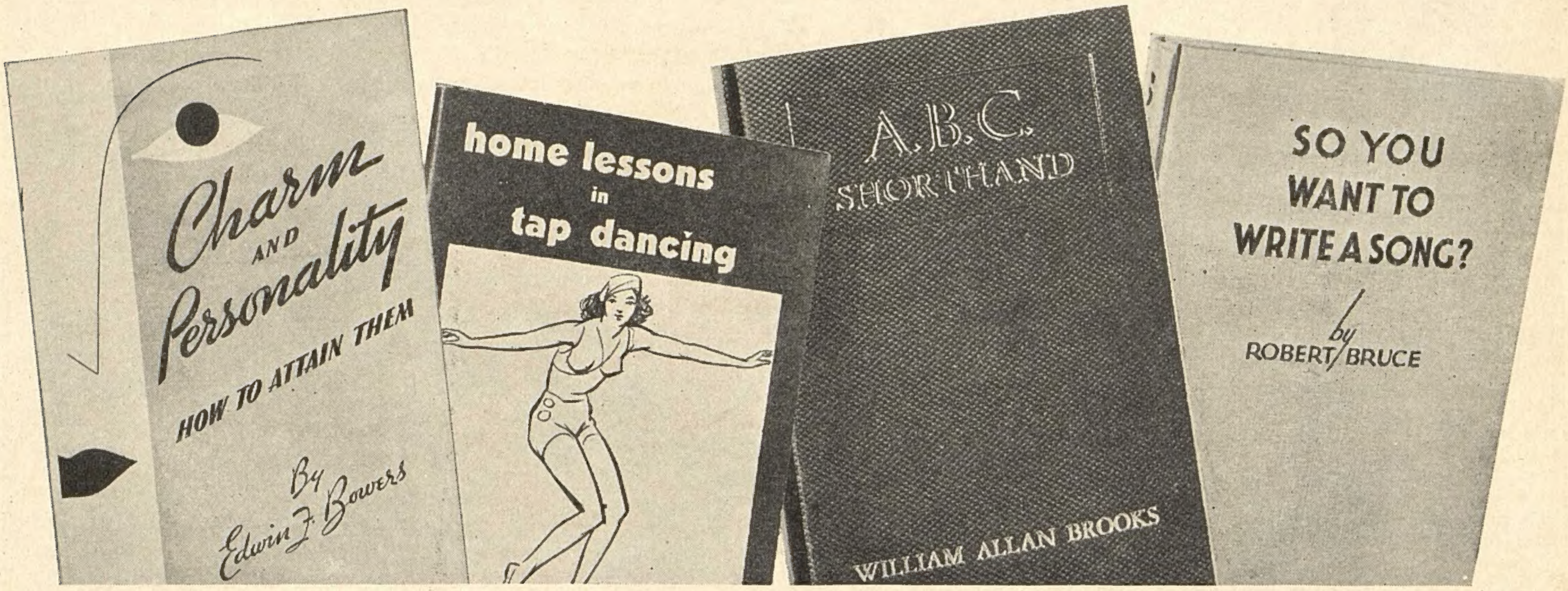
ALSO—MORE LINDBERGH REVELATIONS by C. Lloyd Fisher—Martha Ostenso—Lowell Thomas and Kenneth Brown Collings—Dana Burnet—Seymour Winslow—Helen Gilmore—Frederick L. Collins.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JULY 29

IF YOU ARE AMBITIOUS
One of These Timely Self-help Books
MAY HELP YOU TO SUCCEED



CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful, charming personality which is one of the greatest assets any human being can possess—even greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered. Many men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who are most apt to make outstanding successes in their chosen fields whatever they may be—the professions, the stage, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage. No matter what your ambition is, a winning personality will help. 229 pages. 15 chapters bursting with valuable information. Beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, our special price **$1.00.**

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☐ So You Want To Write A Song $1.00

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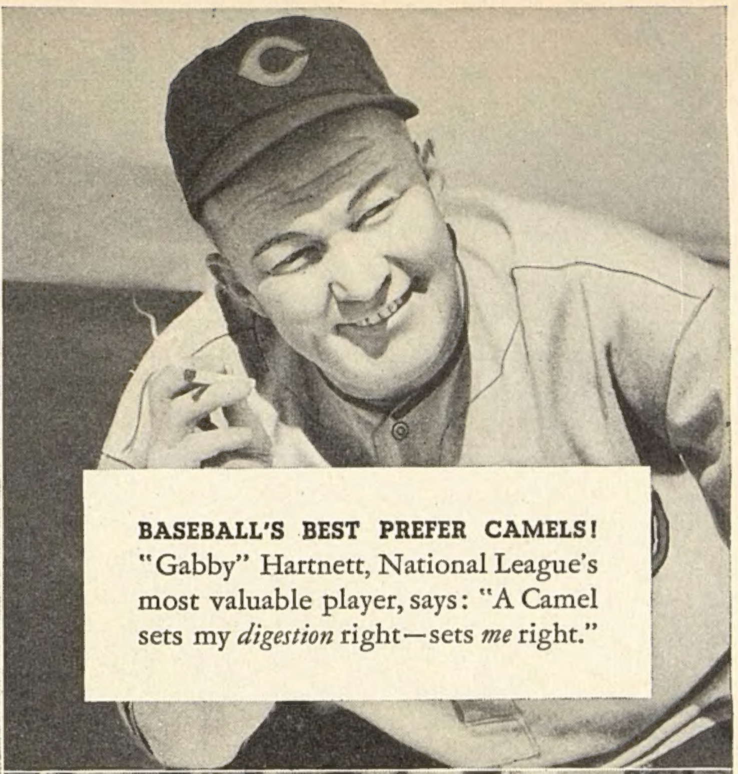
Street______________________________

City____________________ State__________

COLD DISHES that put new life into summer appetites. From the *chef* of Washington's famous Hotel Shoreham come the appetizing creations for July weather, as shown below, to delight the taste of those who frequent the fashionable Louis XVI Dining *Salon.* Robert, watchful *maître d'hôtel,* observes: "Washington's international society demands the finest in foods and also the finest in cigarettes. Camels are the outstanding favorite at the Shoreham."



BASEBALL'S BEST PREFER CAMELS! "Gabby" Hartnett, National League's most valuable player, says: "A Camel sets my *digestion* right—sets *me* right."

ON THE GO ALL THE TIME. Bill Ferguson, salesman, says: "I smoke Camels as an aid to digestion. They are never harsh on my throat."

For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels!

Camels make mealtime more pleasant — digestion is stimulated — alkalinity increased

In our busy lives, mealtime is apt to catch us under nervous and physical strain. Excitement and nervousness slow the flow of digestive fluids.

Remember then to pause for a Camel. When you smoke Camels, the flow of the digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal. You get more zest out of your food, and experience the well-being that good digestion brings.

Camels are mild—gentle on your throat. And they never get on your nerves. With their cheering "lift"—their aid to digestion—their matchless flavor—it has justly been said: "Camels set you right!"

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PLUCKY DARE-DEVIL. Miss Uva Kimmey, girl parachute jumper, says: "Camels don't get on my nerves. And they encourage digestion in a pleasant way."

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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